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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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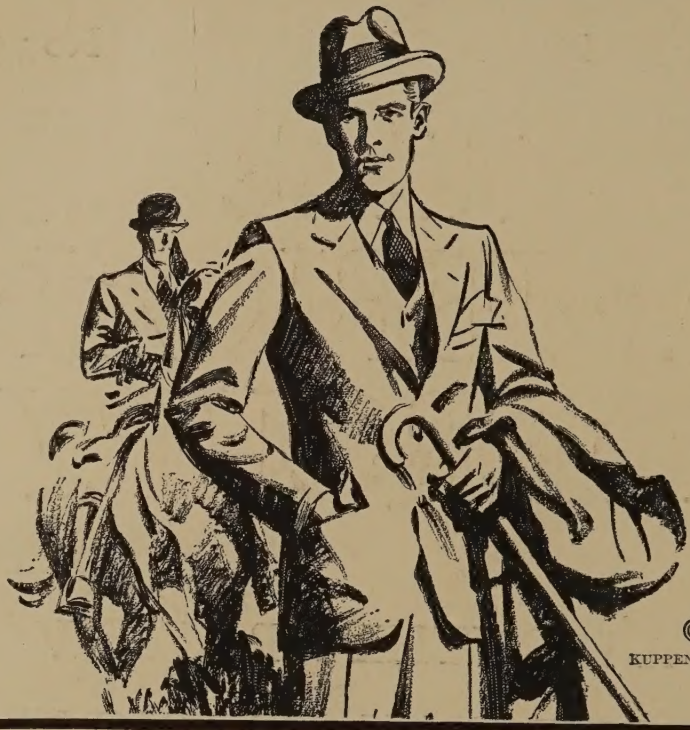

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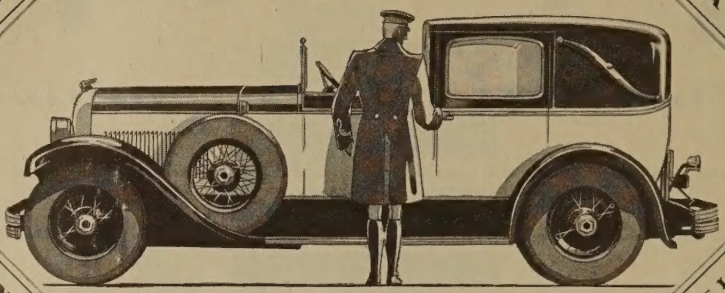

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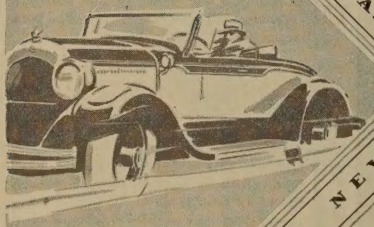

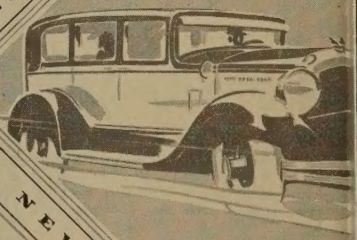

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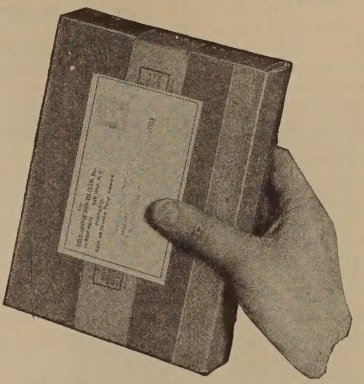

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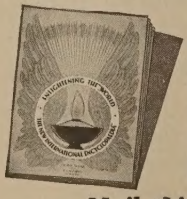

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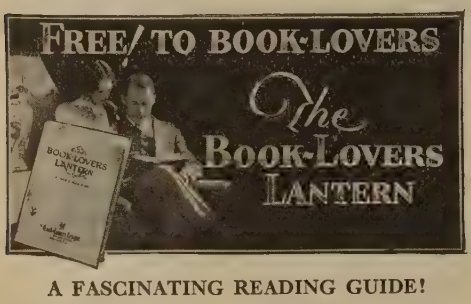

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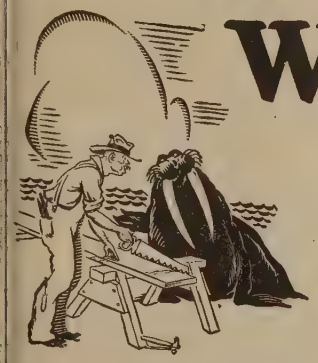

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

* * * * * *

"But wait a bit," the Oyster cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"

Author.....

Mme. Forestier stared.

"And you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes; and you never knew the difference, they were so alike." And she smiled with joyful pride at the success of it all.

"Mme. Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! ——"

Author.....

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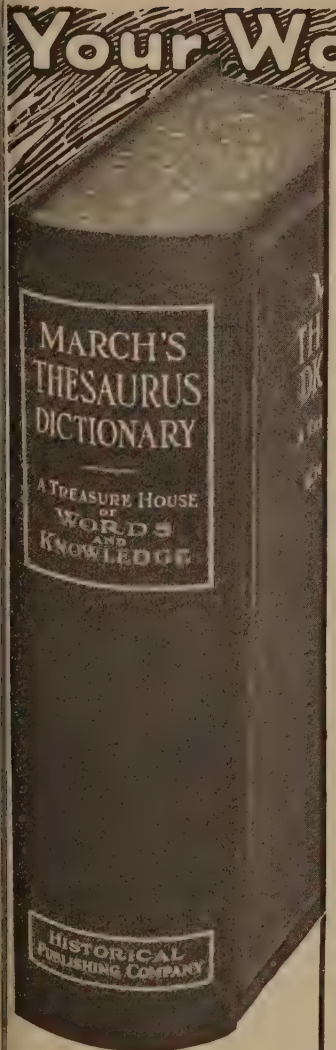

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

THE RATE OF LIVING.
By Raymond Pearl. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 185 pp. *New York*

Dr. Pearl, who is director of the Institute for Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins, here announces the results of an investigation of great importance. Working with controlled communities of the little fruit-fly called *Drosophila melanogaster* and with cantaloup seedlings, he has demonstrated that "in general, the duration of life varies inversely as the rate of energy expenditure during its continuance"—in other words, that the faster the individual grows, the shorter its duration of life. His inquiry also leads him to certain other very interesting conclusions—for example, that inherent vitality (which is by no means to be confused with duration of life) is determined by inheritance, and cannot be appreciably modified by environment. The general reader, perhaps, will find parts of his discussion somewhat difficult, but its conclusions are plainly of great value to that division of biology which has to do with vital statistics.

THE EARTH UPSETS.
By Chase Salmon Osborn. *The Waverly Press*
$3 8 x 5¼; 216 pp. *Baltimore*

Mr. Osborn, whose interests and achievements range from journalism to the physical sciences and from politics to business (he was once Governor of Michigan, and at another time he discovered the source of the firefly's light!), here discusses at length and with constant charm the problems presented by the movements of the earth—both its oscillations as a whole and the derangements of its parts. He digests an immense mass of literature, and in addition presents some original observations—for example, upon the phenomena presented by the Great Rift Valley in Asia and Africa. There are capital chapters on earthquakes, and at the end there is a list of all the principal quakes recorded since 425 B.C. A brief bibliography is added, and there is a good index.

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY.
By R. G. Gordon. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8⅝ x 5½; 300 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gordon discusses the etiology and symptoms of the various familiar types of neurosis at great length, and then proceeds to a consideration of the treatments currently in favor. He believes that "in those fairly numerous cases in which the causes of maladaptation to life are definitely known by the patient, or which can be easily grasped when explained," simple persuasion is the most effective of remedial measures. But the good effects of persuasion, of course, "depend largely on the enthusiasm, confidence and personality of the physician, and on the extent to which these appeal to the patient." The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, edited by C. K. Ogden.

THE RISE OF MODERN PHYSICS.
By Henry Crew. *The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$5 7¼ x 4⅞; 356 pp. *Baltimore*

This is a good popular history of physics, beginning with the discoveries of the Babylonians and Egyptians. It is clearly written, but toward the end, when the author comes to the physical theory of today, he finds himself forced to resort to rather formidable formulæ. Perhaps these formulæ will daunt more than one reader, but it is hard to see how they could have been avoided. The book is illustrated with portraits of eminent physicists, and has a brief but useful bibliography and a good index. The author is professor of physics in Northwestern University.

PHILOSOPHY TODAY.
Edited by Edward Leroy Schaub.
The Open Court Publishing Company
$3.75 9⅜ x 5⅞; 609 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Schaub, who is professor of philosophy at Northwestern University and editor of the *Monist*, here presents thirty essays by thirty living philosophers, eight of them Americans and the others Germans, Frenchmen and Swiss, with a Dane and an Argentino added. Some of the papers deal with the ideas of definite schools; the rest are more general surveys. There is naturally much unevenness, but in general the collection is informative and useful. It would have been even more useful if the editor had added an index. As it stands, the reader who refers to it after his first reading will waste a lot of time finding what he seeks.

THE EVOLUTION OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT FROM NEWTON TO EINSTEIN.
By A. d'Albro. *Boni & Liveright*
$5 8⅝ x 5¼; 544 pp. *New York*

The reader untutored in the higher mathematics will probably find this exhaustive volume too much for him. The author begins with a discussion of the revolutionary work of Riemann, and then proceeds to

Continued on page xx

KIT CARSON

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Continued from page xviii

Einstein's transfer of its conclusions from pure mathematics to physics. There are excellent chapters on the various new non-Euclidian geometries, upon the question of the size and possible shape of the universe, and upon the general methodology of the new physics. The book is well planned and clearly written, but most of the matters with which it deals lie beyond the comprehension of the general reader.

MAN RISES TO PARNASSUS: *Critical Epochs in the Prehistory of Man.*
By Henry Fairfield Osborn.
The Princeton University Press
$2.50 9 x 6; 217 pp. *Princeton, N. J.*

Dr. Osborn opens this book with an elaborate discussion of the flints discovered in the Pliocene deposits of East Anglia by J. Reid Moir, of Ipswich, a business man of scientific tastes. He accepts them unqualifiedly as human artifacts, and is thereby compelled to hold that man had already emerged in Tertiary times. The Man of Bramford that he visualizes was thus ancient before Piltdown Man appeared. In later chapters he deals with the well-known drawings and sculptures of the French caves, with the early history of man in Scandinavia, and with the dolmen-builders of Brittany. The book is copiously illustrated, and has a brief and somewhat sketchy bibliography.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES AND THEIR INTERRELATIONS.
Edited by William Fielding Ogburn.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 506 pp. *Boston*

The aim of this book, which is made up of thirty-four essays by different hands, is to break down the over-refined specialization that has got into the social sciences of late. The contributors, taking these sciences by twos, seek to show how one is dependent upon the other. Among the contributors are such high authorities as Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Franz Boas, Dr. Franz Oppenheimer, Dean Roscoe Pound and John A. Hobson. The sciences brought into apposition are anthropology, sociology, economics, political science, ethics, history, law, psychology, statistics and philosophy, with religion added. There are excellent bibliographies at the ends of the chapters.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO. *A Study in Racial Crossing.*
By Melville J. Herskovits. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2 7¼ x 5; 92 pp. *New York*

Dr. Herskovits here presents in brief space the results of an elaborate anthropometrical examination of American and West Indian Negroes. It is his conclusion that, despite the great mixture of blood among them, a distinct physical type has begun to show itself, and that the variability of this type tends to diminish. He meets the obvious objections to his doctrine very ingeniously, and makes out an excellent case. The book opens new ground, and is of decided interest and value. There is a brief but useful bibliography.

TOBACCO & PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY. *A Digest of Clinical Data.*
By Pierre Schrumpf-Pierron. *Paul B. Hoeber*
$1.85 8 x 5¼; 134 pp. *New York*

"The problem," concludes Dr. Schrumpf-Pierron, "is the same with tobacco as with alcohol. . . . The immoderate use of tobacco brings on a series of disturbances which are first functional, then organic, and of which some are not without gravity." The book is published under the auspices of the Committee to Study the Tobacco Problem. It contains a foreword by the president, Alexander Lambert, an exhaustive annotated bibliography, and an index.

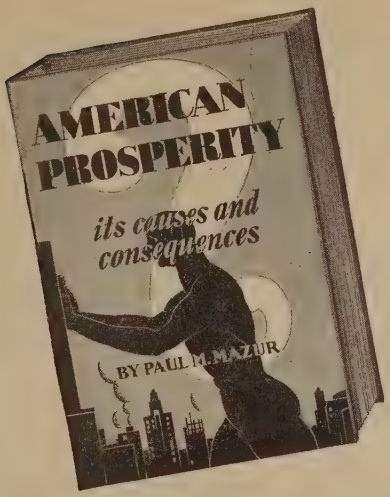
CRAWFORD W. LONG AND THE DISCOVERY OF ETHER ANESTHESIA.
By Frances Long Taylor. *Paul B. Hoeber*
$4 8⅛ x 5⅛; 237 pp. *New York*

This somewhat padded volume is mainly a polemic in favor of Dr. Long's priority as the discoverer of ether anesthesia. The author, who is his daughter, marshals the evidence very effectively, but the fact is plain that it remained for others to make anesthesia available to the whole world. In Dr. Long's remote corner of Georgia medical opinion was largely against it, and he seems to have been too timorous to publish his early results. It is curious to note that sniffing ether for the voluptuous effect was a common habit in the Georgia of the early 40's, and that it was his observation of the effects produced that suggested to Dr. Long the use of the drug in surgery. His first operation was performed in the town of Athens on March 30, 1842.

ANIMAL BIOLOGY.
By J. B. S. Haldane and Julian Huxley.
The Oxford University Press
$2.50 7¾ x 4¾; 344 pp. *New York*

This clearly written book is intended for supplementary reading in schools, but the reader of more mature years, if he has any interest in the life process, will find it very useful. It is well arranged and admirably illustrated. In a few places the authors make

Continued on page xxii



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statements which will probably be challenged. On page 290, for example, they say that "there are ants which practise agriculture." This is disputed by Dr. William Morton Wheeler, whose authority is beyond question. But the number of such indiscretions is not large. At the end are a good glossary and an index.

A SHORTER PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.
By Emmanuel de Martonne. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8¾ x 5½; 338 pp. *New York*

Dr. de Martonne is professor of geography at the Sorbonne. His book, though not large, is admirably comprehensive, and all of its excellent illustrations really illustrate. He first discusses the general physical make-up of the earth, then proceeds to the matter of climate, then describes the characteristics of seas and of land surfaces, and finally deals with the distribution of plants and animals. There are useful suggestions for the reader who desires to read further, and at the end there is a good index.

RELIGION

CONSCIENCE AND ITS PROBLEMS: *An Introduction to Casuistry.*
By Kenneth E. Kirk. *Longmans, Green & Company*
16s. 8½ x 5½; 411 pp. *London*

Dr. Kirk, who has high eminence as a moral theologian at Oxford, here discusses at great length the question of moral dilemmas. What is a Christian to do when he faces a situation in which he must act in either one of two ways, and both seem to imperil his rectitude? The best plan, it appears, is to prepare beforehand. The man least likely to be stumped is that one who has made "a deliberate, devoted and prayerful effort to extend his range of sympathies in every direction." But there are times when even such preparation is in vain, and then he must resort to casuistry, a weapon of theologians since time immemorial. That is to say, he must convince himself, by logical devices, that one of the sins that tempt him is measurably less heinous than the other, and then launch into it with a more or less pure heart. Even so, he is bound to be somewhat uncomfortable. But though casuistry, as a moral device, is thus imperfect, Dr. Kirk is convinced that "in the judgment of God its mistakes (if mistakes they are) will secure ready pardon."

CHRISTIAN HUMANISM.
By Russell Henry Stafford. *Willett, Clark & Colby*
$2 7¾ x 5¾; 253 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Stafford is only thirty-eight years old, but he already has a D.D., and last year was appointed minister of the Old South Church, of Boston, ecclesiastical headquarters of the New England Watch and Ward Society. He seems to be a man of some learning, and his general attitude toward the religious problem is that of William James. But, like nearly all the other younger theologians, he is extremely evasive in matters of dogma, and indulges freely in what is politely known as the modern interpretation of the Gospel. Here, for example, is his account of the doctrine of the Trinity: "First, three manifestations of the Supreme Power of the universe—of that goodness which by Christians is held to be the conscious purpose of all being: in human character, objectively viewed; in conscience; and in . . . nature. Second, corresponding to these temporal manifestations, such an intrinsic constitution or economy of the Divine Being that God is eternally expressing Himself in creation."

BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE HENRY BOKER: *Poet and Patriot.*
By Edward Sculley Bradley.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$4 9⅜ x 6¼; 362 pp. *Philadelphia*

Boker, who was born in 1823 and died in 1890, was not only the first American dramatist to make a stir, but also a man of wealth and one of the leading Brahmins of Philadelphia. His "Francesca da Rimini" will be remembered by old-time theatre-goers. Lawrence Barrett was fond of playing it, and it was also presented by other actors. Boker himself probably preferred his poems to his dramas. He wrote a great many of them, and they were published in half a dozen volumes between 1856 and 1886, but now they are all forgotten. During the Civil War he was active in the Union cause, though he did not serve in the field. On the home sector, in Philadelphia, he filled the air with patriotic dithyrambs, and helped to organize the Union League, which still survives. After the war he was rewarded with diplomatic posts in Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Mr. Bradley tells his story very interestingly, though without much attempt at objective criticism. The book is illustrated, and has a bibliography and a good index.

THE ESTATE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, DECEASED.
By Eugene E. Prussing. *Little, Brown & Company*
$6 9⅜ x 6; 512 pp. *Boston*

In this large volume Mr. Prussing, who is a lawyer, examines Washington's will at great length, and traces the disposition of the properties it disposed of. The estate was large and complicated, and it took the

Continued on page xxiv

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executors fifty-one years to distribute it. It included bank stocks, slaves, shares in land companies, and real estate in Virginia, the city of Washington, Maryland and other places. Mr. Prussing has unearthed practically every document having any bearing upon the matter, and presents them with a learned and exhaustive commentary. "Washington," he says, "never meant to be either a great soldier or a statesman. After his first experience in the field he hated war and he always disliked executive office. . . . He preferred to devote his capacities to surveying, farming and business, to road and canal building, land exploration and settlement, and to be a man of affairs." The book is copiously illustrated, and has valuable appendices and a good index.

CHRISTIAN IV. *King of Denmark and Norway.*
By John A. Gade. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8⅝ x 6; 320 pp. *Boston*

Christian IV lived in the years 1577–1648. His first official act, when only a few hours old, was to allow himself to be licked by his father's favorite hunting dog. That brought him good luck for the rest of his life. As a boy in school he was forced to study Latin, French, Italian, music and dancing, but he found plenty of time to drink hot beer and to eat fried herring, for both of which he had an insatiable appetite. Shortly thereafter he began to display a liking for pretty female faces, and it was not long before he married. But so powerful was the tender passion in him that while on the honeymoon he fell in love with one of the ladies-in-waiting, and it was not a Platonic love either. Then began his long career of wenching (mainly with servant-maids), drinking and gambling. But he never forgot his people. He founded the Danish navy, established and enlarged institutions of learning and did his best to encourage agriculture and industry. As a result, he was greatly beloved in his domain, and even now is considered by the Danes as "the greatest monarch who ever ascended the throne of Denmark." Mr. Gade relates his life with gusto and with an obviously comprehensive knowledge of the man and his times.

WORKING WITH THE WORLD.
By Irving T. Bush. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5½; 315 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mr. Bush devotes the first five chapters of his book to the story of his life, and the rest to speculations upon various matters of public importance. His career has been one of extraordinary achievement. The son of a man of considerable means, he conceived early in manhood the plan of the great Bush Terminals in Brooklyn, and executed it against immense difficulties. He is now a very important figure in the world of business. His ideas, as he exposes them in his book, are those of a philosophical Liberal, but he tempers them with the prudent reservations of a sound business man. What he has to say about the organization of the government, and especially about the Civil Service, is shrewd and suggestive, and when he deals with foreign affairs he is unfailingly sensible. What the American farmer needs, he says, is not the government help that politicians talk of, but more enlightenment: his troubles are due mainly to his own backwardness. Few American business men have ever written better books than this one.

DISRAELI. *A Picture of the Victorian Age.*
By André Maurois. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 379 pp. *New York*

M. Maurois has presented no new material in this biography of Disraeli and his dependence upon his sources is heavy and obvious. His view of Gladstone is distorted, and often unfair. But his book as a whole is very readable. Disraeli is revealed in his rôle of a brilliant wit and sentimentalist, generous to his enemies, loyal to his friends and voraciously ambitious. M. Maurois' style is particularly graceful, and it adds an air of charm to what otherwise might have seemed a rather baldly self-seeking career. The book is illustrated and has an index; a bibliography is given in the preface.

PARSON WEEMS OF THE CHERRY TREE.
By Harold Kellock. *The Century Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 212 pp. *New York & London*

Mr. Kellock describes Parson Weems as an itinerant book agent who for over thirty years traveled the roads between Philadelphia and Savannah; as the author of numerous pamphlets, "the tabloids of the time"; and as the composer of biographies of William Penn, Washington, Benjamin Franklin and General Francis Marion, "the first American best sellers." There is no adequate life of Weems, and so Mr. Kellock's account is interesting and instructive. His style, however, seems affected in its studied attempt to be familiar; and both a bibliography and an index are missing.

THE LEGION OF THE DAMNED.
By Bennett J. Doty. *The Century Company*
$3 8 x 5; 298 pp. *New York & London*

Mr. Doty first saw military service with the artillery at St. Mihiel and the Argonne. After the war he was at Vanderbilt and the University of Virginia for

Continued on page xxvi

Alice in the Delighted States

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four years, and in 1925 worked his way to Bordeaux and joined the French Foreign Legion under the name of Gilbert Clare. This book is the honest and vivid account of his exploits, principally in Algeria and in Syria, where he engaged in the bloody campaign against the Druses, and of his subsequent desertion when a lull came in the fighting and he got bored with carrying rock up the hill to Soveida. He was recaptured and sentenced to eight years imprisonment, but after serving a year he was released. It is a vastly interesting story, and one which Mr. Doty tells very dramatically.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. GRAHAM *and the Cathcart Circle.*
By E. Maxtone Graham. The Houghton Mifflin Company
$5 8⅞ x 5¾; 322 pp. *Boston*

The ninth Lord Cathcart was one of the leading military and diplomatic figures of England in the Eighteenth Century, and his home was one of the higher social centers of the day. His children, of whom Mary, later Mrs. Thomas Graham, was the most beautiful, all married prudently and carried on the family tradition, and were the envy of the English fashionable world of the time. The present book is a collection of the more interesting correspondence carried on by them, and is of some historical value.

JULIE DE LESPINASSE.
By the Marquis de Ségur. E. P. Dutton & Company
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 403 pp. *New York*

Julie de Lespinasse was the mistress of one of the most famous salons of the Paris of the Eighteenth Century. She was a woman of great charm and wit, and was the object of the profoundest admiration of such men as Voltaire, D'Alembert, Hume, Walpole, Turgot, Condorcet and Guibert. Her capacity for affection and for love was amazing, but despite all her attractions she seldom had peace of heart. Her last days were especially miserable. She developed a most violent passion for Guibert, but he ignored her cruelly and married a seventeen-year-old nobody. He repented later on, but Julie was already on her death-bed. The present biography is charmingly written, and is in large part based on hitherto inaccessible material. The translator has done a good job, but unfortunately his or her name is not given.

THE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. *Written to his Brother. 1872–1886.*
With a Memoir by J. van Gogh-Bonger
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$15 8¾ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 554 + 646 pp. *Boston*

These 458 letters from Van Gogh to his brother Theo tell almost the complete story of his life. They are charmingly simple and informal: he discusses everything with Theo—who was an art-dealer with many kindred interests—, from his most intimate dreams of his work to his many and minute observations of the world about him. Of illustrations there are 146, including many striking ones. J. van Gogh-Bonger, Vincent's sister-in-law, has contributed an interesting memoir. The volumes are attractively printed, and have an index.

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH, VIRTUES AND EXPLOITS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.
By Mason ("Parson") Weems. Macy-Masius
$2.50 7½ x 5; 374 pp. *New York*

Parson Weems' biography of Washington first appeared in 1800. It was enlarged in 1808, and this volume is taken from one of the later editions, in order to include such famous additions as the story of the cherry-tree. The first and least critical of the biographies of Washington, it is still the most amusing. The volume is seventh in the American Bookshelf Series, edited by Mark Van Doren.

JULIUS CAESAR AND THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME.
By Victor Thaddeus. Brentano's
$5 9¼ x 6; 321 pp. *New York*

Mr. Thaddeus has drawn an interesting and provocative portrait of Julius Caesar the man, and of the Rome he knew. He probes into his ambitions, his heroes and ideals, his schemings and his love-affairs with imaginative insight. In the end, if his conception is not heroic, it is all the more arrestingly human. A popular, but sufficiently authoritative study. It has an appendix containing orations and letters of Caesar, and an index; a bibliography is lacking.

HORACE WALPOLE.
By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. The Macmillan Company
$1.25 7 x 5; 229 pp. *New York*

"What has been lacking is a study of Walpole in his literary character, a survey and a *critique raisonnée* of the whole *corpus* of his available writings in verse and prose," writes Miss Stuart in her preface, and this she has admirably succeeded in achieving. She depicts Walpole as "the most indefatigable and industrious of men, the sum of whose tangible achievement is astonishing." Yet he walked through life "as he did into Sir John Hawkins' withdrawing-room, 'on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor.'" The book contains an index and a statement of sources: it belongs to the English Men of Letters Series, edited by J. C. Squire.

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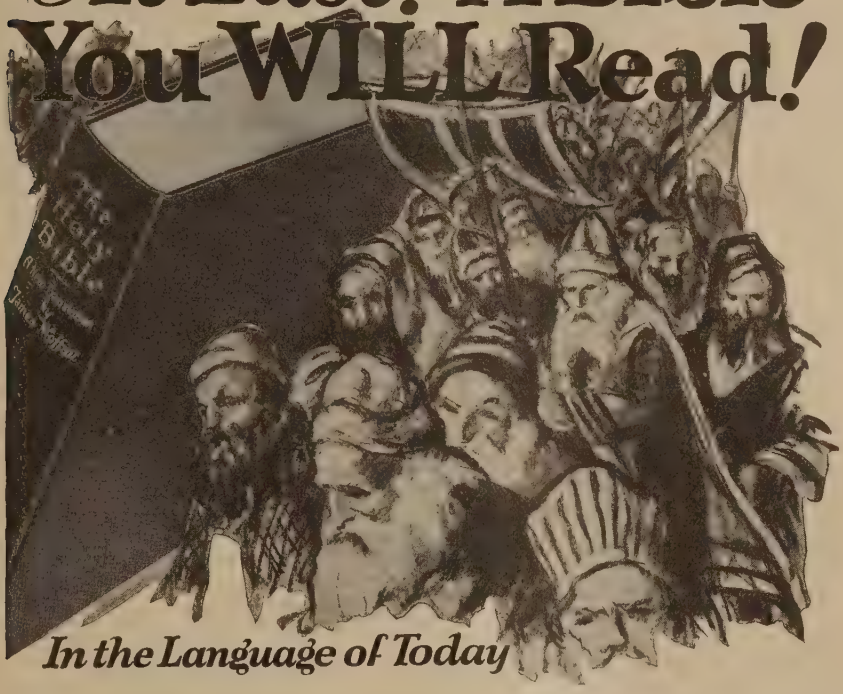

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Continued from page xxvi

HISTORY

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. 1830–1841.
By Élie Halévy. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$6 8⅞ x 5⅝; 372 pp. *New York*

This is the third and final volume of Dr. Halévy's history of England in the Nineteenth Century. The first dealt with the period between the American Revolution and Waterloo, the second began with the fall of Napoleon and ended with the rise of Sir Robert Peel, and the present volume continues the narrative through Lord Melbourne's ministry. Like its predecessors, it is a masterly performance, not only of scholarship, but also of writing. The discussion of the Chartist movement and its interrelations with the literature and philosophy of the time is especially good. With a mass of evidence Dr. Halévy points out that the general impression that Chartism was influenced by Socialism is wrong; the truth seems to be that the two movements, though working side by side, were completely independent of each other. Several of the Chartists were convinced individualists, while many of the leading Socialists, including Robert Owen, were enemies of Chartism. "In reality, Chartism was not a creed. It was the blind revolt of hunger. . . . The English were not a people of revolutionary temper, quick to take up with any theory which provided a justification for their destructive passions. . . . The only creed which could win a hearing from the crowds of working men was the Christian creed as preached by the Nonconformist sects." The translation from the French is by E. J. Watkin.

THE HISTORIANS OF ANGLO-AMERICAN LAW.
By W. S. Holdsworth. *The Columbia University Press*
$2.75 8¼ x 5½; 175 pp. *New York*

Dr. Holdsworth, who is Vinerian Professor of English Law at Oxford, points out that it is a curious fact that no satisfactory general history of Anglo-Saxon law has yet been written, and in this book attempts a sort of broad outline of the subject. It is mainly a series of brief sketches of the work of the leading English and American legal historians. Special attention is given to such whales as Sir Mathew Hale, Blackstone, Sir Henry Maine, Paul Vinogradoff, Albert Vann Dicey, Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Justice Holmes.

IN QUEST OF THE WESTERN OCEAN.
By Nellis M. Crouse. *William Morrow & Company*
$6.50 8¾ x 5¾; 480 pp. *New York*

A comprehensive and heavily documented survey of all the attempts, since the days of Columbus, to discover a direct westward all-water route from Europe to the Far East. Intertwined with this history is also an analysis of the economic and religious considerations that motivated the various explorations. There are many illustrations and an extensive bibliography.

DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE TACNA-ARICA DISPUTE.
By William Jefferson Dennis. *The University of Iowa*
$2 9 x 6; 262 pp. *Iowa City*

Tacna-Arica is the Alsace-Lorraine of Latin America. It has been a subject of dispute between Peru and Chile since its annexation by the latter as the result of the War of the Pacific of 1879–1884. The United States has for years attempted to act as arbitrator, and on March 25, 1925, President Coolidge handed down his decision in the case, but that only raised new points of disagreement. At the moment the whole problem is in about as unsatisfactory a condition as it ever was. The present book has little opinion in it; it is merely a collection of the more important official documents in the case.

ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
By Harold Underwood Faulkner. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 5; 301 pp. *New York*

Strictly speaking, this book is not so much a history as an introduction to the problems presented by the economic development of the United States. Mr. Faulkner begins his discussion with "Economic Aspects of Colonization" and carries it through "The Revolution as an Economic Phenomenon," "The Westward Movement and Early Agriculture," "The Civil War," "The Rise of Labor," "The End of the Frontier," and "The New Imperialism." There are excellent bibliographies at the ends of the chapters. The volume belongs to the World Today Bookshelf Series, edited by Dr. Charles A. Beard.

ESSAYS

THE POST-WAR MIND OF GERMANY, *and Other European Studies.*
By C. H. Hereford. *The Oxford University Press*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 248 pp. *New York*

Besides the title essay there are included in this book the following: "Dante and Milton," "A Sketch of the History of Shakespeare's Influence on the Continent," "A Russian Shakespearean" (Alexander Pushkin), "The Culture of Bolshevist Russia," and "National and International Ideals in the English Poets." The

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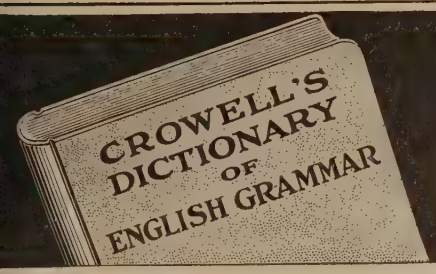

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

pieces vary markedly in quality. Those on post-war Germany and Russia have little in them beyond the obvious, but the literary studies are excellent pieces of scholarship. Dr. Hereford is honorary professor of English literature at the University of Manchester.

PROPER STUDIES.
By Aldous Huxley. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5; 349 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

"These sketches," writes Mr. Huxley in his introduction, "represent an attempt on my part to methodize the confused notions which I have derived from observation and reading, about a few of the more important aspects of social and individual life." He professes great admiration for the Italian, Vilfredo Pareto, and for Professor L. Rougier, Professor Graham Wallas, H. G. Wells, Dr. Trotter, Dr. James Harvey Robinson, M. Lévy Bruhl, Cardinal Newman and Jung. His essays, whatever his debt to these men, are original, penetrating and marked by an admirable restraint. He does not offer any panaceas for a sick and suffering society; he performs the far more difficult task of analyzing its malaises, pungently and brilliantly.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE LOOTING OF NICARAGUA.
By Rafael De Nogales. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 304 pp. *New York*

General De Nogales, a citizen of Venezuela, was Inspector-General of the Turkish Cavalry during the World War. He has undertaken a personal investigation of the situation in Nicaragua, and this book is his commentary upon what he calls the looting of that State by her sister republic, or more strictly speaking, by American capital. General De Nogales writes exceedingly well. His final plea to North Americans is "to look farther yet, beyond the limits of self-interest. Indubitably, awakening Asia rises on the skyline as a great, probably the greatest commercial power of the near future. . . . Americans of both continents should remember that the very ideals underlying our Western democracies will be menaced in that day to come." The book has a bibliography, but seriously lacks an index.

THE WHITE MAN'S DILEMMA. *A Study of the Climax of the Age of Imperialism.*
By Nathaniel Peffer. *The John Day Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 312 pp. *New York*

"From the point of view solely of our own good, our own highest interest, what shall we of the ruling nations do?" Mr. Peffer asks, and then continues gloomily, "Most likely we shall do nothing, but wait for events to overwhelm us. . . . Theoretically, socially, the focal point is the question of raw materials. . . . Taking forethought to our situation, we find that voluntarily to renounce imperialism requires us to alter the structure of our industrialized society and to recast a fundamental premiss of our social philosophy. It is highly doubtful whether it is possible to do the first, and equally improbable that we shall be willing to try." Mr. Peffer's book has no footnotes, bibliography, or other apparatus of scholarship, but it is a sound piece of work and well worth reading.

A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS.
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1.50 6⅝ x 4¾; 112 pp. *New York*

This is an answer to the charges made by Miss Katherine Mayo in "Mother India," and as such is an able and unusually temperate book. Mr. Mukerji's general argument is that Miss Mayo makes "sweeping statements on anonymous authority," and he maintains that not only are many of her accusations without foundation whatever, but that a great number of them are contradicted by available official statistics and the observations of competent investigators. For example, against Miss Mayo's statement that "the Indian girl, in common practice, looks for motherhood nine months after reaching puberty—or anywhere between the ages of fourteen and eight," he presents figures from the Indian Census to the effect that "60% of the girls marry after fourteen." There is, of course, he says, prostitution in India, but it is no greater per population than in the West, and as for syphilis, "that curse we received after the West discovered the sea-route to the East. It is working its havoc in those places of India where modern Western civilization holds its strongest sway."

PARENTS ON PROBATION.
By Miriam Van Water. *The New Republic*
$1 7¼ x 4¾; 333 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Van Water, who has had long experience in Juvenile Court work, here discusses the failures of parents to manage their offspring. She exposes her ideas by presenting cases, and then offering commentaries upon them. The result is an extremely interesting book, with many shrewd observations in it. In the main, she says, American parents are hunkerous in their notions, and learn only slowly. The Juvenile Courts go far beyond them, especially in sub-

Continued on page xxxii

Can Religious Fervor Eradicate National Instinct?

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Continued from page xxx

stituting moral suasion for force. "When people treat children badly it is often because they hate someone of whom the child reminds them." The volume is one of the excellent series of Dollar Books published by the *New Republic*. The list now runs to twenty titles, and includes works of great interest and value.

GERMANY TEN YEARS AFTER.
By George H. Danton. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5⅝; 295 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Danton, who is a member of the faculty of Tsing Hua University, Peking, and was exchange professor at Leipzig for the academic year 1925–1926, here presents some stray observations of the German scene as he found it. The economic and industrial situation, he says, is still acute. The number of bankruptcies is colossal, and the wage-scale is very low, and the older people, naturally, are feeling the effects of this state of affairs much more keenly than the younger ones. The general impression that the social life of the land is up to the pre-war level is wrong; the truth seems to be that "people have very little time and almost no money for entertaining." As for their attitude toward Americans, the Germans are none too well informed about them or their culture. The only newspaper a considerable number of them read is the *Christian Science Monitor*. It is only of late that they have begun to read Dreiser, Anderson and Hergesheimer. "It is astonishing how many Germans still draw their ideas of what America is like from Cooper's novels, seasoned with some Whitman and Poe."

AMERICAN LABOR DYNAMICS.
Edited by J. B. S. Hardman.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$4 8¾ x 5⅞; 432 pp. *New York*

This is a symposium on the post-war labor scene in America, and among those contributing are such well-known and able men as Robert W. Dunn, Abraham Epstein, Stuart Chase, Sidney Hillman, Harold D. Laswell, James H. Maurer, Walter N. Polakov, Leo Wolman and the editor himself. Some of the subjects treated are the unions in the coal industry, company unions, the welfare movement, recent social legislation, recent labor law, labor banking, the factional fights among the legitimate unions, foreign influences on the American labor movement, and the labor press. The discussions are full of valuable material and shrewd thinking, and, as such things go, written in an unusually temperate manner. A few more such books from the ranks of the labor intellectuals and the labor movement in this country will gain a dignity which it has never had.

DER FLIRT.
By Wolfgang Wieland. *Felix Meiner*
M. 3.50 7¾ x 5⅞; 178 pp. *Leipzig*

In this sober and highly indignant work, Dr. Wieland protests against the decay of the decorums which formerly marked the social relations of the sexes. "Under the mask of a harmless play, condoned by society," he says, "flirting has developed into a rank swamp-plant (*Sumpfpflanze*), and under its evil shade every kind of sound morality, every higher form of love, and the very future of the race are endangered." Obviously, petting and necking have made great progress in Germany.

MARCHING MEN: *The Story of War.*
By Stanton A. Coblentz. *The Unicorn Press*
$5 9¾ x 6; 488 pp. *New York*

Mr. Coblentz finds that war, in any true sense, is very rare among the infra-human creatures—in fact, he believes that only certain varieties of ants practise it—and that even savages know little about it. But with the first appearance of civilization it becomes an elaborate art, and its chief practitioners today are precisely those peoples who are the furthest advanced. He is violently against it himself, and depicts it in very unfriendly terms. At the end he essays to show what an appalling thing it will probably become by the year 1978.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.
By Paul Winchester.
The Maryland County Press Syndicate
$2.50 9 x 5¾; 342 pp. *Baltimore*

This is less a general history of the B. & O., the ranking American railroad in point of age, than a special history of its political entanglements. For many years it was as powerful in Maryland, its home State, as the Pennsylvania ever was in Pennsylvania or the Southern Pacific in California. It made and unmade Governors, and was intimately concerned with the rise of Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, for many years the boss of the Democratic party in the Senate. Mr. Winchester, who is a political reporter of long service, has direct personal knowledge of the intrigues that he discusses, and so his work is a valuable contribution to American political history. In a subsequent volume he will continue his story, and include sketches of many of the men who built up the B. & O. which lately celebrated its centenary.

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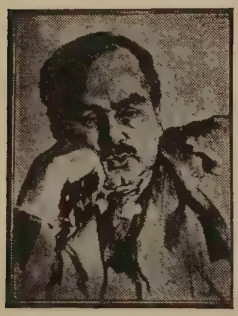

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3. **Splendor,** *by Ben Ames Williams.* 12th Edition. (Fiction) $2.50

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Continued from page xxxii

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. 1896–1906.
By Alfred L. P. Dennis. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 537 pp. *New Yor*

Dr. Dennis, who is professor of modern history a Clark, was recently given access to a tremendou mass of hitherto unpublished official and other valu able documents relating to the foreign relations o this country in the decade 1896–1906, and here pre sents the greater part of it. His own writing consists in the main, of supplying the explanatory tissue, an unfortunately is not always as clear as it should be.

SIMONDE DE SISMONDI AS AN ECONOMIST.
By Mao-Lan Tuan. *The Columbia University Pres*
$3.50 9 x 6; 178 pp. *New Yor*

This is perhaps the first full-length study of on of the greatest economists of the last one hundre and fifty years. Sismondi lived in the years 1773–184 He wrote two tremendous histories of France and o Italy, and in his day had an international reputatio as an historian. He was a friend of Napoleon, an was greatly respected by him. But, as Dr. Tuan point out, it is because of his strictly economic writing that he will be longest remembered. He was one o the first powerful opponents of the *laissez-faire* doc trine, and the precursor of much of modern socia legislation. In fact, he was the intellectual father o Karl Marx and of the whole Utopian movement o his day. But he was not a Socialist, nor a Libera nor even a mild Democrat. He was against universa suffrage, and a bitter enemy of government by a the people. "One must listen," he said, "to the ma who is hungry in order to remedy his hunger; bu if instead of listening to him, one takes orders fro him, his hunger would cause famine for the who society." There is an extensive bibliography.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
By Albert Perry Brigham. *The Oxford University Pre*
$3 8¾ x 5½; 308 pp. *New Yo*

This is a series of studies of the more importa problems and characteristics of the American land ar people, including such matters as population di tribution, racial composition, national forests ar parks, underground wealth, transportation, indust and education. They are all up to date and writte in a clear style, and should prove of great value to t more advanced students in secondary schools. There a generous number of maps, and all of them are e cellent. Dr. Brigham is professor of geology Colgate.

TRANSLATIONS

GOETHE'S "FAUST."
Translated by G. M. Cookson. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$3 7⅜ x 4⅞; 216 pp. *New Yo*

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NEW CENTURY BOOKS

Fiction

MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Author of *Black Butterflies*, etc.

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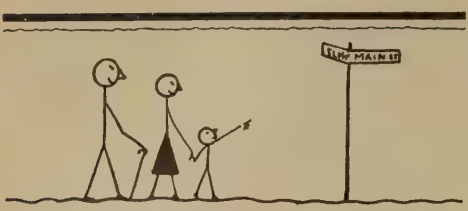

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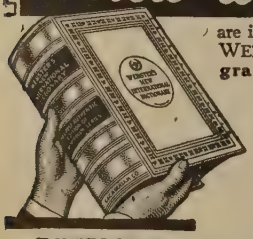

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Continued from page xxxiv

Mr. Cookson's translation in rhymed verse (which covers Part I only) is accurate, but far from inspired. There is a long and learned historical and critical introduction by J. G. Robertson. The volume is one of the series of Broadway Translations, brought out in England by Routledge.

THE FACETIÆ OF POGGIO *and Other Medieval Story-Tellers.*
Translated by Edward Storer. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7½ x 5; 172 pp. *New York*

Poggio Bracciolini lived at the turn of the Fourteenth Century. He was a dabbler in the arts and sciences of his time, and did considerable traveling on the Continent and in England. He did not take Holy Orders, but was fond of wearing the ecclesiastical habit, and before long won his way into the graces of the Pope. Thereafter he used the Vatican as something of a home, and there became one of the leading spirits of the Bugiale (Liars' Club), where good fellows like himself would gather and regale one another with slightly Rabelaisian stories. The Bugiale, of course, had its counterparts all over Italy, and the present book is made up of selections from their various repertories. There is an excellent introduction by the translator.

THE FINE ARTS

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN RICHARD STRAUSS AND HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL, 1907–1918.
Edited by Franz Strauss. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8⅝ x 5½; 355 pp. *New York*

These letters cover the whole period of the collaboration between Strauss and von Hofmannsthal, and trace in detail, and often very amusingly, the genesis of "Elektra," "Die Frau ohne Schatten," "Ariadne auf Naxos," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and "Der Rosenkavalier." Composer and librettist carry on their negotiations in the friendliest of spirits, but their difficulties are many, and it is immensely interesting to follow their efforts to resolve them. The volume is a mine that the writers of opera guides and programme notes will be working for many years. The translation is by Paul England. Rather curiously for such a book, there is a good index.

INSIDE STUFF ON HOW TO WRITE POPULAR SONGS.
By Abel Green. *The Paul Whiteman Publications*
75 cents 8 x 5¾; 70 pages *New York*

The title here is somewhat misleading. Mr. Green offers no instructions of any value to the aspirant who yearns to write another "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and his advice about marketing songs is limited to

Continued on page xxxviii

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Continued from page xxxvi

the hint that it may be well to offer a share of the prospective royalties to some friendly jazz-band leader or broadcasting-station manager. But his little book is vastly amusing nonetheless, if only for the astonishing English in which it is written. That English is the dialect developed by the staff of *Variety*, the theatrical paper: Mr. Green is a member of it. Paul Whiteman, in an introduction, writes in almost the same way. Altogether, a curious contribution to Americana.

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$3 7½ x 5¼; 210 pp. *Boston*

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SEEING ITALY.
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NOTES OF A PROHIBITION AGENT

BY HOMER TURNER

According to the W.C.T.U. and Senator Edwards, of New Jersey, the Volstead Act fathers a practically new species of man. The ladies of the former say that he is the defender of youth and the protector of the American Home; Senator Edwards says that he is a grafting thug and double-crosser. Both of these views of the Prohibition agent reveal colored glasses, those of the Senator being turkey red, and those of the good women cerulean.

After more than six years of constant association with these men, as one of them, I have reached the rather prosaic and perhaps disappointing conclusion that the average and typical agent is just an ordinary American. He is misunderstood by both his friends and his enemies. He finds himself in the embarrassing position of being called upon to play Hamlet without previous training in or talent for histrionics, and before he makes his first awkward gesture he finds himself razzed for apeing Iago.

So much grotesque nonsense has been written about him by both the wets and the drys that it seems high time that somebody should try to make a more or less unbiased appraisal of him. To be entirely fair is, of course, impossible. All of us see through different lenses, and the particular kind that I wear may not correct astigmatism, but at all events I do not see the agent as either the drys or the wets see him. The Prohibitionists defend him, world without end. They believe that he is, and must be by virtue of his office, a thorough-going Prohibitionist. It is not so. He is not a Prohibitionist, as the term is generally used; nor is he a sopping wet. In this day of extremes, that may sound incredible, but it remains true. The average agent is no more concerned about the merits or demerits of Prohibition than the policeman on the beat is concerned about the propositions of Plato's "Republic."

Nor does the agent drink habitually, as the wets allege. Of course, in securing evidence and hob-nobbing with bootleggers, a certain amount of drinking *does* become necessary. At times the agent may be almost forced to get drunk. But drinking for the fun of it is exceptional. This does not mean that the agents are Puritan prudes. They have no eulogy for the teetotaler and they have no anathemas for the man who drinks. They do not drink themselves for many reasons. For one thing, they are educated professionally in the modern methods of making fine liquors. They frequently find four or five brands of whiskey coming from the same barrel, or see somebody's highly touted claret being colored with a red flannel undershirt, or discover that that tantaliz-

ing flavor has been produced by a scum of dead cockroaches. Drinking, again, is practised most among the leisured, and the agents have no time they can call their own; their work frequently begins or carries on into hours when their friends and enemies are respectably asleep.

Of course there are exceptions. A man may, conceivably, go into the service because he believes it to be the safest place to assuage his thirst. But if he gets in thus, he soon gets out. He simply can't get away with that sort of thing very long. You may think that if he be slick enough he will not be caught. But they don't grow slick enough for that. And neither do they grow slick enough to get away with corruption—for long.

To illustrate: Suppose an agent is on the pay-roll of a speak-easy for giving it protection against undercover men and raids. He cannot be there all the time to point out the undercover men, and even if by some miracle he could spend all of his time there, he would still not know all of the men in his district. He does not know when nor where raids are to be pulled. In fact, when he himself goes on a raid, half the time he does not know where he is going until he is there, unless, of course, he is to serve the warrant. There is a world of work going on in the Prohibition office, and the individual agents see only a very small part of it. Their power to protect bootleggers is therefore very limited.

Experience shows that a man paying for protection will exercise very little caution in making sales and that he will almost invariably boast to his confrères about his safety. When he opens his mouth he puts his foot into it. The situation is soon known to the administrator, and the agent loses his job. The protected place will eventually be raided, and the protected man will probably squeal. Naturally, the more places an agent tries to protect, the sooner he will be discovered.

Another thing: the government has a well-trained corps of men whose sole duty is to investigate the character of government officers. These investigators are no fools, and their very existence makes the agent watch his step. For any appreciable protection to be given, the entire local force must be crooked. There may have been such instances. The wets are probably ready to cite cases. But if there remains but one honest man in the outfit, he can tear down the whole playhouse, and without any great trouble.

That there is graft going on I don't deny, but I think it is infinitesimal compared to what the wets would have one believe. I know of one district where the following plan was tried out in the making of conspiracy cases. One agent was given the authority to "protect" any and all rum-runners who came to him for protection. They soon found out that this man knew everything that was going on. They offered to pay, and did pay him some $30,000 at the rate of one dollar for each case of whiskey he saw delivered safely into the city. They found out that this agent knew what roads would be patrolled, and when, and when others would be unprotected. He knew when and where all raids would be staged. He knew everything, in short, required for first-rate protection.

But, for the accomplishment of this pre-arranged "protection," it was necessary for the entire force to be kept on a day and night grind as nerve-racking as one could imagine. Although the greatest precautions were taken for secrecy on the part of the force (and, of course, by the unsuspecting rum-runners also), the local public soon got wise to what was going on. In the end, we were forced to break the bubble at an inopportune time. Now, if it is so very difficult to furnish such protection by deliberate purpose, I am fairly certain that isolated attempts by members of the force cannot amount to much. This conclusion must be plain to any man in the service, but to the man on the street or in an editor's chair it seems that any and all forms of graft can go on with impunity.

II

It is admitted by even the bitterest opponents of Prohibition, that agents are discharged as soon as they are found to be crooked. They are frequently dismissed, in fact, by telegram. They may be discharged for any conduct "unbecoming an officer and a gentlemen," or simply "for the good of the service." Being ordinary men, they are naturally liable to the error of the "all too human passions." The difference lies in their jobs. The world would look upon the mistakes of a grocery salesman, say, as being regrettable, but he would be forgiven seven times seven times. But let the same mistakes crop out in an agent's life and he is summarily discharged and disgraced. The press prints a florid story, the entire service is denounced, and the gentleman from New Jersey rises in the halls of Congress to make a speech which begins and ends with "I told you so!" Thus the agent is forced to live up to a stringent rule-of-thumb idea of conduct. But it is not fair to criticize the Treasury for this harshness, for any less stringent policy would be fatal. For the same reason, if Governor Smith is elected President, he will probably be very zealous in the enforcement of the Volstead Act.

But in spite of all this, many agents stick and make good. In my district, for instance, there are thirty men known to me who have been in the service for more than five years—and there are now only sixty-nine men in the whole district. This ratio would be materially bettered if one took in those who have been in the service three years or more. This is surely not bad when one remembers that a man can hardly be crooked so long as a year without being found out and dismissed.

Some of the opponents of the law ask the agents to answer questions which they cannot be expected to answer. For example, Why is there so much zeal exercised in the apprehension and prosecution of bootleggers and so little in the arrest and conviction of murderers? Perhaps, as one eminent statesman has suggested, the answer *does* lie in the character of the men employed to enforce the respective laws. The Prohibition agent, like anybody else, is mystified by the state of affairs. He cannot understand why a man can be caught, convicted and sent to Atlanta for bootlegging, and then be allowed, a little later, to murder his wife in a public park, and get away with it. Perhaps it is because bootleggers have not yet begun pleading insanity. Before the agent can open his mouth in an attempt to answer the question, he is given the answer by his critics. To wit, the bootleggers have money and the murderers have not.

But the average bootlegger does not have much money. Very often his fine must be paid by somebody higher up, or, if the sentence be a fine or imprisonment, he must serve his time. His wife is not well dressed; his children are ragged and dirty; his mash adorns his living-room; his car, though old, is mortgaged; his grocer insists that he pay cash; when the Internal Revenue agent attempts to collect his income tax, he finds the poor man penniless.

All this is true, it is answered, because we catch the small fry only. We admit it, at least in part. There are probably more such small fellows than you suspect. The bigger dealers are not so often caught, of course. For one thing, there are not so many of them. They are harder to catch. They are merely brokers. They rarely come into physical possession of the goods they handle. They deal in hundred case lots, and a hundred cases of liquor represents more cash value than the Department is willing to put out every day on one investigation. However, the big fellows also know that the agents are in existence, and frequently feel the effects of them more severely than they would if their bodies were actually haled into court.

The primary purpose of the law, as the agent sees it, is the discouragement of the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. How can he more effectively attain this

object, he argues, than by seizing the stuff and pouring it into the gutter? Frequently he seizes as much as five hundred cases at one time. This hurts all the men who were mixed up in its possession, from the banker down to the truck-driver. The big dealer's pocketbook is as important to him as it was to Chaucer. Furthermore, the agent does not believe the big dealers have the great fortunes accredited to them by the public. These men must operate through subordinates they can trust, and such confidence is worth much money. They run the risk of being double-crossed by these subordinates at all times, and when this happens they have no recourse except on the person of the traitor. They run the not inconsiderable risk of hijackers; their ships must run the gauntlet of the Coast Guard; they must weather storms. They have cut-price competitors.

Occasionally they find themselves seriously entangled in a conspiracy case. It then becomes necessary to employ skilled counsel, and this brings them into contact with what they themselves term the worst hijackers of all. They borrow heavily at the banks, and here they can sink so far on one note that they never again see daylight. They lose many moves in which the agent does not have the offensive power of a pawn. Meanwhile, the public believes that they are wallowing in wealth.

III

Perhaps we can better understand the average agent if we can somehow get at his philosophy. If asked, he would probably deny having any. But he has, of course. It explains many things about him that are otherwise mystifying. He holds, like most simple-minded men, to a well-defined and ancient truth: that a man has missed the only worth-while lesson that life has to teach unless he absorbs the dual concept of renunciation and acquiescence. He does not live in a spell of delusive hope; he seldom looks forward to the day when he can buy a new car, or take an extended vacation, or own a home. He seems to realize that where there is no anticipation, there can be no disappointment. As a necessary corollary, he takes things pretty much as they come, without undue elation or grief.

Yet he is not sourly pessimistic. He is interested in things for their own sake. He likes to live, and true to a primal instinct, when he believes his life endangered, he will fight to protect himself. At the same time, he is aware that the complexion of the universe would not be essentially altered without him. For him, in short, the world is—it is not becoming. And so he goes on, regardless. Little does he realize how closely his general philosophy of life resembles that of the gentle Gautama.

How can a man of this nature be guilty of the massacre of the innocents? He cannot. To charge him with wanton murder is either to misconceive human nature or to wilfully argue an untruth because the law he is trying to enforce is distasteful. If it were true, as is charged, that he is in no other pursuits than the collecting of graft and the shooting of innocent people, then he ought to be shot at sunrise. But no man could be guilty of all the crimes laid at the agents' door. The Devil himself would blush and hide his face at such indictments.

But the fact remains that many people have been killed by Prohibition agents, and that some of those killed have been innocent and unarmed. This is surely regrettable, but from the nature of the case it is unavoidable. Many of these shootings occur at night—and here, not by way of apology, but by way of explanation, there are certain things that the critic should keep in mind. Any officer, acting on what he believes is good information, looking for a liquor caché, a still, or any other kind of violation, especially at night, has his senses primed to the exploding point. Any suspicious movement of the underbrush, or any noise will attract his instant attention and be given exaggerated import. I have seen men walking in the moonlight,

a few rods distant, with guns on their shoulders or in the hands, who proved to be only Negro laborers, returning late, with shovels. I have mistaken, in good light too, a five-gallon can of disinfectant for a five-gallon can of alcohol, and given chase to a train because of it. At one time, at night, four of us saw a man approaching us through the woods with a flashlight that went on and off—which proved, when he came near, to be the distant headlight of an interurban car which went out intermittently because of bad wiring.

Theoretically, of course, any man ought to be able to distinguish the backfire of an automobile from the report of a discharged gun, or to tell a monkey-wrench from a revolver. But the actualities do not amount to as much as what seems to be the case. Was it not Poe who pointed out long ago that the monster crawling down the distant hills may, in reality, be but an insignificant spider on the window pane? Is it any wonder, then, that a man, be he agent or bootlegger, will at times believe his life in danger when no danger exists?

But the agents are charged with shooting people in the back. The evidence is rather conclusive here. The thought occurs to me that no agents in my district have ever been shot in that part of their anatomy: it is perhaps to their credit. However, it frequently becomes necessary, in the opinion of the agents, to shoot bootleggers in the back because of the tactics the bootleggers practise. For example, we were once guarding six thousand gallons of alcohol discovered so far from the city that trucks could not reach us before nightfall. As darkness closed in, the mosquitoes advanced in unbelievable numbers. There was but one way to obtain even temporary relief from them. It was by taking turns about, riding up and down the road, thus creating enough breeze to keep them away. As we were so riding, a car approached us, whizzed past and immediately opened fire on our car. The bullets from the guns spat in the gravel on both sides of us. We returned the fire, as I take it any ordinary man would have done. We do not know that we hit anybody, but if we did, very probably we hit him in the back.

Again, one night at midnight, returning from patrol duty, we suddenly found ourselves confronted by two hijackers who had their car parked across the road in such a way that we had to stop. We recognized the men as bootleggers. We knew them personally. We yelled at them to put down their guns. They chose to answer us with bullets,—and ran. Every few seconds, in their flight, they would turn to fire at us. Of course we answered in kind. Again nobody was hit. (Not all agents are crack shots, by any means.) But if a hijacker had been hit, there would have been the cry, "Shot in the back!"

Those are but two incidents. Many more might be cited. The agents find themselves facing a problem which gave concern to the great Alexander himself. Even as he sighed for more worlds to conquer (assuming that he did so sigh) the Scythian hordes across the Ganges decimated his troops with tactics handed down now to the bootleggers. But the public cries "Shame!"

IV

That same public believes that the agents betray confidences and employ wholly un-American methods when they induce a man to sell them liquor and then arrest him for doing them the favor. A superficial judgment calls this unfair play. But unless one is irrevocably opposed to the law itself, it requires but a brief examination of the matter to reveal the fallacy in the argument. Your average bootlegger has no confidence in anybody. Even when he pays for protection he does it half-heartedly, knowing that he is already discovered and can only postpone the inevitable. He knows full well the chances he is taking. He knows that it is only on violations of the law that he thrives. He therefore exercises little caution in making sales, and even solicits orders. His usual

sale, therefore, is his ordinary behavior, the doing of something which requires no special provocation or enticement. Obtaining his trusting confidence does not enter into the transaction. The arrest of such a man, for such acts, by the man to whom he makes a sale (though this is hardly ever actually done) is therefore expected by the bootlegger himself as an inevitable result of the chances he has taken. No confidence has been betrayed for the simple reason that no confidence has been given.

Though this is almost always the case, there are times when the agent ingratiates himself, makes friends, to obtain evidence which he might otherwise not get. But he is learning to steer clear of such cases, not because he cares about what the public thinks, but because he has learned that cases made in this way have no weight in court. Besides, there are quite enough flagrant violations of the law to permit as many cases as he can make without stooping to such questionable tactics.

Among other things, the Prohibition agent is charged with being the puppet of the Anti-Saloon League, the rev. clergy or the W.C.T.U. If he is controlled by them he knows nothing about it. He realizes, vaguely, that these people somehow are responsible for the existence of the law, but his job came to him through his national committeeman or his Congressman or through some other political influence. Not one agent out of a hundred asked a minister or a member of any of the dry organizations to get him his appointment. In fact, most agents have but a very hazy idea as to what the two principal organizations are. They contribute nothing to their support. Sometimes an agent goes to church and hears himself eulogized by the preacher, but when he gets out into the fresh air he wonders where the holy man got his picture of him.

As to the practical difficulties in the way of enforcement, the agent ought to know more than any superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. First of all, he points to the insufficiency of appropriations. The administrators of the various districts are allotted so much money, and with it they are expected to enforce the law. Invariably the fund is not large enough to permit the hiring of enough men or the provision of decent salaries for those who are hired. The result is an eternal skimping and a steady overworking of the men. It is not unusual for an agent to put in from sixteen to twenty hours a day and be expected to be on the job with the rest of the world the following morning. Excessive fatigue is the result, and bad work. Even so, at the end of the fiscal year the administrator commonly finds that he is faced with the dilemma of either suspending a number of his men until the new appropriation is available, or keeping them idle at headquarters. At such times, naturally, the army of bootleggers runs wild and nobody is there to stop them. This shortage in money is a menace to enforcement throughout the year.

Sometimes the men are so badly overworked that they have to make from five to fifteen raids a day. They have separate reports to write on these cases, and sometimes several reports to make on one case. They get mixed up in the evidence, and sometimes the cases do not come to trial for more than a year. Then they cannot recall all the details of each case.

Why don't they come to trial sooner? Because the Federal courts had their hands full even before the Volstead Act came along and increased the load a hundredfold. This is especially true in the larger cities. Even with the limited funds available, the agents make more cases than the courts can handle. Increasing the appropriation for the Prohibition Bureau will only add to the confusion unless more judges are appointed. The present situation borders on travesty. The bootleggers find themselves getting encouragement from the bench itself. They have the proposal made to them to either plead guilty and take a light fine, or fight the case and run the risk of a jail sentence, if they lose. Under

this scheme, on first offenses, the pleas of guilty amount to a grand chorus. With the second offense, where a jail term is mandatory, the bootleggers always show fight, and there comes for the agent another sea of troubles.

Perhaps the bitterest difficulty for him here lies in the character of the attorney who presents his cases. This man is usually a second or third assistant to the United States district attorney, just out of law school, green, untried, and putty in the hands of the bootlegger's talented technicians. He draws a salary about like that of the agent,—large enough, perhaps, to hobble along on for fifteen days of the month. Frequently the agent has to sit by his side and suggest questions to witnesses in order to bring out the evidence,—that is, if the young man will condescend to listen to him. If, perchance, he has ability, he commonly resigns to enter private practice, where there is at least the promise of a future. The trouble here again is in the lack of appropriations,—this time for the Department of Justice.

When a case comes to trial, the agent must brace himself against all sorts of vilification and abuse at the hands of the defense counsel. The average bootlegger's lawyer does not try a case on its merits; he tries the character of the agent. The latter is made to appear a liar, a thief, anything the fancy of the defense suggests. And lawyers usually go as far as the court will allow, for the government attorney does not often interpose an objection. If he does so, he offers it in a manner that makes one believe he is fooling about it. Meanwhile, the jury arrives at the conclusion that the agent is unworthy of belief and an acquittal is brought in. If the agent, outside of the court, chases the attorney and gives him a beating, or even only a tongue-lashing, he loses his job.

In the big cities, where there is centered the greatest animosity toward the Prohibition law, it is very difficult to obtain an unbiased panel. At best, there is no telling what a jury will do. The agent sees his weakest cases convict and his strongest ones end in the release of the defendant. If it is near lunch or late in the evening when the jury retires, one may gamble on an acquittal.

Where help is most needed from the local police, it is not obtained. Once when we raided a place where police had been stationed for the sole purpose of keeping order, and our entrance resulted in a riot, the bluecoats vanished with a suddenness that would have astonished Houdini. The agents lose much valuable time tracing down false information, but it must be done. The 'legger may telephone the office that a truck is coming in over a certain road for the sole purpose of having a different road unprotected. He then comes into town with his truck, unmolested.

V

The agents have other worries, closer home, which the public doesn't know about at all. Talking to a deputy administrator, I learned that he had just been transferred to a new post of duty, and that he had had no idea of being transfered until he received his traveling orders. He said that during the eight years he had spent in the service he had never known one day where he would be the next. This moving about, taking the family along, every few months, may work well with the Mexican Army, but it is hard on the agents. As soon as a man begins to understand what he is up against he is moved to a place he knows nothing about.

The deputy I have quoted illustrates what seems to be about the last straw on the agent's burdened back. He made a grade of 56 in the recent Civil Service examination for the position of agent. A passing grade is 60. Eight years' experience, and yet he does not know enough about the work to pass! The man is ashamed. He has but one man under him who has passed the test—a school teacher who has been in the service but a few months! About 75% of the men in the service failed in

this celebrated examination. The whole episode had had a devastating effect on the morale of the service. The men are outraged and disgusted, and rightly so.

What does the agent think of the future of Prohibition? Nothing. He doesn't think about it at all. He sees but a short distance ahead. Perhaps he believes that in the future fewer but better cases will be made. Bigger ones, too. He draws the analogy of the small boy with his first gun, who wants game, no matter what kind. A mocking-bird will do as well as anything else. But he grows older and wants at least a squirrel. Then, reaching manhood, he wants a real big game hunt. So, when the law was first tried out, the speak-easy man was the most obvious violator, and the nearest at hand. He was pounced upon. But the agents now believe that it is far better to make one seizure of a thousand gallons of liquor than to raid forty soft-drink establishments.

That is about as far as the agent will go on the question of the future. Prophesy is not a part of his philosophy. Whether the law will ever be repealed, or whether Congress will increase the annual appropriations, whether the Civil Service plan goes through, or whether anything else along those lines will happen are things about which he does not hazard a guess. It may be that the law is, basically, an attempt of a misguided general will to force itself upon a recalcitrant individual will; it may be that it is the most hopeful and daring step in human progress. Perhaps so, perhaps not. The agent does not pretend to know about such things.

He is but a private in this war of wills. He would not know his leaders if he saw them. All he knows is that the plan of battle is mapped out by unknown men who are stationed at a safe distance behind the artillery. He, as a private, has no hatred for those pointed out to him as enemies, and he has no high patriotism for a cause the basic nature of which he does not understand. Therefore, he leaves accusations and predictions to those behind the lines, who have the time and inclination for such matters.

REFLECTIONS OF A BOOTICIAN

BY C. G. JOHN

The great risk in the modern bootlegging business is not of seizure by Prohibition agents, or of hijacking by gunmen, or of common thieving by double-crossing employés, but rather of excessive competition. And even here it is not that most cities support retailers in the form of speakeasies of one sort or another at the rate of one for every three to five hundred inhabitants. Severe as such competition is, it is less important than the fact that increasing numbers of the better customers—that is, the steady and well-heeled drinkers—are learning to blend their own liquors with the same ingredients that manufacturing bootleggers use. It is the home industry that most threatens business.

I have been engaged in one form or another of bootlegging ever since the profession became a necessary one. It was after my discharge from the army, and while I was taking my second year of university training at government expense, that I had my first offer—$15 a night for an occasional night's work unloading dories on the New England coast. Now I am on the point of turning over a well-established wholesale and retail business to one of my associates and retiring for a bit of travel. In the intervening years I have had a taste of almost every aspect of the liquor business as it is now carried on in the United States.

Everybody knows that it is a big business, but to show its size in concrete figures is another matter. Those on the outside can read the daily newspaper figures and the Treasury's estimates of the value of seizures. But those on the inside know how small a proportion these seizures represent of the total volume of business.

Imagine, if you can, an enterprise employing millions of dollars of capital and hundreds of thousands of men, carried on, at least in large part, by thieves, thugs and cut-throats. Try to conceive the success of a great department-store under the management of robbers and pirates. Attempt to explain the efficiency, serviceability and progress of the nation's vast liquor business in such hands. What underlies it? Simply honor!

Probably there is no modern commercial structure that depends so wholly on the personal, unwatched honor of its members. A banker can supervise his employés so closely that, even if their recommendations are all forged and the bonding company fails, his chance of loss will still be slight. Even churchwardens must submit to occasional examinations of their books. But among bootleggers absolutely everything must be left to the individual's honor. The opportunities for double-crossing are incalculably greater than in any other business, and yet double-crossing is very rare.

Trustworthiness is the most important of all qualifications in a man who wants to get ahead in the profession, simply because we cannot employ men whom we cannot trust. There are too many chances for dishonesty that cannot possibly be traced. How do I know whether the boy really had to set off a case of Scotch for the cop in Quincy, or whether he sold it on the side for himself? The answer is that I don't know and my only safeguard is to

hire helpers whom I believe to be absolutely honest. Some of them have been in jail over and over again—and yet I trust them.

The leading men in the business all have splendid reputations, for it is a business which could not go on without such men—it is one in which written agreements are unenforceable while credit is essential. It is impracticable to run all big deals on a strictly cash basis, so there is probably no other kind of commerce today in which complete trust is so widely and so safely used. A big bootlegger's word is better than his bond—just as a matter of business necessity.

In the minor employés, nerve and judgment are important qualities, too. The great problem is to know when you can get away with what you're up to, and when it's wiser to call the game off. As an example of what not to do, I think of a young fellow who used to bring up alcohol for me from the Connecticut shore. I furnished him a Reo truck with a false bottom that would hold thirty-two five-gallon cans when the express body was apparently empty. He drove through Bridgeport one day about noon and stopped at an intersection just as the traffic cop went off duty for a few minutes. He saw the cop walking in his direction, got panicky, jumped off his load and ran, leaving the car standing in the street. Of course the cop saw something was up and took the truck to the police station, where they discovered the trick in its design. The truck and 160 gallons of good alcohol were lost, and the boy was caught and got six months.

II

My own apprenticeship covered almost every phase of the business. In fact, I literally learned it from the sea level upward, for my first job, as I have said, was helping to unload dories that brought stuff in from the ships to a farm on the Massachusetts coast. The man who was doing the importing knew me pretty well, and one day he made me an offer so attractive that I took him up.

Unloading was done only at night, and when there was no moon. Usually we could work only for a few hours, seldom all night. About eleven o'clock the boss would send his Lincoln sedan around to pick the boys up, and we would go down to the farm and stretch out on army cots in the caretaker's house. The owner of the property being in Europe, this chap had arranged to forget the unloading of liquor there, at a rate of $2 a case.

As soon as the boats began to come in, we put on our boots and waded out to meet them in the shallow water, shouldered the cargo a case at a time, and carried it in to the waiting trucks. In this way we would bring in anywhere from 1500 to 4500 gallons, usually between two and five in the morning, though the boats might come in as early as midnight or as late as three o'clock. There was never any interference; in fact the only excitement occurred one night when one of the truck drivers disobeyed orders and left his lights on, because of the heavy fog, when he turned into the driveway. It took a few minutes to identify him. Once the stuff was got ashore, the police were well paid all the way to Boston and there was no further risk.

From this beginning I got my next job. One of the boss's friends wanted a reliable young fellow to make a trip a day from Fall River and New Bedford to Boston, carrying up goods that were landed there. I took this on at $100 a week, and kept at it for more than a year.

You will read stories of exciting adventure and hairbreadth escape in connection with such work as mine was, but they are far from usual and have gained prominence merely because they are dramatic. The truth is that the wholesale transportation of liquor is, in the main, perfectly safe and easy, once it is within the national boundaries.

The one simple rule for every bootlegger

to keep in mind is to avoid attracting attention; he may have to do it by talking in a whisper or by putting an extra spring leaf under an "empty" tonneau that would otherwise sag suspiciously. It is his business to be so absolutely natural in every respect that nobody will be curious to know anything more about him. Even then he will occasionally overlook some simple precaution, and he will be investigated once in a while by the kind of people who are inquisitive about everything.

The man for whom I drove proposed to give police officers no legitimate excuse for stopping his cars. Each of the five was checked over by two skillful mechanics after every trip. It was their business to see that the brakes were properly adjusted, that the headlights were in perfect compliance with the law, and that the car was properly lubricated and in the best mechanical condition. The drivers were instructed to observe all traffic regulations most scrupulously. Indeed, except for the one which they exist to nullify, bootleggers abide by the laws much more faithfully than the average good citizen. No officer could have any possible reason for stopping one of our cars except to search it for liquor, so when such a signal came I knew what to expect. Unless the cop had a fast motor-cycle and I had one of the slower cars, I always simply stepped on it and left him; otherwise I might have to stop and do a little "adjusting."

Of course, I was shot at occasionally and sometimes it seemed best to stop, preferably to settle matters on the spot with the cop, but to pay a fine in court if nothing else would do. Altogether, however, there was really very little risk; reports of the dangers in this branch of the profession have been greatly exaggerated. I drove a Packard twin touring car throughout an entire Summer, with side curtains up on the hottest days, and was never even questioned. There is no better evidence of the relative safety of this kind of transportation than the fact that a good part of the genuine liquor now on the market in Massachusetts comes in at Detroit and is brought 800 miles overland by motor to the East.

Running stuff across the Canadian boundary, at least along the Quebec line, is another matter, as I found out at considerable cost when I ventured into that field, bought a Chrysler roadster, and drove up to do a little importing on my own account. A fellow there made a business of buying up goods from the government stores and collecting it in a garage where cars could be loaded. I packed in twenty-five cases and got it by the border for $250. On the next trip the inspectors took the car and I felt lucky to be let go myself.

But I wasn't satisfied, so I bought a new straight eight sedan, went north once more, and had a load sewed right into the upholstery. The customs men were pretty smart, however, and I was glad I had decided to come home on the train, for my driver was arrested at Rouse's Point, did thirty days, and paid $500 of my money by way of a fine. Of course the government kept the car. This experience offered one of the best reasons I know for sticking to the manufacture of synthetic liquors.

III

Among the young fellows who do most of the prolonged drinking nowadays, there are not many who can pay the price we must get for genuine goods. Despite all the gabble of the Prohibition chiefs at Washington, it is not too hard to get real stuff,—at a price. But importing costs can be cut down a lot by bringing in Islay malt and blending Scotch whisky here instead of running in the finished product. It's exactly like shipping any food product that is first put in concentrated form to save paying freight on water.

Islay is the very essence of Scotch. It comes in kegs of twelve or fourteen gallons, at a waterfront price of about $9 a gallon, though small manufacturers

may have to pay $18 to $25 in keg lots. Having obtained this base, one may follow any one of several good formulæ. My own is:

1 gallon Islay malt
5 gallons grain alcohol
6 gallons distilled water
3 bottles Moxie

These ingredients are stirred in an agitator for four hours, and are usually allowed to age for two days in an Islay keg, which gives a further hint of authority to the flavor. The Moxie gives color without revealing itself in the chemical tests for caramel.

Unfortunately there is no equivalent of Islay malt for use in the blending of rye. The only resort is to cut prescription liquor, which is both costly and difficult to obtain, though it can be had through some doctors, from certain men who have permits to supply ships with medicinal liquor, and occasionally through other sources. The rye is used like this to produce four for one:

6 prescription pints rye
1 gallon Cologne spirits (the finest grain alcohol)
1 gallon water
2 bottles Moxie

Sometimes other flavoring ingredients are added, but my own experience is that they are not an improvement.

Gin, of course, is easy. One needs only alcohol and water and a little gin essence and juniper. I advise my customers to mix their own because I would rather sell them the alcohol than go to the trouble of mixing and bottling the stuff for them.

Aside from champagne, which takes an elaborate plant, the other familiar products present no great problems. Jamaica rum takes a little of the genuine stuff to christen it, like rye. Bacardi is simply alcohol and water and flavoring. The liqueurs are merely flavored syrups, obtainable in grocery stores everywhere, with alcohol added. Beer and ale are often the common non-alcoholic products, properly spiked. Bottled beer is uncorked and a syringe used to add 4 or 5% of alcohol.

For many small bootleggers who lack the proper connections, getting good alcohol to use in these products is a serious problem. My own is the pure, undenatured product, diverted from a government distillery; but though I have never used reclaimed alcohol in the stuff I sell, and never intend to, I have several times had a hand in the setting up and operating of naturalizing plants. The most important of these was in an old barn on the outskirts of a Boston suburb.

At that time the common denaturant was about 5% of benzol added to the grain alcohol, which was sold for rubbing and such uses. The benzol was more volatile than the alcohol and was easy to remove with a proper still. We built one with a 500-gallon tank on the ground and a set of condenser coils extending up through three stories to the roof.

Makers of rubbing alcohol don't care what is done with it after they sell it, so it was simple enough to get any quantity. It was inconveniently put up in pint bottles, which we had to empty one by one. We uncapped the bottles and stood them in a kind of rack supported in a large funnel, so that it wasn't necessary to wait for them to drain one at a time. The bottles were sold back to the rubbing alcohol manufacturer.

When the tank was filled we were ready to start the process. We preferred to run it off as rapidly as possible, so that there might be no more activity around the barn than was necessary. We wanted also to avoid the risk of keeping a fireman there to look after a steam-boiler. This problem was solved by using the oil burner and tubular boiler from an old Stanley steam automobile. We could get up steam in a few minutes from an absolutely cold boiler, and the generation continued at a rapid rate. I didn't know anything about the Stanley machinery, and I still wonder why we didn't blow the place up, for we just turned on everything and let her go.

This plant would handle 500 gallons of

denatured alcohol in from twelve to fourteen hours. We threw out the first 20% that came through the condenser; the rest was good reclaimed alcohol.

If the apparatus is properly handled, such stuff seems to be safe enough. The risk is that you can't count on its having been skillfully done. The big inducement is to the thirsty man with a flat pocketbook, because redistilled alcohol costs only from $5 to $6 a gallon as against Cologne spirits of 190 proof at from $15 to $20.

This department of the business will go on, no matter what steps are taken to make government alcohol undrinkable. The bootlegging profession is never more than a step behind the government chemists, and sometimes we are a bit ahead. Whenever a new poison or a new technical wrinkle comes out, someone seems to know all there is to know about checkmating it, and the news passes rapidly to us all.

IV

Packing is simply a matter of salesmanship, and with competition what it is, bootleggers have to give as much attention to salesmanship as any other business men. I like to think that the artistic skill lavished on bottles and labels makes up, in some ways, for the elegance which the contents lack. Infinite care has been expended in making them absolutely right, even down to the last dimple on the bottom of a gin bottle.

Of course, as soon as we began to sell more goods than were imported, we had to use domestic packages. At first the bottles imitated were those of the more popular pre-Prohibition brands of foreign liquors. As fast as these have become widely known as phoneys new ones have been added.

In the beginning the best seller was White Horse Cellar. It was in demand for the first two or three years, and some of the more elegant bootleggers even made their own non-refillable bottles, which was easy enough to do. Then, when bad White Horse got so common that it didn't sell well, other pretty labels were used on even prettier bottles. Probably fifty brands have been faked, including King George, Royal George, Black & White, Peter Dawson, John Dewar, John Haig, Haig & Haig, Johnny Walker, Roderick Dhu, Hill & Thompson, Watson's, Old Parr, James Buchanan, and Gaelic Old Smuggler. The latest out, as this is written, is Munro in a squat, square-cornered bottle. If you bought Scotch in a Munro bottle a few months ago, it was genuine; bought today, it probably wouldn't be.

The big booticians buy special bottles by the carload from the glassworks. Small-scale 'leggers get them in dozen lots from the stores that supply malt and bottle-capping machines, copper tubing and such other equipment as the honest householder is likely to need to make his own distilled water for his auto and radio batteries. Of course one must be known as a member of the profession to make these purchases. Once one is known, all one needs to do is to lay down the price and name one's brand, and one gets a case of twelve bottles with a set of labels, tissue wrappers, branded corks, lead caps, and straws. In some brands there is also a carton for each bottle, which results in a neater and less suspicious-looking package. If the bootlegger is a good customer, the bottles will be labelled for him.

The cost of these packages varies, according to the number and elegance of the labels, from $2.50 to $4 a dozen. The simplest package has only a single label; some tricky ones may have four or five. Little-used ones for rare liqueurs may cost as much as $6.50 a dozen sets for the labels alone.

Many purchasers put a touching reliance on labels. I have bottled one lot of what I sell for Scotch under five different brands and had purchasers who tried them all insist that one was *much* the best. Another buyer wanted Old Parr exclusively because the label refers to the somewhat

legendary old gentleman for whom it is named, as dying "aged 156 years."

Other customers are frankly scornful of labels. I know some who choose brands entirely on the shape of the bottle and its adaptability as a candlestick. One man has a set of enamelled milk pails with wide mouths and close-fitting lids, and gives me an empty whenever I deliver him a fresh gallon. He saves the cost of the bottles.

So far, the lead seals have been the one reasonably safe way of knowing imported stuff. All of the English and Scotch distillers get theirs from one maker, whose name, Betts & Co., is embossed on every cap. It has been practically impossible to get accurate reproductions of these, but soon, no doubt, we'll have that taken care of too. Meanwhile you can be sure of one thing: if the cap reads "Made in Austria" or "Made in Czecho-Slovakia" the liquor might just as well have been made there too. The same goes for the newest caps I've seen, with "Betts & Co., London" on the side and "Holland" on top. That stuff, at any rate, is *not* from Scotland.

V

I have found it best not to make extravagant claims for my goods, but merely to ask the customer to sample and judge for himself. No buyer is willing to admit that he can't judge liquor, and most of those who get something that tastes pretty fair will concede that it is "real, but not very old."

I had sold Scotch for some time to a young man who was pleased with my goods and finally suggested that I deliver some to his father who, he said, visited Scotland every Summer and was familiar with the national drink. I took around a couple of bottles, listened to a description of the glories of Scotland, and finally induced the old gentleman to sample. "Not bad," he said. "Not bad. It's Scotch all right, but not a bit over three years old." Even I didn't know that Islay blended about twenty minutes before delivery could do so thorough a job as that!

Later, in a chemical test by an expert, it gave another good account of itself. An experienced analyst passed a bottle of my Islay as the best Scotch he had seen in three years, and would never have questioned it if I hadn't mistakenly put a John Haig cork in a Haig & Haig bottle.

At another time I was asked to call on a clergyman who became a good customer and used to order about a case a month. One night some of the boys persuaded me to go to a spiritualist meeting, and there on the platform was my customer. He went into a trance and began to call out the names of people in the meeting and to describe their past sins. I was afraid he'd come to me, but he didn't, and after I got home I began to lose faith in spiritualists, because it seemed funny to me that he could "see" so much and yet didn't know I was selling him American Scotch.

Of course, customers are of every kind. Usually the bigger buyers are also better people to do business with. I never trouble with less than case lots, because the overhead is too big on small deliveries, and it's always the one-bottle customers who telephone you at two in the morning and drunkenly demand service. At the other extreme is the wholesale buyer, who either peddles the goods in small lots himself, or supplies conventions, or maybe operates a roadhouse where poor drinks bring good prices.

I have been asked what sum a good bootician can expect to show as an annual net income. This will naturally vary with business conditions, losses through raids and hijackers, and the availability of raw materials. If I may risk generalizing, however, I can say that I know several men who have built up a good trade similar to my own and who, by sticking to high standards and attending to business, have been able to clear around $15,000 a year. This is neither the smallest kind of retail business, nor does it put them in the class

with the mysterious men higher up. They are just attentive, better-than-average professional men, who would make nearly as much in any other line that they knew as much about; but they are not sufficiently interested in any other line to learn about it.

Of course profits will vary widely with production costs, selling prices, and volume of business. With ingredients at the prices I have quoted above, Scotch can be manufactured at a cost of from $20 to $25 a case of twelve fifths. It is saleable at from $45 to $75, according to the elegance of the package and the buyer's eagerness to spend his money. Rye can be produced for from $18 to $27 a case of twelve pints, which will sell for from $45 to $50 or more.

The trend of events, I am afraid, is not very promising for the profession. There has been no decline in drinking to cause this; on the contrary, it is the result of the habit becoming so general that the public has informed itself of the most essential trade practices, and the middleman is now eliminated by those who were formerly his best customers.

That the profession has attractions is not, however, to be denied. It may be expected to lead to friendships with eminent men, and to a variety of interesting social and intellectual contacts. On the other hand, it is exacting both as to character, personal habits, and capital investment. Altogether, it seems to me that a young man with all the requisites for success in bootlegging might better go into some business with a more certain future. But I confess that there is something about it that I like.

THE TROUBLED TROLLEY

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

"THESE people," said a startled spectator in Cleveland last October, "are dizzy!" He was looking at the American Electric Railways Association's exhibit in the town's *salle d'exposition*. "I see street-cars built to look like buses, and buses built to look like street-cars. One crowd says the first way will save the street-railways from extinction. Another crowd says that only the second way will do it. What hope is there for such fellows?"

Eight thousand street-railway officials from cities and hamlets all over the United States came to this forty-sixth annual convention of trolley potentates and everyone was whispering the same question, "What hope?" and spreading his ears to catch the answer. That was six months ago and no clear reply is heard yet. The electric transit giant, moving about the land at his business of hauling America's city millions, finds his load and his income growing lighter as the plague of automobiles about his feet grows greater. He is young, too, as giants of industry go. Millions of able-bodied men living today remember when Rapid Transit first arrived with a whoop, sputter and clang, chasing horse-cars and horses off to the scrap-heap and the glue factory. It is not yet fifty years old in this country. But already its movements grow slow and jerky, it complains of pains in the head, and in many cities men snicker when they speak of it as rapid.

All this has happened like a flash, as the movements of history go. The horse-car horse first saw the handwriting on the stall in Cleveland in 1884, or in Baltimore in 1885. In either one or the other of these cities the first practical electric street car line in America began business: between the two there is a feud of long standing over the matter. But it appears certain that when the first really complete electric street-car system began operation a bit later in Richmond, Va., there were only nineteen electric lines in the world, ten of them in the United States, and only sixty miles of electric railway trackage on the whole surface of the globe.

Forty-three years later, in 1927, there were 46,750 miles of track, cars and equipment worth five and one-half billions of dollars, 300,000 employees getting pay envelopes which supported, presumably, a million and a half persons, and 1,300,000 stockholders. Yet, with all this property and capacity for work, the business stands, still in its youth, on the brink of a troublous and uncertain future. Today its leaders battle with tidal waves of automobile traffic; they clamor for their place in the streets, the place of supremacy they once made for street-cars and never expected to see challenged: they view with concern the lessening monthly returns of revenue and passengers, the mounting public call for better service, the call of a public that has tasted the delights of motoring and wants more; and they face public utility commissions that are stony-faced and bored when they tell their sad story and ask that car-fares be jacked up. The ghost of the horse-car horse whinnies in glee over this nightmare age in rapid transit history.

The sins of the old feudal lords of electric traction come back to haunt their well-meaning descendants. A decade or two ago the popular symbol for all that was selfish and corrupt in public life was the traction

baron. Monopolizing the municipal carrying trade, at the rate of a nickel for a car ride, some of the primeval operators so thoroughly educated the country to believe in the fabulous wealth, power and ruthlessness of the street-car business, built up on a five-cent fare, that the more honest modern operator finds it hard indeed to induce the public to weep with him and help him when he needs a ten-cent fare.

This, however, worries him less than the suggestion (made more frequently two or three years ago, but still mouthed upon occasion), that street-cars are obsolete or approaching obsolesence. When, for example, the most recent automobile show opened in New York, a leading automobile manufacturer gave out a column interview to a New York paper, saying, in reply to the reporter's question, "Should all street-cars go?"

> There is a place for the street-car in our nation-wide transportation systems, but there is no place for it in the congested centers of great cities. Surface trolley lines should give way to buses. Watch a trolley-car turn the corner at Madison avenue and Forty-second street and you will see what an obsolete method of transportation the surface street-car is in a congested city like New York.

Such talk is plainly very bad for the street-railway man's peace of mind, because he knows that a great many people are ready to believe it. The street-cars of the United States still carry sixteen billions of passengers in a year, but they are not all satisfied customers; in fact, the job of making a customer satisfied is now a harder job for the street-car industry than for almost any other business, because its service is picking the customer up and transporting him bodily, and it is at once held responsible for every discomfort and delay that he encounters. Since discomforts and delays increase as traffic congestion increases, and since the street-car operator cannot help the traffic congestion, there he stands at bay, with sixteen billion customers using his product but most of them far readier to applaud his enemies than to applaud him.

This is no place to go into the frightful transit muddle in New York. But so far as the automobile man's statement is concerned, one thing always has stood out clearly in all the reports of all the experts called in to make a show of unscrambling New York's traction eggs. That is the fact that the New York electric surface lines are necessary and, for the most part, must stay. Electric railway men get a great deal of consolation out of these reports. They show that traffic on the New York surface cars had a steady growth until 1924, when the staggering total of 1,047,634,626 fares was collected; and that while this figure fell off to 997,251,460 fares in 1927, no further permanent or critical falling off is now indicated. C. E. Smith, of St. Louis, the latest consulting engineer to put his hand to the New York problem, said, in answer to the automobile man's claim that "surface trolley lines should give way to buses:"

> If the street-cars were abandoned and their passengers carried by automobiles and motor buses, it would add the finishing touch to New York's traffic congestion.

II

But the automobile man's blast against street-cars has been heard beyond the boundaries of New York. Indeed, it is in the rest of the country that such clarion calls echo loudest; New York is always so full of noises. The provincial American, seeing a statement like that in the paper, calls up facts that seem to him to give it body and substance. What has been happening? In the thirteen years from 1915 to 1927, inclusive, 259 trolley companies with a total capitalization of $1,627,973,797 and a total track mileage of 15,698 miles went into the hands of receivers. From 1915 to 1927, street-car service was entirely abandoned by 253 companies, and partially abandoned by 511 companies. East and West, North and South, electric traction properties, former money-makers, have been going under the hammer during the past ten years for anything they would

bring, two score years after the glorious birth of the industry as the permanent solution of the municipal transit problem.

These crashes have kept almost perfect step with the growth of the automobile. In 1915 a little railway in West Orange, N. J., with a mile and a half of track went up the spout: it was the first to succumb. In 1916 small companies shut down in West Virginia, Oregon, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, with a total of thirty-nine miles of track. In 1924 the total abandoned mileage in the country was 379 miles; in 1925, it was 505 miles, and in 1926, 763 miles (partial and entire abandonments included). These are the figures for each year, not the cumulative figures. During the decade ending with 1927, track abandonments amounted to 3,800 miles, although during the same period about 4,060 miles of new track were laid.

The receiverships, in 1915, involved twenty-seven companies, with a total capitalization of about $80,000,000. Only sixteen companies went into receivership in 1926, but they were larger ones, involving a total capitalization of more than $135,000,000. While street-railway properties were being thus cut down in their youth, the freeborn American was joyously buying automobiles. We were seeing the passing of one age of joy-riding and the birth of another. The sheiks and flappers of the days just before and after the war, discoverers of the delights of the open-sided cross-country street-car with the front seat just abaft the motorman's coat-tails, where the breezes blow full and free, had now discovered something better and more private —the gasoline buggy. There had been only 450,000 passenger automobiles in the entire country in 1910—one to each two hundred persons. In 1917, there were 4,657,000, or one to each 21 persons; while in 1926 there was, theoretically, a private car of some kind to every family in the nation, or a total of 19,237,000. No wonder the cheek of the street-car man blanched, and the sovereign householder in a city where the sweating car company was trying to boost fares, chortled and sat down and wrote to the editors of the local papers, "We now hear that street-cars are obsolete and ought to be chased from the streets. This is what we have been saying all along. Wake up, citizens, and throttle this octopus!"

The trouble today is that the street-railway industry has a job with so many sides to it—more sides than the job of any other sort of public utility. It is closer to the public than any other. A gas and electric company is but a push-button in the wall or a cooking range and ice-box in the kitchen, and a monthly bill; a telephone company is an instrument on a table and a woman's voice; but the public's business with the traction company involves actual physical contact every day with its chariots and its charioteers, and the payment of a toll at every contact. This tremendous multiplicity of personal transactions to the extent of sixteen billions in a year naturally breeds trouble. The American gives up $2,000 gladly for a shinier automobile than his neighbor's, but he groans with pain at two cents extra on an unescapable necessity. This is a sad economic and sociological fact, but it has to be reckoned with by the public service commissions.

In addition, with the rise of the automobile, the street-car companies have lost their old monopoly on the transportation they sell, while the other public utilities still hang on to theirs, there being no substitutes for electric lights or telephones. Thus the traction industry's job has been and still is to convince the public of its essentiality as an industry, its sincerity in promises of better service, and its need for room to move in the streets. Unfortunately, that public can now adopt some other mode of getting about if it wants to, and is therefore slow to weep over the traction company's problems. So the company has an uphill job, and the hill is a steep one.

One may understand how steep it is when one realizes that all this educating has to be done while the industry is trying

to wring higher rates of fare from the people it is trying to educate. There has been, ever since street-cars of any sort existed, a firm belief in the United States that "nickel" and "street-car ride" are synonomous terms. Most car companies had succeeded in getting more than a nickel before anybody proposed a constitutional amendment on the subject, so that the average fare in the country is now 8.01 cents, but the five-cent fare was actually written into many traction franchises at the start, running for twenty, forty, or fifty years. It still exists in New York. Well-informed persons know that New York's five-cent fare is nothing but a political fetish and that a surface car, subway or elevated ride actually costs about eight cents, the New York taxpayer paying the difference in taxes. But the average man clings to pleasant memories of the good old days, and the five-cent fare is one of them.

The war saw an attack on the five-cent fare, but it did not see the last of trouble for the street-car operators. Indeed, it saw the real beginning of it. In 1919, the first full year of peace and good will amongst men, a total of forty-eight street-railway companies went to the wall, involving the crash of more than $320,000,000 in securities. This figure, however, has not been equaled in any year since, and was only approached in 1918, when twenty-nine companies, worth more than $230,000,000, went bankrupt at the very height of the struggle to make the world safe for democracy.

Sudden jumps in operating expenses with no corresponding increases either in rates of fare or in passenger traffic were responsible for the swift dawn of evil days. Back in 1914, operating expenses consumed only a little more than 50% of revenues, the rest going to taxes, income deductions, and dividends, leaving a surplus of about 10%. But in 1918 operating expenses jumped to 71%, and in 1919 and 1920 to 73 and 77% respectively. Dividends and surplus were completely wiped out. Wages, keeping pace with increasing living costs, went up 50, then 100%, and wages form the bulk of a street-railway's operating costs. Hourly wages of conductors and motormen advanced from an index figure of 124 in 1918 (100 being the 1913 index) to 218 in 1920.

Meanwhile, the average carfare for the country stayed at five cents throughout 1917 and 1918 and part of 1919, when it advanced to 6.24 cents. Out of 303 cities with populations of more than 25,000, 125 kept the nickel fare throughout 1918, while seventy-nine cities went to six-cent fares; thirty-three to seven-cent fares, and twelve to eight cents. The rest adopted charges for transfers or established zone systems. In 1919, the year of many receiverships, eighty-two cities still clung to the nickel fare, but twenty-six others had advanced to ten cents. In 1920, there were fifty-eight ten-cent fare cities and only thirty-one five-cent cities. From then on, the ten-cent cities increased, and the five-cent cities diminished, until by the end of 1927, 232 cities had basic ten-cent fares, 115 of them with populations of more than 25,000; while the number of cities of any size with single five-cent fares became negligible.

But salvation had come too late for many of the companies. They had been built on sand instead of on rock. The fact is that the street-railway industry in the United States, as most of the soothsayers in the business now agree, got its growth too soon. Between the middle eighties and 1912, street-car lines sprang up all over the country. Electric cars were regarded as the brand of civic progress, and town boosters everywhere who walked in their sleep could be seen outdoors in their nightshirts measuring off trolley tracks by moonlight. In the ten years prior to 1912, the street-car trackage of the United States increased from 22,000 miles to 41,000 miles. No hamlet was too small to have car lines. There was supposed to be some magic in them. They were built, not to serve towns that needed them, but to build towns where no real towns existed. Realtors saw a golden

age of huge sales based on street-car selling talk. The trolley spirit found expression in the songs of the day. One verse of "Ta-ra-ra-ra boom-de-ay," went:

> I got a girl in Baltimore,
> Street-cars run right by her door,
> Brussels carpet on the floor,
> I don't go there any more!
> *Cho:* Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

And another folk-lyric of the nineties, frequently parodied, not always decently, had a chorus that went:

> On a Sunday afternoon
> In the merry month of June
> Take a trip up the river or down the bay,
> Take a trolley to Coney or Far Rockaway.

The notion of connecting more or less remote communities by electric interurban roads was conceived and pushed rapidly. By 1912 this enthusiasm began to slow down, but by that time virtually every American community of 10,000 or more inhabitants had a street-car line, and cars were to be found in many even smaller villages. Most of the small lines and even parts of some of the big ones were built entirely on hopes. But when profits failed the promoters began to slow up, so that between 1912 and 1917, the trackage in the country increased by only a little more than 3,000 miles, the total in 1917 being 44,835 miles. And in 1922 there were only 43,932 miles. The deflation was under way. Street railways that were soundly built and financed weathered the war storms, though with difficulty, but those that were not went under.

III

Thus, during the last four or five years the street-railway business has presented the picture of a shrinking industry, with receiverships and abandonments multiplying, while earnings staggered uncertainly, passenger traffic declined, and automobiles increased. It has been a short and not illogical step to the popular conclusion that street-cars everywhere are headed for the junk pile. On top of all the other things has come the motor bus, single or double-decked, with fancy trimmings and rubber tires, and the ability to run anywhere without rails or overhead wires.

But the great minds of the industry still remain optimistic. They declare that the street-car business is just beginning to get its sea-legs. Receiverships, they point out, have lessened considerably. Compared with the dark year of 1919, when forty-eight companies went into bankruptcy, only thirteen companies went broke in 1927, with a total trackage of but 624 miles. Moreover, the street-car mileage in receivership on January 1 of this year showed a decrease of almost 13% under January 1, 1927, and seventeen companies, comprising 1,099 miles of track, emerged from receivership in 1927.

At the close of 1927, fifty-one companies were still in receivers' hands, but at the close of 1926, fifty-five companies had been there. For the first time since 1923, no company of great importance got into serious trouble last year and only two companies with more than 100 miles of track were included in the list of new receiverships. These were the Chicago, South Bend and Northern Indiana Railway, and the Des Moines City Railway. If these failures brought grief to the industry, the emergence of the United Railways of St. Louis from under the ether brought joy. This big company, with 450 miles of track, has resumed service under a new franchise agreement with a seven-cent fare. The Chicago Surface Lines, one of the biggest properties in the country, is still in receivership, but is not involved in financial difficulties. Its franchise has expired, and a receiver has been appointed to protect the bondholders.

The reports on abandoned trackage for 1927 also encourage the street-car men, who point to the total of 763 miles abandoned in 1926 as against only 593 miles in 1927. They point further to the fact that the companies that abandoned all their trackage in 1926 comprised a total of 577 miles, while those that stopped service

entirely in 1927 had a total of only 161 miles of track. Against the figures on abandoned trackage the industry's leaders place the figures on new trackage built and old trackage reconstructed, the latter item reaching nearly 900 miles, which beats all track reconstruction records for the past ten years. The extensions of new track, about 350 miles in 1927, were exceeded, however, in 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1924.

In many cases of abandonment, only the street-cars and tracks and not the transportation service were abandoned. The service was continued by buses. The bus problem has plagued the street-car companies for the past six years. Buses were first used by independent or jitney operators and threatened costly competition with the trolleys. These first jitney buses were high-riding, noisy, and uncomfortable, but they offered the weary straphanger something new. Most of the street-railway men quickly saw that the bus, if developed and used against them, might put street-cars on the shelf. So they decided to make the bus their own and attend to its development themselves. Today, wherever buses are operated in big cities, they are usually operated by the street-railway companies, on the theory that the place of the bus in urban transportation is as an auxiliary to the street-car system, which is still the best and cheapest surface system for handling masses of people quickly; and that the bus is the logical vehicle to use when extensions of service have to be provided.

Thus it is that out of more than 60,000 miles of service furnished by street-car companies in the United States, 46,000 miles are now in street-railway track, and about 18,000 miles are in bus routes. The street-railway trackage represents a development of more than forty years; the bus routes represent a growth of the last seven years. Last year's bus extensions amounted to 3,200 miles, more than in any year since 1921, when the bus first began to be a street-railway arm; and there are now nearly 10,000 buses in the country operated by 351 street-railway companies. It is interesting to compare the bus extensions of 3,200 miles in 1927 with the street-car track extensions for the same year of only 350 miles.

The absorption policy of the street-car people in the matter of buses at first satisfied the bus manufacturers, who, like all automobile salesmen, are very pushing fellows, but of late it has begun to irk them, and they have begun denouncing the theory that only street-railway men should develop bus lines. Street-railway men, they declare, are congenitally opposed to buses; they are backward-lookers and wedded to their outworn street-cars. Therefore, away with this coöperation with street-railways! *Automotive Industries*, a motor trade publication, said, in January, 1927:

> It has become increasingly apparent to those interested in promoting the use and sale of motor buses that maximum utilization of such vehicles is unlikely to be reached by leaving to agencies fundamentally opposed to their use the determination of where they are and where they are not suitable.

The response of the street-car men to this unfriendly note is that if the responsible bus builder is "building for tomorrow as well as today," he will realize that buses will not continue to sell unless they make money, and that they will not make money if the market is flooded with them and the passenger traffic split up. Most bus manufacturers are sticking to the coöperation theory.

But the adoption of the bus will not in itself save the street-railways, and the street-car messiahs are thus working night and day on other devices. It is not enough that they make more money by getting more for each street-car ride, for it is still easy, considering the fondly remembered five-cent fare days, to arouse the criticism that anything beyond a nickel is more than the traffic will bear. So it is necessary, while getting back some of the spread between costs and fares by increasing the latter, that they likewise bring back some of the lost riders.

IV

The industry, therefore, is in a ferment today over Service. This fever was responsible for the exclamation of the startled citizen reported at the beginning of this article. Street-car builders, driven by the idea that the public demands luxury even in its necessities, are building cars that look like buses. Bus manufacturers, for their part, faced with the fact that the bus will not hold street-car crowds, are building buses nearly street-car size, with the motors beneath the bodies instead of out in front.

Throughout the country street-car men are calling to each other about their duty to the public. But the public, obsessed with the old idea that anybody who has anything to do with street-cars never has cared a hoot about it and never will, regards this sudden tenderness with suspicion. Here and there, however, it is being broken down, if only slowly.

Public relations, until a few years ago regarded by street-car companies as something abhorrent, is now something that few of them fail to clutch at. They display almost parental solicitude over choleric citizens pop-eyed with rage at the motorman who ran by without stopping, where the old masters used to have an office boy throw him out. Conductors of the old school who used to sleep in their uniforms, or looked like it, now have to run to the pressing club once a month, and are being herded in droves toward the shoe-shining parlors. In Detroit and Baltimore there are full-length mirrors for their use. Courtesy is preached night and day; "every man a salesman of the service" is a slogan on many systems. Down in Texas they teach the men how to make speeches at Rotary and Lions Club meetings. In Nashville, Tenn., during a Safety Education Week, they had motormen and conductors making speeches from the car platforms to people in the streets. The speeches were carefully prepared for them beforehand, and all began, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask your kind indulgence for just a moment," and ended, "The Nashville Railway and Light Company wants to render you safe, courteous service. We thank you!"

Many of the companies will not undertake anything new without first asking the public to vote on it. The Texas Electric Railway, in Dallas, fitted up a car with several varieties of seats, in different styles of plush and leather, and passengers were invited to try them all and vote on little cards for the ones they liked best. Most of the people voted for a type to which the management had given little consideration. In El Paso, the conductors are instructed to listen in on comments about the company and to record them on Better Service slips, which they turn in to the management. In the same town the car operators were supplied with stacks of "Merry Christmas" cards to hand to every customer on Christmas morning.

The cult of ride merchandising has arisen, and the prophets of the industry are clamoring that more ride-selling be done. This ride merchandising takes the form of advertising, in newspapers and on the cars, both inside and outside, or the form of stunts. Statisticians for the American Electric Railway Association, through which the various companies exchange ideas and discuss and adopt policies, report that about $6,000,000 a year is being spent today on street-car advertising—not the soup and cigarette ads in the cars, but advertising bought and paid for by the car companies to tell the public about themselves. This, it is expected, will soon reach $10,000,000, the sum spent for advertising in 1926 by the light and power industry.

Slogans are being broadcast, such as "The Safest Place on the Streets—the Street Car," "Around the World Fifty Times Without a Breakdown," "You Don't Deliver Your Own Mail—Why Drive Your Own Car Downtown?", "Leave Your Car and Worries at Home—Use the Street Cars," "Let the Motorman Find Parking Space," "Read While You Ride," and "Cheaper Than Walking—the Street

Car." The big electric supply companies, among whose best customers are the street-railways, are coming into the big cities with full-page newspaper advertisements, telling the inhabitants what their street-car service means to them. The street-car billboard ad is appearing on the landscape.

"You can't sell cotton goods in a silk age," one street-railway booster has said, and backward companies are being rebuked while more go-getting executives are praised for their efforts to make car riding one endless round of joy.

Startling changes are being exhibited in the street-cars themselves. Great attention is being given to more comfortable seats. The old street-car slat seats are being turned into voluptuous things of plush, leather, imitation leather and a stuff called kemi-suede, and are being built like Pullman seats of the bucket type. Such seats have been installed in cars in Joliet, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., Norfolk, Va., and Grand Rapids, Mich. With them go handsome lighting fixtures in the ceilings, linoleum-covered floors, woodwork in gray and mauve tones, and compartments for the motormen where all the brakes, controllers and brake-rigging are hidden from the aesthetic passenger's gaze.

Cleveland has several two-car trains equipped with real leather-cushioned seats, built like Pullman seats. Baltimore recently saw inaugurated a similarly equipped car, with a smoking compartment added and match scratchers on the window frames. Tired business women have taken up smoking in it going home from their offices of evenings. Lighter cars, some made of aluminum, worm-gear driven so that noise will be reduced, are being built by the car-building companies, which are adding stream lines and bright colors.

Unfortunately, most of the street-railway men, with pockets thinly lined, have to stand off and regard these splendors with futile admiration. Depreciation reserves with most of the companies have been kept low for years by public service commissions in order that fares might be held down, and street-cars are supposed to live from twenty-five to fifty years. Hence the presence on the streets of many big cities, including New York, of old-fashioned cars that groan and rattle in every joint, while the progressive men in the industry loudly urge the purchase of new rolling stock, and frequently in vain.

Last year only 1182 new street cars were bought by American companies, and only 767 of these were for city service, the rest being bought by interurban lines. This is the lowest figure for any year since 1907, the first year for which statistics are available. The companies complain that they simply haven't got the money, and most of their plans for higher fares include the argument that they cannot improve service and bring back lost riders without additional revenues immediately.

V

Fares in the United States increased 2% during 1927, so that the average fare in the country now is 8.01 cents. This average is based upon fares in 272 American cities of more than 25,000 population. Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany went to ten cents last year; so did Norfolk, Virginia, Fort Worth, Houston and San Antonio, Texas; Jacksonville, Fla., and Omaha. Requests for ten-cent fares are pending in many cities. Opponents of them declared that ten cents is more than the value of the service; that it is beyond the economic limit and will be burdensome to the public. The street-car companies reply by pointing to Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and 112 other cities of more than 25,000 population, where the fare is ten cents and the public is apparently satisfied. They add that the dime of today is no more than the nickel of 1914, and that the street-car, "formerly the exclusive means of transportation for all, is still a vitally necessary service for all, but exclusive for almost none."

But the public service commissions, which alone can raise fares, have nothing

to do in most States with traffic conditions which are tying up many street-car companies so tightly that the former short rider can walk faster than he can ride; nor anything to do with heavy tax burdens, relics of the days when City Councils and State Legislatures made street-car promoters pay through the nose for franchises. So the street-car men can go to no single point for general relief except to the public, which has the bad habit of becoming profoundly interested in the picture tabloids at the most inconvenient moments.

However, this same public's necessities will probably strengthen the faltering legs of the limping electric nag and eventually restore it to full vigor and efficiency. At all events, the railway men believe so. They are joined in this faith by a rapidly increasing band of traffic students. Every crossroads in America today has its traffic problem. In the big cities the street-car companies are openly calling upon the public to recognize the fact that, in the rush hours at least, the street-cars carry the most people while taking up the least amount of space. It is a generally accurate statement that from 70 to 80% of the people in a big city are riding on street-cars or some other group transportation vehicle, mornings and evenings. They could not well ride in anything else; enough private vehicles to carry them all could not be contained within the average city's limits. So the future of the industry looks reasonably bright to those who take the view that in the big cities nothing else but street-cars will do the transportation work efficiently.

Their optimism finds encouragement in such cities as Chicago, where the Surface Lines, although in receivership, did a record business last year; in Philadelphia, where Mitten Management has corralled nearly everything that moves on wheels—taxis, buses, subways, elevated and street-cars—and hence almost makes its own traffic conditions; in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and other towns, where agreements with the cities guarantee the investors in the railways a fixed return; and in the good business of the Capital Traction Company of Washington, the Denver Tramways, the Brooklyn City Railroad Company, and a few others with natural topographical advantages or strong lungs and great patience in ballyhoo.

EDITORIAL

Despite all the gaudy threats against the *Yanqui* hegemony that marked the late Pan-American Conference at Havana, it must be obvious to everyone that Uncle Sam is now firmly in the saddle south of the Rio Grande, and that the whole region down to the Canal Zone is his forevermore. True enough, such enterprises as the invasion of Nicaragua and the occupation of Haiti are only temporary devices and of a transitional nature, but what they are leading to is not a withdrawal from Spiggoty Land but a permanent moving in. When the Marines, bearing their bales of scalps, return from the adventure in Nicaragua, that forlorn little country will be found to be indistinguishable, in its character as a sovereign State, from Cuba and Panama, and twenty years hence all three of them will probably be brothers to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands. The situation of Cuba seems to be but little understood by the hordes of 100% Americans who visit Havana every Winter, seeking surcease from the rigors of Methodism at Oriental Park and in Sloppy Joe's celebrated bar. They see cops on every corner, they hear jazz issuing from every third house, and so they assume that all is well. But if they should seek communion with any Cubans save bartenders and taxi-drivers they'd quickly learn differently. The fact is that the Pearl of the Antilles is run very much like a house of correction, and that its government is little more than an agent of the United States. In no sense does that government represent the Cuban people; it represents only the owners of the island, mainly Americans. The minute the people attempt to take it into their own hands (as not a few of them now plan *in camera*), that minute Uncle Sam and his gallant leathernecks will appear in person, and thereafter there will be no getting rid of them until the final collapse of worlds.

The rest of the little republics are all sliding headlong down the same well-greased chute. One by one, they take the plunge—first Cuba, then Panama, then Haiti and Santo Domingo, and now Nicaragua. Salvador, I suspect, is already wobbling a bit, and Honduras, Costa Rica and Guatemala grow restive in their wildwood. Even Mexico, I herewith prophecy formally, is doomed: if it does not leap in as a whole, it will come in fragments. And for plain reasons. The great statesmen who operate in Washington, whatever their imbecilities otherwise, have at all events a sharp understanding of their own class: they know that, to a professional politician, the beginning and end of all things is his job. Give it to him, make him safe in it, and he will take orders until the end of time—whether from Wall Street or from Main Street, from the Booze Trust or from the Anti-Saloon League, from the Pope or from the Devil. This simple principle lies at the bottom of American policy in the Caribbean. The trick is done by putting safe and sane men in office—and then maintaining them there at the point of the bayonet. It has worked in Cuba, it has worked in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Panama, it is working in Nicaragua, and it will work eventually in every other republic from El Paso to Colon.

The thing is so easy that it is really laughable. The moment it is done the position of the United States in international law becomes unassailable, however weak it may be in common decency. The Marines are not only tolerated by the reigning job-holders; their aid and comfort is specifically requested, and even demanded. The business is completely legal,

official, regular, high-toned. No one has any lawful right to complain about it—save the indigenous Jimmy Coxes and John B. Davises, who are fugitives in the hills, and the great masses of the plain people, who care no more for one politician than they do for another. All the really important folks are satisfied—the native men of money because their money is now safe, the international bankers because they will get the interest on their loans, the concessionaires because Marines guard their concessions, and the job-holders because their jobs are secure.

Even the outs, gnawing roots in the hills, do not fret too much, for they are consoled by the hope that their turn will come. That hope is by no means unreasonable, for in such matters Uncle Sam is a firm believer in fair play and an equitable division of the spoils. So long as a native statesman shows no sign of an actual belief in democracy—that is, so long as he does not fall under the State Department's definition of a Bolshevik—he may look confidentially for his day at the trough. Let him call himself Liberal or Conservative: it is all one. In 1917 the United States kept Menocal, a Conservative, in office in Cuba, and when José Miguel Gomez, his Liberal opponent, took to the brush, the sabre was rattled and José Miguel prudently allowed himself to be overcome. Today the President of Cuba, the Hon. Mr. Machado, is ostensibly a Liberal, but he enjoys the same high protection that went to Menocal. Let the genuinely liberal Liberals of the island try to dispose of them, and the Marines will pass the Morro by sunrise.

II

There is, of course, no sign that they will try to dispose of him: it would be too much like trying to dispose of the Tropic of Cancer. He has behind him, as compared to any conceivable challenger of his authority, a power far greater than that of the Roman Empire in its palmy days. He is supported by the blood, sweat and money of 120,000,000 docile Americanos. There are not many politicians in Latin-America who yearn to heave themselves upon such appalling forces. Now and then a half-savage Sandino, emerging from his jungle kraal, may do it, or a cynical Gomez may make a feint in the hope of bringing something down by chance, but the vast majority of statesmen in the banana lands prefer safer measures. If they are patient they will get their turns. In Nicaragua the whole band sold out together, Liberals and Conservatives alike, save only the rambunctious and unclubby Sandino. In Cuba the master minds of all the organized parties support Señor Machado in his effort to stretch his term from four years to six: they all hope to take the free ride with him, and to hold on when he departs for the political shades. And it is the same in Haiti and elsewhere.

Nor does the American scheme arouse any appreciable fevers in the Latin lands that stand outside its operations. One hears, anon, that some Uruguayan statesman is mourning over the woes of the Haitians, or that some Ecuadoran is full of indignation about the proceedings in Nicaragua, but it almost always turns out, on investigation, that his position and authority in his own country are of little more bulk and beam than those of Roger Baldwin or William Z. Foster in the United States. Such uproars serve the uses of the outs south of the canal much as his bawling against the Vatican serves the uses of Dr. Heflin in rural Alabama. They inflame the vulgar without making any impression upon the judicious. The ruling powers in Latin-America care little more for the fact that Nicaragua is beset by Marines than the gay folk of Broadway care for the fact that Tennessee is beset by Fundamentalists. They are only glad that they do not have to furnish the Marines themselves. And they wish heartily that the world would stop bracketing their own advancing republics with such backward and squalling brats as those that Uncle Sam takes into his nursery. It is as em-

barrassing for an Argentino to be put in the same box with the Haitians as it is for a civilized San Franciscan to be grouped with the morons of Los Angeles.

Thus there will be no serious opposition to the new American policy in quarters where opposition would be really embarrassing. There may be academic criticisms of it, but there will be no active resistance to it. For the *Yanqui* philosophy marches ahead of the Marines, and has already permeated every Latin republic above the cultural level of Delaware or Mississippi, and poisoned every Latin-American with a plug hat on his head and money in the bank. It was not only within the actual United States that the War for Democracy made the thing itself unpopular. All the way down to the Horn it is now under suspicion, and power is in the hands of highly rational and unsentimental men. They advocate, quite as earnestly as any investment-securities idealist in Wall Street, the rule of reason and the prompt payment of debts. They may be Latins, but they are also men of business. Inflamed by wine, they may perchance utter blasphemies against Uncle Sam; running for office, they may go to the length of pulling his beard. But once they have their feet in the trough they become as bitterly correct in their views as Dr. Kellogg himself. More than one well-heeled Cuban rejoices, in these decorous later days, that Maceo and Marti were killed before the first Cuban election day.

III

Mexico, obviously enough, presents a tougher problem than the lesser States to the southward, but I see no reason why its solution should baffle the new American diplomacy. All that is needed is another revolution in that sunshiny but lugubrious country—and nothing is easier to arrange than a revolution, as the late Dr. Roosevelt proved in Panama in 1903. A few carloads of arms, slipped across the Rio Grande, might start it tomorrow. In any case a great deal of brotherly shooting is certain to follow the retirement of Dr. Calles, and once it starts plenty of generals willing to take Uncle Sam's shilling will pop up. Once a suitable champion of truth and justice is found and put on the payroll, the Marines can do the rest. I predict formally that, if the Mexicans do not resume payment of the full interest on their debt at once, this will happen before 12 o'clock noon of January 1, 1930. Whether they pay the interest or not, it will happen before the middle of the century.

But pacifying the country, quotha, will be a Herculean task, lasting many years and costing myriads of precious lives. Indeed! My guess is that it will not take more than half as long as it took to pacify the Philippines. In the Philippines the United States had to fight the whole population of Filipinos; barring a few scoundrels let out of jail for the purpose, there were no native allies. But in Mexico, as in Nicaragua, the Marines will have the aid of great hordes of indigenous colleagues, led by the new *Yanqui*-stamped President of the country, and his entire staff of strategists. Mexico, indeed, will pacify itself, as Kansas pacified itself in the early days, and Southern Illinois is trying to pacify itself even now. A few Sandinos, perhaps, will linger in the hills for years, and maybe even for generations, just as a few unreconciled Confederates linger in the swamps of Louisiana today. But all the job-holders will become Yanquiphils overnight, and in a short time Sloppy Joe will have branch bars all over the capital, and the hot-dog stands will stretch from Tia Juana to the Guatemalan border. By that time, indeed, there will be no border, for Guatemala, like Nicaragua and the rest, will be a fief of Rotary.

Nevertheless, it will cost some Marines. Trudging through the swamps, climbing the mountains, swimming the rivers, some of them will be knocked off by "bandits." But what are Marines hired for if it is not to be knocked off by "bandits"? H. L. M.

FRANK NORRIS, OR, UP FROM CULTURE

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

ON A certain Sunday morning in the late eighties the vestibule of the First Presbyterian Church in San Francisco was filled with bonneted ladies mildly a-twitter. A new name had been placed upon one of the pews. It was printed upon a shiningly white piece of cardboard in bold black type so that even the near-sighted MacGregor girls sitting across the aisle could not fail to make out the letters. It spelled Norris.

Now, the beguiling of the B. F. Norrises was no mean achievement. For one thing they were reputed to have money, for another thing they were impressive looking people, and third and lastly they had been won away from the Episcopalian fold. This victory, however, was not so complete as an ardent Presbyterian could have wished. It was not the result of dogma so much as of the eloquence of Dr. Robert Mackenzie, and it was by no means final, since the Norris family had not made the irretrievable gesture of "joining the church." But hope springs eternal in the proselyting breast and there was a strong feeling that faith allied to the suave and intensely tactful oratory of Dr. Mackenzie could remove, not only mountains but the Norrises from the vitiating influence of the Anglican communion.

There were rumors that Mrs. Norris was luke-warm, to say the least, about the change. Certainly the ardor with which she knelt during prayerful moments gave every indication of ritualistic inclinations strangely out of suite with the stiff-kneed approach to God affected by the followers of John Calvin. Mr. Norris did not kneel. He was slightly lame for one thing and there was lurking in his ancestry the Presbyterian inclination, a fact which would have rendered his Calvinistic brothers in Christ even more hopeful if they had but guessed it. The third member of this family group, in point of age, was Ida Carleton, a niece of Mr. Norris. She had a beautiful voice and the Anglican manner. When she sang all the worshippers within range stopped to listen. There was a fourth and juvenile unit—one Charles G. Norris, later to become a distinguished novelist.

Almost at once the Norrises made themselves felt in church activities. At least Mr. Norris and Miss Carleton did. Mr. Norris, immaculate in frock coat, with a white carnation in his buttonhole, took a class of young girls in the Sabbath-school; Miss Carleton a class of boys. Mrs. Norris held herself aloof. It was enough to yield to her husband's taste for Dr. Mackenzie's sermons without giving the stamp of her approval to the dogma of predestination and the damnation of infants by becoming an active worker in the vineyard of Calvinism. Not that Dr. Mackenzie ever stressed these disturbing articles of faith. Far from it. One never left a service presided over by the reverend doctor in anything but rare good-humor. He did not harrow you; he did not torment your soul; he raised no doubts. He sent you away soothed and satisfied, and texts concerning the difficulty of camels going through the eye of a needle were conspicuous by their absence.

But even if Mrs. Norris had been completely won over to the religious channels into which she had drifted it would not have been on the cards for her to have rolled up her sleeves in its service. Mrs.

Norris was dignified, patrician. She had an air, a grand manner. Such people do not teach squirming boys their Golden Texts, or pass coffee at church sociables, or convert pieces of red flannel into belly-bands for missionaries in the jungles of Africa.

As time went on the bonneted ladies of the congregation learned an important fact about the newcomers. There was a fifth member of the family studying art somewhere in darkest Paris; a rather shuddery circumstance for chaste females to contemplate. Shuddery but enormously intriguing, to borrow the phraseology of Lorelei Lee. The Norris family became even more of an achievement. To pluck brands from the Episcopalian burning was a pallid sport by the side of performing a like service for one threatened by the fires of the Latin Quarter. Rumor had it that this potential prodigal was soon to return home. Here was a chance to throw out the life-line with a vengeance. The garrulous members of the Ladies Aid figuratively held their breaths and waited.

On the whole, this fifth Norris was a vague figure to the congregation at large. But not so to the juvenile members of Ida Carleton's class. Miss Carleton was no stickler for strict adherence to Biblical subjects in the performance of her duties. When the brutalities of Abraham, and the sharp practice of Jacob, and the sensualities of David grew tedious and embarrassing she told droll stories about this cousin of hers, who wrote letters in French to her. She even sang a French song that she had learned from him via the mail route. She vowed he was the most engaging, the wittiest, the cleverest young man in all the world. The gentleman could not have had a more charming or convincing advocate. The boys of her Sabbath-school class adored her and they found the exploits of her cousin much more to their taste than the exploits of Hebrew shepherds smelling of flocks and herds.

They were to hear more of this cousin when he returned home. At Christmas Miss Carleton offered a prize for the best literary composition on gallantry that was turned in by her pupils. The young cousin from Paris was pressed into service in the capacity of judge. Considering the literary career he afterwards picked out for himself, it is not unlikely that he was the instigator of the whole affair. For he was none other than Benjamin Franklin Norris, named so after his father. This had been shortened to Frank Norris for convenience, and Frank Norris it remained until the end of his days.

II

Quite naturally there seems to have sprung up in the minds of the reading public the idea that the creations of an author spring from his personal background. For the most part this is doubtless true. Mrs. Wharton is at her best in Newport and Paris, and Sherwood Anderson assuredly uses the background he was born to. But what shall we say of Michael Arlen and his Mayfair drawing-rooms? One suspects that he never had a single invitation to so much as peek inside one of them. And there is always the gentle Stevenson, waving the red flag of piracy and other blood-curdling adventure.

This tendency to construct a man's genesis from his work is responsible for the fiction current among readers that Frank Norris was the product of San Francisco's partially submerged tenth. Indeed, there is now in the San Francisco Bay region a coterie of young and aspiring writers who meet to discuss him, and who long for the tooth-and-fang life that they assume was his. They conceive him as a companion picture to Jack London. Nothing could be further from the truth. His life had romantic moments but no brutal ones. Nor do we find a single raw, red instance in the lives of his parents. The early history of the elder Norrises is full of struggle against circumstance but there are no sordid passages in it, not even what one would call a bare-knuckled encounter. But the upstanding romance of the times in which

they lived is mirrored in their successes and failures, and their achievement would merit more than a passing glance even if they had not given the world two such distinguished sons as Frank and Charles G. Norris.

The first significant glimpse we get of Benjamin Franklin Norris, Senior, shows us a boy of fourteen driving into town with his father. The scene is Michigan. Summer has come to a close and harvest is near. In a few weeks the horses, carrying father and son past alternate woods and clearings, will be too busy with the demands of the harvest to be spared for any other business. The object of the present trip is to place the lad of fourteen in school. Under ordinary circumstances a lusty youth of this age would have been far too valuable on his father's farm to think of such a premature step. But the youth is not lusty and, if you had seen him step into the wagon and take his place beside his father, you would have noticed that he limped. This lameness was the result of hip disease. Now, a boy with hip disease had little place upon a farm in Michigan in the early fifties. There were woods to be cleared, and furrows to be plowed, and grain to be threshed. It is even conceivable that such a boy might have been very much in the way. What, then, was to be done with him? It was not an age of drones. Those who ate had to earn it.

We are not permitted a glimpse of the family councils, but we can well imagine that they were many and fruitless ones before there came a timid suggestion from the mother of the family that a youth with hip disease might with profit be sent away to school. There is no record that this suggestion came from the mother, but in the nature of things this seems more than likely. The lad's father was a stern man as you shall see later, and no doubt a frugal one. School involved expense and he must have thought considerably more than twice before committing himself to such an extravagant course. But whatever the source of the inspiration it finally carried the day. The boy was to be sent to school, and it was well to get the whole questionable business settled before busier days were upon them.

The boy's reaction to the plan we can only conjecture but, in the light of what is to follow, it would scarcely seem to have been one of unqualified enthusiasm. The flight from the parental nest may have captured his imagination—it was the fashion, then, for lads to go out to seek their fortune—but we cannot feel that the prospect of school was any too alluring.

The ride is a long one, involving many hours. As noon comes on apace the travelers draw near a village boasting an inn. The horses are a skittish pair, not to be trusted even at a hitching-post. But the inner man must be fed; therefore it seems wise for the expedition to eat in relays. It being the age when parents exercised their privileges, it is the father who goes in first to table, leaving the son to guard the team.

Left alone in the drowsy shade of a maple tree about to be lit with autumnal fires, the lad takes stock of the adventure. He wonders what is in store for him. In those days education was often thrashed into its victims and it is conceivable that the close connection between learning and the birch rod rose up significantly in our young hero's mind. At all events, he must have had a sudden premonition of escape from the thrall of erudition.

Across the village street is a row of shops. In the window of one of them a man bends over a task holding a magnifying glass, monocle-fashion, in his right eye. The youth becomes interested, so interested that he forgets the skittish horses long enough to cross over and investigate. The man is a watch maker and jeweler. There is something fascinating in his performance. A strange, unaccountable impulse seizes young Norris. He walks boldly into the shop. The jeweler removes the glass from his eye and stares at him. "Do you need a boy?" asks the youth. Not exactly, but a boy could make himself

useful. But there are no wages connected with such a performance—merely board and lodgings. The youth rushes out of the shop without further ado. His father is just emerging from the inn. "Father, I've decided not to go to school! I'm going to stay here and learn how to repair watches."

The father gives the son a cold steely glance. A lad made lame from hip disease is not much of an asset, and spending money on his education would be a gamble at best. "Very well," he answers, "that is your affair!" And, with that, he jumps aboard the wagon, clucks to the horses, and turns their heads in the direction of home. . . .

Two years later we find our hero with a watch-mending kit and a jeweler's outfit trudging along the country-side, setting the idle pendulums of farm-house clocks in motion and selling trinkets to farmers' wives. He has learned his trade. His destination is New York.

III

In the early forties a young New Englander from Taunton, Mass., named Samuel Doggett, arrived in Charleston, Virginia, to teach in a young ladies' seminary. In the course of time he had for one of his pupils, Harriet Walton, a charming girl still in her teens. These were the days when it was not thought iniquitous for teacher and pupil to fall in love and so they promptly did and were married. This Samuel Doggett had an elder brother who had inherited a farm in New England, near the village of Mendon. Not that the Doggetts were primarily farmers. If we turned over the family Bible we should encounter a long line of Unitarian ministers entered in the lists of births and deaths. It is to be assumed, since Samuel Doggett had elected to take up teaching as a profession, that the tendencies of his erudite forebears ran in his blood. We can conceive that he was quite content to have escaped the responsibility of so indifferent a legacy as an impoverished farm. If so, his satisfaction was brief. In the course of time the elder brother died and the farm passed to the schoolmaster in Charleston. That ended Samuel Doggett's teaching days; the native New Englander returned to his bleak birthright with his Southern bride. During the years which followed children were born—among them a girl named Gertrude. Gertrude Doggett was the mother of Frank Norris.

The ups and downs of the Doggett family fortune are not important in detail. Suffice that the early sixties saw a son of the family, Theophilus Doggett, following in the early footsteps of his father by establishing a private school just outside Chicago. In the course of time he sent for his sister Gertrude, then a miss of sixteen, to assist him in his duties. Nowadays girls of sixteen are kept from marriage and other useful occupations by compulsory education. Not so in the dark sixties. At sixteen girls were considered capable of fulfilling the two rôles then assigned to them—matrimony and the instruction of the young. The only education that was compulsory was the education springing from experience.

It does not take an excess of imagination to picture the contrast between the well-ordered life of Mendon, Mass., and the life of a sprawling Illinois village at that period. It must have taken a stout-hearted girl to face the new conditions, but there is no record that at that time or at any time following, the courage of Gertrude Doggett was found wanting.

In the midst of this new adventure the Civil War broke out. Illinois was far removed from the scene of conflict and perhaps that was one reason why Theophilus Doggett escaped the hysteria of immediate enlistment. Or the mixed blood of a Northern father and a Southern mother may have divided his allegiance to the point of indecision. Be that as it may, we find that Illinois was not too far away ultimately to withstand the long arm of a Union hovering upon the brink of disruption. In the end, our youthful school-

master volunteered rather than be drafted. He never returned. He was killed at Shiloh in 1862.

With the enlistment of Theophilus Doggett the private school went to smash. The sister faced the situation squarely and obtained a position in the public schools of Chicago. It would be trite to say that dark days followed for the young schoolmistress from Massachusetts. At that time dark days followed for everybody. But there must have been an added bitterness in the cup of sorrow engendered by exile from home and kinsfolk. But adversity borne in solitude breeds independence and that is why, perhaps, the next glimpse we have of Gertrude Doggett finds her casting longing eyes at the stage as a career. With parents or even an elder brother to dissuade her, the desire to tread the boards might have died still-born, for in the sixties the stage was in disrepute and a well-bred young woman with a long line of Unitarian divines listed in her family Bible was not apt to choose it as a profession. But in estimating Gertrude Doggett's character one must always take into account the dashing Cavalier strain from Virginia, running like a shining thread through the somberness of the Puritan birthright.

The wish for self-expression via the green-room grew apace. Doubtless the young woman had among her duties the teaching of "declamation" to her tender charges. And it would take but little imagination to see her drilling her class of boys and girls, numbering 100 and sitting two in a seat, through the give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death hokum of Patrick Henry, or the languishing passages of "Maud Muller." Perhaps this was the one study period in the day that gave her the wings of release from the drudgery and handicaps of teaching. To subdue and tame a hundred restless, fidgeting barbarians, sitting two in a seat, is no mean task.

The room, moreover, is cramped and inadequate, so inadequate that the air becomes foul quickly and every hour the windows must be thrown open wide and the class put through the motions of arm lifting and deep breathing. But ambitions not only germinate but flower in the foul air of frontier class-rooms, and it is not long before we find Gertrude Doggett making her stage début at the McVickers Theatre in Chicago. The play is Shakespeare's "Othello," no less, and the rôle assigned to our young schoolmistress is that of Elvira. An engagement in St. Louis follows. Swiftly, with little or no painful plodding, our heroine jumps from small parts to leads. In no time at all she is a full-fledged actress with a following. But, what is more important, a full-fledged actress who has mastered a varied and exacting répertoire.

In the early sixties the stage may have been in disrepute socially but it made histrionic demands on its devotees that put to shame the "personality" triumphs of these latter days. To play in "The Ticket of Leave Man" one night, and jump to "Macbeth" the next, and do "The Lady of Lyons" the night following was the rule rather than the exception. An actress had to be "rotten" perfect in a dozen parts, ready to play them on twelve hours' notice. It was the custom to scan the green-room bulletin before leaving the theatre at the end of a performance to see what play was posted for rehearsal next morning and production at night.

A répertoire also meant an extensive wardrobe. An actress of the period had to carry the proper gowns for every part she played. And, not only carry, but provide them. Many a night, when the erstwhile schoolmistress came dog-tired from her dressing room to glance at the play posted for the morrow, it was to find something listed that required not only hours of study but hours of dressmaking. With one eye upon the page of her script, her busy fingers were flying mechanically over the task of edging Lady Macbeth's robe with near-ermine, or putting a spray of roses at the corsage of Camille's gown, or setting jewels in a bandeau for Lucretia

Borgia. There was no sleep on those nights to knit up the raveled sleeve of care.

But with it all, the hours of droning out parts, the altering and patching and pressing of costumes, the daily rehearsals, the draughty dressing-rooms, the one-night stands, the insolence of stage directors, the wretched hotel accommodations, the boorish public, we cannot imagine for an instant that Gertrude Doggett ever wished herself back in the fetid classroom at Chicago with her hundred fidgety pupils sitting two in a seat. Whatever sense of duty and social service had been bred in her by Unitarian forefathers must have been more than swamped by the spirit of adventure in her Southern blood. Determination from New England, dash and a sense of the dramatic from Virginia—here was a combination, obviously, that was hard to beat.

With such a flying start upon the road to her heart's desire, it would seem that Gertrude Doggett's career was more than mapped out. But the road to heart's desire is invariably filled with detours. It was inevitable that a man should appear somewhere on the scene. Doubtless there were several, but the man destined to carry his suit to a successful issue was none other than the jeweler's apprentice whom we saw setting out so hopefully toward New York in the earlier chapters of this chronicle.

The lad has grown to manhood; he is the founder of a jewelry firm; he has prospects ahead. The lady is lukewarm to his advances: has she not a career to consider? But he persists gallantly. And in the end she succumbs, lulled into a false security by her cavalier's promise to respect her inclinations. She is to be both actress and wife. And so they are married.

At once the detours pile up in quick succession. Mr. Norris is stricken with a long and tedious illness, the stork hovers over the roof-tree, a daughter is born. New responsibilities, new duties, new horizons. The career begins to fade. Domesticity wins again.

IV

Ten years elapse. It is now the year of our Lord 1878. Prosperous times are upon this country, the wounds of war are healing. The firm founded by the lad who once turned his face toward New York with only his watch-mending kit as an asset is now an established and going concern. B. F. Norris, Allister & Company. It has an opulent and competent sound. There is an imposing house with marble steps on Michigan avenue at Park Row; six horses are in the stable; the coachman wears varnished boots and a cockade. On wintry days the family carriage is replaced by a gorgeous sleigh provided with a heavy lap-robe, the letter N embroidered in its center. A country place is in Wisconsin —at Lake Geneva. Gone are the days of teaching the three R's to sniveling pupils sitting two in a seat, of putting new binding upon the robes of tinsel queens in the early hours of the morning, of shivering in draughty wings waiting for cues. In the drawing-room of the Michigan avenue mansion is an original Raphael, picked up on a grand tour of the Continent, and in the boudoir a massive walnut set, with mirrors towering almost to the ceiling. A set of four pieces costing $700—an amazing sum in those days!

Yet withal there have been dark moments, too. The first-born daughter has died with spinal meningitis, a second baby girl has succumbed to cholera infantum; it is the day of a tremendous infant mortality, even among the wealthy. The boys of the family have done better. Frank, born in 1870, has survived the slings and arrows of infantile diseases and there is a second son, Lester, to keep him company. In 1881, a third son is born, Charles.

Soon after this last advent Mr. Norris takes a trip to California for his health. In spite of his energy, he is not over strong and he suffers from neuralgia. California captivates him. The same gift for quick decision which turned the tide in his youth from school to a jeweler's apprenticeship

moves him to set his heart on San Francisco Bay as his future home. No sooner said than done. He arranges with his partners to spend six months in every year away from Chicago. The house with the marble steps is sold, along with the six horses in the stable and the gorgeous sleigh. Mrs. Norris is in despair. With the background she has established for herself swept completely away, she has little heart to save anything from the wreck. She lets even the original Raphael go by the board, and the walnut furniture with its mirrors towering to the ceiling. She is a wife and must follow her husband where he will. It is the fashion of the day and even so dominating a woman as Gertrude Norris has not the courage to gainsay it.

In 1884 we find the Benjamin Franklin Norrises established in a temporary home on the fashionable shores of Lake Merritt, in Oakland, California. A year later they are moving across the bay to San Francisco. The Oakland of that day was decidedly suburban, and we can well understand that its slightly bucolic atmosphere gave Mrs. Norris very little scope. Beside, the Henry T. Scott mansion in San Francisco was to be had at a bargain. Mr. Scott needed $10,000 to start the Union Iron Works, which was to become famous as the plant that turned out the rabble-rousing battle-ship *Oregon*. Ten thousand dollars in cash paid for an enormous double house in the fashionable western addition of San Francisco, one block from Van Ness avenue, and two blocks from a sectional shopping district—Polk street.

One fancies Mrs. Norris must have viewed the proximity of Polk street with tremendous satisfaction. It was not the fashion in those days to leave the marketing to servants, and telephones were installed only in drug-stores. Every morning, Polk street was filled with a fashionable throng of grand dames intent on squeezing the plump breasts of chickens between thumb and forefinger, or turning a rainbow trout over for closer inspection, or picking out the tenderest artichokes. One fancies that the eldest son, Frank, temporarily cut off from companions by the sudden move from Oakland, doubtless accompanied his mother on many of these shopping expeditions. It was thus that he must have received his first glimpses of the street which he was one day to make famous in the pages of "McTeague."

The Henry T. Scott mansion had another advantage; it was just around the corner from St. Luke's Church. Mrs. Norris, in spite of her paternal Unitarian ancestors, was an Episcopalian; a convert in Chicago. The First Presbyterian Church, to which the Norrises were one day to transfer their allegiance, was also on Van Ness avenue, a scant block away.

At this stage of the game there must have been moments when our exiles' thoughts turned regretfully to Chicago. There was no stable with six horses and an imposing coachman, in varnished boots and a cockade, to drive them. No tinkling sleigh freighted with heavy lap-robes, no walnut furniture towering to the ceiling, no original Raphael in the drawing-room. Not that the family lacked resources, but the San Francisco background had other symbols for affluence. Even Mr. Norris, in spite of his enthusiasm for California, must have found time rather heavy on his hands, for almost at once he set about the building of dozens of cheap flats, for which there was then a decided demand.

If Mrs. Norris ever felt a longing for her lakeshore home in Chicago it was not due to inactivity. A woman with a husband and three small sons to mother has little time for vague repining. Frank, the eldest, is now fifteen, Charles a baby of four, Lester midway between these two. The two youngest are still at the lead-soldier stage of development; on rainy days we can see them strewing the nursery floor with the dead of their opposing armies. Frank, of course, has graduated from such martial puerilities; but a love for the pomp and circumstance of marching legions lurks in his breast. Van Ness avenue, at the foot of the hill on which the new home

stands, is the broadest and smoothest paved street in town. During Summer nights it echoes with the roll of drums and the call of bugles as the State militia goes through its drilling paces. On many a morning the air is filled with the clatter of cavalry on its way from the Presidio to take part in a holiday parade, and infantry cannon rattle and bump over ruts in the macadam roadway. Political torch-light parades go up and down this street, plumed Templar conclaves step through intricate manœuvres, religious organizations march to church bearing banners. Even cowboys drive their charges to slaughter along its length. It is a street of pageants—militant, stirring, triumphant. It quickens the heart of the lad from Chicago standing open-mouthed at the curb; it makes him long to be a soldier.

At night, when two younger children are safe in bed, his imagination is still further fed on chivalry and the clash of arms by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. His mother reads, lending all her dramatic instinct and training to the recreation. The hours fly by on silver wings. Time is forgotten. How completely, one may gather from the fact that upon occasions the clock strikes three before the mother realizes that it is morning and more than time that boys of fifteen were in bed. Dickens also comes in for his share of attention during these gilded hours: Dick Swiveler and the Marchioness, Sam Weller and Sairy Gamp, Cap'n Cuttle and Bill Sykes to give the listening boy his first sense of romantic realism. Out of these initial impressions of fictional life are to come significant phases in his own development, not only as an artist, but as a man. Other influences may later creep in but the trick of artistic exaggeration which was Dickens' will touch many of his character-bits, and the romantic feeling for life that was Scott's will burn fitfully through countless drab backgrounds.

More than this, the stamp of chivalry will always be upon his personal reactions to life, the military scene will always beguile him, it will even go so far as to finally undo him. There is something fatalistic about these first seeds of romance sown upon the fallow ground of his youthful heart. For, as we shall see later, Frank Norris was never completely to be freed from their thrall.

V

In the Autumn of 1885 Frank Norris was sent to a fashionable boys' school at Belmont. This school was within an hour's ride by train from San Francisco in the region still designated generally as the Peninsula. He stayed there only a year, a broken arm being the instrument of fate which released him from bondage. A broken arm is a comparatively trivial circumstance but it is often just such trivial circumstances that cut fresh channels. It was a bad break, fortunately, however, to the left arm, and promised a tedious period of inactivity.

A restless boy of sixteen facing enforced idleness is a fearsome thing, but Mr. Norris, with his characteristic decisiveness, found an immediate remedy. There having been evidences that Frank had a talent for drawing, he was sent to a local artist named Virgil Williams for instruction. This move, begun as a stop-gap against ennui, soon began to take on serious proportions. The young student progressed rapidly, so rapidly that there was talk of a wider field for his talents. At that time the Rev. Dwight L. Moody was storming the citadels of sin in the wickedest city in the world. Every night an hysterical crowd pushed and fought its way into a huge wooden pavilion, as much to hear stirring gospel hymns thundered out by a huge choir as anything else: "Throw Out the Lifeline," "Beulah Land," "Jesus Is a Rock in the Weary Land" and like songs that made the names of Moody and Sankey famous.

Now the relationship between a broken arm upon the football fields of Belmont, instruction in art, and the singing of

Moody and Sankey hymns seems too disconnected for coherence. But fate is continually weaving lucid patterns from just such incongruous threads. Mr. Norris was a great admirer of Dwight L. Moody and he had for a friend a man named Stebbins, who traveled with the evangelist in the capacity of choir-master. This man Stebbins was a guest of the Norrises during the evangelist's stay in San Francisco. It was he who suggested that Frank Norris should be sent to London to the Kensington School of Art for further instruction. The idea took root, such firm root that in June 1887 we find father and son setting out for London in quest of art with a capital A. Mrs. Norris and the two younger children, Lester and Charles, remained in San Francisco.

At Chicago the pilgrimage was temporarily halted by tragic news from home; Lester, the second son, had died from diphtheria just six days after the departure of his father and brother. Again Mr. Norris acted with promptness and dispatch. He wired his wife to join him. She came, bringing Charles, and the family, now reduced to four, turned their eyes toward England. But it developed that the Kensington School of Art was not the best school for our young hero. Mr. Norris was advised to place his son in the Atelier Julien in Paris. To Paris, then, the family went. At this time Frank was seventeen.

The family stayed over a year in Paris, in a gloomy apartment that was filled with a collector's loot, the owner having been a man who went in for swords, and daggers, and cuirasses, and like implements of warfare. Frank joined the Atelier Julien. Charles, left without the companionship of a brother near his own age, turned to a fresh lot of lead soldiers for solace. But it is no great fun to push lead soldiers, singly and alone, around on the flowered surface of a Brussels carpet. Frank, eleven years his brother's senior, must have been touched by the lad's loneliness. Or perhaps the glamour of nursery warfare still lurked in his breast. At all events, there were moments when the young student of the Atelier Julien condescended to join the Brussels-carpet campaigns. Under his guidance they were no longer a series of pointless scenes of carnage carried on by unnamed leaders and their equally unnamed legions.

Caesar, Charles the Second, the Veiled Prophet, the Cid, and Machiavelli fought side by side without the slightest chronological embarrassment. Cannon were constructed of slender paint-brush handles and the bodies of cigar boxes. Maps were drawn of the countries at war. A riot of imagination was turned loose. Frank Norris added the rôle of minstrel to the rôle of omnipotent commander-in-chief of the lead soldiers, and he began to draw his first blood from an audience, holding not only the opposing armies but his youthful auditor in the hollow of his hand. In short, the tyranny of literature began anew where it so often begins—within the four walls of a nursery.

Nor was the impress of chivalry confined to these playful moments. Scarcely a day went by that he did not dip into Froissart's Chronicles, and a passion for the study of medieval armor possessed him. His first bit of published writing was an article on ancient armor, and he could tell at a glance the slightest false detail in an illustration or description of warlike costume. So thoroughly was he imbued with the medieval spirit that we find him beginning a huge canvas of the Battle of Crécy.

In a year the family began to think of returning home. It was decided that Frank should remain and continue his art studies. To this end he was left with a family named Quatremain. M. Quatremain was a frescoer who had been injured in a fall from a scaffold: his wife had once been the governess of the young Czarina of Russia.

But, in spite of Frank's attendance at the Atelier Julien, his enthusiasm for sketching details of medieval armor, the canvas

he had begun of the Battle of Crécy—in spite of all these things plus the atmosphere of art which the injured fresco painter must have thrown about him—the passion for narrative, begun in the nursery, seems to have taken firm hold. Again we find him using his brother Charles for an audience, this time via the mail-box. Scarcely a week went by without a deluge of copy going forward to San Francisco. In this story written around Charles himself, in the second person, all the extravagances, all the anachronisms, all the motley characters of the lead-soldier campaigns appear in a series of adventures lacking time, space or even continuity. It was this unfinished romance that caused his recall from Paris. Father Norris, stumbling upon one of the instalments in an evil moment, decided that anyone who had time to waste on such rubbish must be a spendthrift indeed. His purse was providing for the study of art, not the questionable entertainment of an eight-year-old child! He cabled the offender to return home.

Mrs. Norris went on to New York to meet her son. When she got her first glimpse of him in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel she could scarcely believe her own eyes. A boulevard Parisian in silk hat, frock coat, spats, a walking stick, and wearing side-burns, came forward to greet her.

VI

Quick, decisive men often have as a complement inflexible natures. The very process by which they form opinions suggests a hardening of will, as rigid as it is swift. We have seen that the elder Norris was such a man. Having promptly made up his mind that his son Frank was to be a painter, he was affronted at the possibility of having him succeed in another artistic line. There is no record of any violent disagreement between father and son, but from this time on we find Mr. Norris referring to "*your* son" when he speaks of Frank to the mother of the family, in that mildly ironic way that a parent has who seeks to shift the burden of questionable traits and inclinations upon the shoulders of the other side of the house. "I hear *your* son is fool enough to wish to join the militia." "I understand *your* son has written another story." "I see *your* son is still wearing his side-burns." In this case friend husband spoke more truly than he imagined. Frank Norris' genius was unquestionably a torch derived from the maternal line.

In 1890 he entered the University of California—if we can trust to the memory of his classmates, still wearing his side-burns. In almost any Western university of that day side-burns would have been a decided handicap—at least they would have set their wearer upon the lonely heights of eccentricity. Not so in the case of Frank Norris. Neither his Parisian accent nor his facial adornment operated against his popularity. We find him doing all the things that any normal American student does; joining a fraternity; drawing for the class book, writing the Junior farce, playing the banjo. That his continental experiences have pushed him a peg higher culturally than the classmates we can discern by the fact that he tries to work up an enthusiasm for a performance of Œdipus Rex. He goes so far with the project as to learn the part of Jocasta in the original Greek! And this with only a rudimentary idea of the language. But the plan falls through, the production proving too expensive.

His passion for telling stories has taken a more serious turn. He no longer wastes his talents upon the desert air of the nursery. But his productions are still touched with the empty tinklings of a dead chivalry. He writes a novel, "Robert d'Artois," which he illustrates. But this comes to nothing. An occasional short story achieves local publication. "Babazzouin," "Son of a Sheik," "Le Jongleur de Taillebois"—one has only to scan the titles to realize that they are lead-soldier romances with a little more restraint and authenticity.

In 1892 the publication of a long poem,

"Yvernelle," with illustrations by the author, is achieved. Then, quite suddenly, there comes a right-about-face, as so often happens in the intensive twenties. Zola is discovered. There is scarcely a spare moment when our young author is not thumbing over a yellow-backed Zola novel in the original French. Smash goes romance and chivalry and all the sword-and-spear melodrama. The pendulum swings in the other direction. True, Richard Harding Davis leavens the lump of depressing realism. And Kipling comes along to clothe romance in khaki instead of doublet and hose. Our aspiring author even reads William Dean Howells with admiration, but it is Zola who has him artistically by the throat.

About this time a brutal murder is committed in San Francisco. A wretched charwoman in the Spring Valley grammar-school is done to death while at her janitor work. Good material for a realistic novel in the Zola manner. The school is on Broadway just off Polk street. Nothing could be better! Frank Norris knows the Polk street background, objectively at least. Was it not here that he went marketing with his mother during those first weeks when he was a strange lad in a strange city? And does he not, even now, go bumping along its length in absurd cable cars to fortnightly cotillions? The idea takes root; the first chapters of his greatest novel, "McTeague," are begun.

Frank Norris completed his four years at the University of California but he did not graduate. Neither did he finish the novel that he had begun. Unhappily, the English Department had not the discernment to see the tremendous force that was in ferment under its very eyes. Whatever enthusiasm Frank Norris had at this time for his self-appointed task came from his own inward glow and not from any academic encouragement. At Harvard, where he went for a year, he found a decided contrast. Professor Lewis E. Gates, giving a course, English 22, at once discovered the new pupil's talent. It was at Harvard that "Vandover and the Brute" was written.

Leaving Harvard, he decided to take a journey through Africa, beginning at Capetown and ending at Cairo. Primarily his idea was to write a series of articles for a newspaper syndicate; but it seems reasonable to presume that there was lurking in his breast the hope of adventure. It came sooner than he fancied and it sowed the seeds that were to end in his death seven years later.

On his arrival in Johannesburg he found the Jamieson raid in progress. Here was war, chivalry, hazard—all the fictitious rumble and clatter and knight-errantry of the Brussels-carpet campaigns made flesh. The youthful heart that had quickened to the roll of drums, the clatter of cavalry in San Francisco again beat high. He joined the British forces, was assigned a rifle, ammunition—a horse! But his hopes for prolonged gallantry died still-born. While dining with John Hays Hammond on Christmas day he was arrested by the Boer government and given thirty days to leave the country. Almost at once he was stricken with African fever. For weeks his life hung in the balance, and it was not until the Spring of 1896 that he grew strong enough to return to San Francisco.

During the Spanish-American war, when he was in Cuba reporting the Santiago campaign, the fever came on again, and again he nearly succumbed. This persistent and treacherous disease was one of the contributing causes to his death in 1902, when he was stricken with appendicitis. Dead at the age of thirty-two with a literary future second to none in America, it seemed, indeed, that Fate had singled him out almost from the beginning to be a moth singed at the flame of chivalry. We have seen that his boyhood was passionate with a desire for the pomp and circumstance of knightly deeds, that his youth and his first art-expressions were colored with medievalism. In his first moments of complete freedom we find him rushing to enroll under the banner of gallantry with all the

ardor of a knight from the pages of Froissart or Sir Walter Scott, only to be reminded of the stern realities. It was as if two forces strove for mastery in his art as in his life: romance and realism.

Even in such a grim book as "McTeague" romance smoulders like an angry flame. It gains the ascendancy in "Moran of the Lady Letty"; it fights for place in "The Octopus." His great ambition was to write a trilogy of the Civil War with the battle of Gettysburg as the focal point. A passion for the military scene was always burning beneath the surface. With his capacity for detail, his ability to treat life objectively, his undercurrent of romantic feeling, this trilogy of the Civil War should have been one of the finest novels of any day and generation. For it would doubtless have been written when he had thrown off the yoke of outside literary influences and stood upon the firm foundations of his own romantic approach to life tempered by what Havelock Ellis calls the "proper note of pessimism."

VII

It has been said that a creative artist moves in a circle and his first legitimate success is as great as his last. This may or may not be true of creative artists in general but it was true of Frank Norris. "McTeague" remains his greatest achievement.

There has been no word in the field of literary criticism that has been so misused as the word realism; a misuse nowhere better illustrated than in its application to the work of Frank Norris. Even the tremendous influence of Zola could not make a realist of him. "McTeague," for all its authentic detail, is no more real than "Moran of the Lady Letty." There are two kinds of novelists—creative and journalistic. Realism is as far removed from the one as from the other. The nearest approach to realism in literature comes from autobiographical touches that creep into it. And even pure autobiography is full of suppressions and exaggerations.

The autobiographical touches in "McTeague" are merely concerned with surfaces. Frank Norris knew Polk street from without, not from within. It was a street where he changed cars on his way home from a football game or the theatre; it was a street where he bought ice-cream sodas for the débutantes he took to fortnightly cotillions; it was a street where he purchased lead soldiers for his younger brothers. It was to him a thoroughfare of oyster grottos, florist shops, drug-stores, of petty shop-keepers wearing the smiling mask of their calling. It is incredible to suppose that Frank Norris ever actually saw the curtain lifted upon the seething undercurrents of its life.

But to the creative artist this is not necessary. The creative artist can take a huge gold tooth swinging from the second story of a Polk street window, rub upon its gilded surface and conjure up more marvels than Aladdin himself, performing the same office upon a wonderful lamp. The creative artist can take the raw incident of a charwoman murdered in a public school and weave back to a set of circumstances nearer the truth than actual facts. The Polk street of "McTeague" was not the real Polk street; it was something infinitely more profound—the Polk street of Frank Norris. It was his interpretation, his creation. And, in the end, it became what he had made it. Nature again imitated art.

The same thing may be said of "The Octopus." If one read "McTeague" with the idea that it would give clues to the personality of its author one would create a product of the half-slums, sordid, mean, hateful. "The Octopus," on the other hand, gives the impression of having been written by a man raised in gigantic pastoral backgrounds. One can see him following the harvester from childhood, growing up in an atmosphere of seed-time and harvests and foreclosed mortgages. The only preparation that Frank Norris ever had for this colossal story was three weeks spent upon the famous Miller and Lux ranch in lower San Joaquin county.

The same facile mind that had made it possible for him to learn the rôle of Jocasta in "Œdipus Rex," in the face of an indifferent knowledge of Greek, gave him the ability to grasp all the essentials of the theme of "The Octopus" by saturating himself in the proper environment for less than a month. Again, one might conceivably imagine that the author of "The Pit" had been to the stock-market born, that his whole life had been spent surrounded by the empty melodrama of the wheat pit. There are some who profess to see in this story a weakening of his powers. But it would seem that its superficiality lies in its theme rather than in the author's method. Even so great an artist as Frank Norris could not grow figs upon thistles.

In only two of Frank Norris' novels can there be said to be any definite autobiographical material. "Blix," it is well known, is the story of his wooing. It gives an excellent picture of San Francisco in the late nineties, but more than this we catch glimpses of Frank Norris, the young writer, struggling toward fame, in the character of Condy Rivers. "Vandover and the Brute" is concerned with a slightly earlier period. The group of young men who comprise its leading characters are graduates fresh from college. It is an era of terrapin, champagne, fast women. Vandover's studio is typical of the period—filled with Japanese screens, bamboo teatables, red-shaded piano lamps and chafing dishes. Dances are still given in private homes, on floors covered with canvas. Odors of sachet fill the air, and petticoats rustle. It is the background of such leisure and fashion as San Francisco boasted in the early nineties.

"Vandover and the Brute" and "Blix" taken together might well afford a picture of Frank Norris' environment for the ten years following his return from Paris. The terrible scene at the end of "Vandover and the Brute," where Vandover cleans out the filth left by departing tenants, must have been one witnessed by the author himself in the days when his father was the builder and landlord of cheap dwellings. The details have the stamp of a terrible veracity. To have imagined the foul litter left under the sink would be almost inconceivable: the pan of congealed gravy, the broken rat-trap, the comb choked with hair, the old stockings, the rubber hose.

The story, in spite of its attempted ruthlessness, betrays the inherent conservatism of the youth writing it. For the moment we see him in the grip of a detached Continental manner which would call a spade something more than that. It is a manner that is not constrained to hold its nose at any stench. But Frank Norris holds his nose unconsciously. He is shocked by the performance of his protagonist. He still thinks that mistresses and strumpets are fallen women, and it is thus he designates them, again and again. More than once in its pages his detachment deserts him. The book ends on a moral note, it aims to teach a lesson. The wages of sin is death. It is the Puritan Doggetts speaking.

One has a feeling that he was deliberately holding himself in check, disciplining his clamorous imagination in this story. It was as if he had received a summons to desert all other literary gods and follow the God of Realism to new and austere communions. The result is less real than anything he has written. Sincerity in art is nothing more than expressing oneself. And "Vandover and the Brute" smacks more of literary penance than the singing road of creative pilgrimage.

At heart Frank Norris was a romanticist. His realism was pure discipline, proper, salutary, effective. Because of it he helped to rescue the California scene from the languishing sentimentalities of Bret Harte. More than this, he was an outstanding example of a literary combination for the moment in disrepute: Frank Norris was both a story-teller and a novelist, something that in these days of bastard sophistication is continually under critical surveillance and suspicion.

JUNGLE JUSTICE

BY JIM TULLY

All classes of wanderers were assembled in the jungle where Willow creek joins the Mississippi river.

Yeggs mingled freely with more common vagrants. Surrounded by their lesser satellites, they drank and made ribald laughter.

Even with liquor roaring in their ears, the spotters for the yeggs were still furtive-eyed and cautious. Spotters are the gentlemen whose sad destiny it is to locate country post-offices in which money may be stored in iron boxes. Always they travel ahead of the box men, or yeggs. They are the cautious advance-guard of theft. They are known in their own circle as movers (thieves on the move).

It was a festive occasion. Food was abundant. Liquor flowed freely. The social lines of hobo life had been let down. Even jungle buzzards were treated as equals. These men, who were too far down in the scale to beg or steal, and who ate the crumbs from more ambitious hoboes' tables, were now drink-warmed and well-fed. The word had gone out, "thumbs down for One-Lung Riley."

An ex-vagabond and criminal who had turned railroad detective, he had made a name for courage and straight shooting throughout the hobo world.

Several traps had been laid for him. He had shot his way to victory each time. An insanely brave fellow, he had learned, as a lad, the ways of the wandering brigades.

It was Pinkerton who said that if a man committed a crime and went on the road, finding him was like finding a needle in a haystack.

One-Lung Riley knew too much.

Defeated vengeance was now to take the form of that ironic pastime of Vagabondia, in which all methods of legal procedure are reversed—the Kangaroo Court. Practiced by unlettered wanderers, it proves that irony is the last gift which society can take from men whom it despises.

Many railroad detectives have been killed in America. It is seldom conclusively proven who killed them. Death always meets them in the night. It generally finds them in an isolated place.

The jungle at Willow creek was one of the best known in America. Three miles of winding paths through a maze of undergrowth had to be traversed to reach it.

For years it had been undiscovered by those disturbers of hobo peace—the railroad detectives. It had first been used as a storage place for rustlers, who boarded trains at a convenient point nearby. Before the freight had traveled many miles through the night, valuable goods and the rustlers had departed from it.

So adroit were these men that all the local police, or town clowns, along the line were baffled.

The river at this point was more than a mile wide. It rolled with yellow desolation toward the Gulf of Mexico, ominous, silent, treacherous, beguiling.

Over it swept hot southern winds and purple storms. Above it were heavy fogs and heavier clouds. The rain would roar across it in silver cycles, churning the yellow waves into white foam.

Dotted with beeches and sycamores was the neighboring State on the other shore. Strewn above with stars on clear Summer

nights, it was indeed a beautiful far vista for a hoboes' jungle.

Surrounding the jungle were scores of centuries-old live oak trees. Festooned with long streamers of Spanish moss, they resembled, on misty moonlit nights, the webs of mighty spiders.

The majestic river which drains ten States and parts of more than twenty others, beside two Canadian provinces—an area of land greater than ten large European countries—was at this point used by the hoboes to wash their frayed clothing.

The river was more beautiful at twilight. The surging water then took on the appearance of poured silver.

When the twilight deepened, the far beeches and sycamores became blended with the softening landscape. Fireflies made magical the gathering dusk.

In the night air was the scent of crushed, damp willow trees, and clover meadows wet with rain.

An old house-boat was moored to some dead poplar trees at the edge of the jungle. The ropes which held the boat were worn thin from the ceaseless flow of yellow water.

A smaller jungle near the town was used to deceive the officers of the law and railroad detectives. Those vagabonds who merely stopped over in the town for a short period were content to linger at this jungle. After a hasty meal and gossip of the road, they boarded the next freight train—wandering ragamuffins in a mysterious and brutal world.

For the hobo world is such that little is learned unless one wanders far and long. Jungles are known from coast to coast. A straggler from Dakota who meets one of the ragged, wandering fraternity on the streets of a Vermont village will give him an accurate description of a railroad detective in Sacramento. And thus the word is passed on in a world that has no newspapers and no telephones. Happenings live in the sordid minds of its citizens, or not at all. And only those which reach high drama have a chance to live until the Winter snows are gone.

If a railroad detective is murdered in Butte, Montana, the news is often known in New York within a week. Like birds which carry vermin, hoboes are ever on the move.

But no hobo admits that he has ever been a witness to a crime. Always has he met another vagabond who saw another vagabond who saw the deed committed. Hoboes are seldom naïve enough to trust their fellows.

II

They brought him into the jungle at midnight.

He snarled vengeance upon all around him. He was tall, dark, hollow-cheeked, stoop-shouldered. His eyebrows and mustache were red. His hair was dark. His derby hat sat well down on his ears. His overcoat reached to his knees and was buttoned to the throat.

The ringleader of the mob of vagrants was Nitro Dugan, the yegg. The railroad detective stood before him.

"Take off his bennie," commanded Nitro Dugan. The overcoat was ripped from the detective's shoulders. It was thrown on the ground.

"I suppose you know why you're here?" asked Nitro Dugan, looking up at the stars with unconcern.

At least two hundred vagrants stood in a circle about the two men.

There was no sound save the steady lapping of Mississippi waves against the shore.

"No—and I don't give a damn," was the detective's answer.

Two yeggs held his arms.

"You're a tough guy, eh—you've killed eight stiffs—and only one man among 'em who could shoot straight enough to hit the side of a barn!"

The detective leaned forward, his jaw protruding.

"You're a liar!"

Dugan's hand struck the man's face. It

sounded like the clapping of boards together.

The man lurched forward. The yeggs gripped his arms tighter.

"Save all your strength, brother—you'll need it to push the clouds up yonder—the purple and the blue and the green ones, brother." He looked up at the stars again, and then grimly at the detective. "For you're goin' to die."

"What do you mean—*die?*"

"Nothing," returned Nitro Dugan, "just *die.*" He laughed in the man's face. "It's very simple. Everybody dies—even railroad bulls—an' the poor half-nutty bums you shot in the back—for beatin' freight trains."

"I'll see you all in jail for this! You'll pound rock for three years!" The detective was grim, defiant.

"Well, you'll never be around to see us do it—you'll be guidin' other railroad bulls to Hell." Nitro Dugan's voice was iced with menace. "Can't you get next to yourself, brother, an' say your prayers? You're never goin' back home again. It's tough luck for the little wife—she'll wait breakfast for you till it's cold. You'll be a hero—dyin' in the line o' duty. The railroad'll run right along—the same old freights'll bump over the same old rails—an' all the Casey Joneses'll blow their whistles—toot toot!—straight through—an' you won't hear them never agin!" Dugan stepped closer. "We're damn good an' tired o' hearin' about you—for you're just too tough for any good reason—so that's why we're here an' you're here."

A side-wheel steamer went down the river. Its lights cut the water on each side like long, phosphorescent knives. The echo of wheel and churning water could be heard.

"We're goin' to give you a fair trial, Riley—as fair as any of us would get before any damn judge in the country. The verdict is in—but we'll go through the motions."

He turned to the assembled vagabonds.

"It's the people of the State of Poverty against One-Lung Riley. He is charged with murder—of shooting men in the back. He is further charged with being a stool-pigeon—of having been a mover who turned dick."

Dugan turned to 'Frisco Eddie, a shambling, apologetic spotter, who had long been known as the best paper pusher in the West. His racket had been to steal post-office money-order blanks and stamps, and then make his own money-orders. Liquor and other vicissitudes of easy money had at last told on his nerves. He was now nearing sixty, with hands and body that trembled like leaves falling in the river.

'Frisco Eddie had never been in prison. He was one of those men who glide through life. A dipsomaniac and a dope fiend, he leaned heavily on Nitro Dugan, who had no vices save a love of life and women.

"Eddie," said Dugan, "you take charge of One-Lung's case and persecute him. You must remember as a thief with a legal diploma that if he were not guilty he would not stand here before us."

Dugan turned to Cheyenne Shorty, an ex-sheepherder, now half-insane from long association with sheep. Shorty was a harmless vagabond if sober. He was never sober. Often, at dusk, he would crawl on his hands and knees and bleat at the sky like a sheep.

"Shorty, you defend One-Lung. You're about the type of lawyer a tramp would get in another court."

"Thank you," smiled Cheyenne.

"We will now open the court with prayer. 'Frisco Eddie, lead off. Bow your crummy heads, brothers."

III

Frisco Eddie's cracked voice began:

"O Lord, Our Heavenly Father of the first well-known hobo, Jesus, look down upon us who are about to commend an immortal soul to Thy great care! Thou great befriender of working girls, Who showest them the way to spend their six dollars a week wisely, and to resist temptations of

the flesh, we ask Thee for divine guidance for what we are about to do.

"If we unduly throw this soul in Your face, Lord, it is because we do not know what in the Hell to do with it. We realize, dear Lord of us all, Your position in this most trying moment. Neither would we, as humble vagrants along the eternal shore, be guilty of sending one to You whom You could not easily make use of. A stool-pigeon of the first order, Lord, he would keep holy the dark places of Heaven, and bring before Your divine officers the indiscretions of Your most beautiful angels. For beauty has ever been tempted, dear Lord, on earth as it is in Heaven.

"Lucifer the proud, in all his glory will not be arrayed in more of Thine eternal salvation than One-Lung. It is true that there may be those who go to Thy everlasting arms of resting need no mourners here below. Rather they should be joyful and sing hosannas in Thy great name.

"A brand snatched from the burning, Lord—a poor soul in Thy blessed image made weary from shooting his own kind. You have ever been on the side of the down-trodden, Lord. You make the spuds to grow near the jungle and the chicken to wander free from care into our willing hands. You help us in the gathering of food for our slumgullions. You allow us to wander on the open road and give us the blessed benediction of Heaven.

"For is it not true, dear Lord,

> That beggars who walk
> And Queens who ride
> To the Valley of Skulls,
> Sleep side by side?

"It is a beautiful night, Lord, upon which to die. The stars and the moon and the beautiful river shall sing his threnody. And Lord, if one of us should be shuffled off the gallows to dance with broken arches before Thy throne, it would not be amid such beauty. Rather would the knot be tied behind our left ears, Lord, and as we fell through the trap, dear Lord, the knot would jerk our heads forward and break our immortal necks, dear Lord. We would hang like a cracked scarecrow, All-merciful Lord, while a doctor listened to our hearts pounding their way on the road to Your blessed arms, dear Lord.

"But, Blessed Lord, we are not as those men who do such deeds. We profess no creed, dear Lord. We are but humble servants in Thy name. Ours is a gentler method, Lord. It comes suddenly, Lord. The soul of the departed flies suddenly before You from a hole which a bullet makes. It is more lenient, Lord. There is dignity in death by a bullet. . . ."

"Shut up!" snapped Dugan. "Do you think you're the only one He's got to listen to?"

'Frisco Eddie resumed: "For they who taketh up the Smith and Wesson must die by a Colt, for so it is written, ever and anon, before dinner and after, from now on, Amen."

Weak, bearded, and grimy chins were lifted. Bodies moved. Feet scraped over the hard ground. A drunken derelict yelled,

> Amen—Hobo Ben
> Chased a pig an' caught a hen!

"Choke that crummy noose-dodger, someone," commanded Nitro Dugan.

A scuffle followed. A body fell.

'Frisco Eddie chanted dolefully,

> It matters not, so I've been told,
> Where the body lies when the heart is cold.

"Come on, let's start the trial," cut in Dugan. He smiled urbanely at the detective and asked, "What have you to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"Sentence? Good God, you're a gang of yeggs! Who the Hell are you to try an officer of the Law? You can't do it. Even if you were honest men. I haven't been tried yet."

"Your disrespectful dishonor to your God, your country and your wife—I object to the prisoner's vile language. It is only fit to be used in a group of government or private detectives. He takes the name of

Almighty God in vain—for it'll do him no good here. . . ."

'Frisco Eddie raised a trembling right hand. There was laughter.

"Keep your traps shut, everybody in the court-room," said Dugan. He looked about him. "We can't open court without a picture of George Washington and a flag that needs washing, and besides—there's not a Bible here. Bring us a book, somebody."

A vagrant stepped forward with a dime-novel.

"Stand there and hold it." Turning to the assemblage, "Swear to commit perjury on that book. One book's as good as another to all dishonest men. Now, prisoner, what was your past remark?"

The detective answered with a sneer, "I said I hadn't been tried yet."

"Oh well, that's a small matter. That's what the thieves of the law call Jewish prudence. We'll pass sentence on you and then try you—all the leading newspapers do that now."

Levity deserted Dugan's voice. Clouds slid over the moon. A musty, river-laden breeze swept across the jungle.

"You are to be shot through the heart, Riley—at an unexpected moment."

Bleared faces became serious. Dugan resumed: "The court is in session—call the witnesses for the persecution."

IV

"Your honor," 'Frisco Eddie began blandly, addressing Nitro Dugan, "as this is a matter of life and death, we must make haste. As you have placed upon my tired legal shoulders the responsibility of this man's future, and as the witnesses are so numerous against him, I have decided to call but two men in order that Justice may not be blinded by too many facts."

He cleared his withered and bony throat. "I will first call Ypsilanti Slim. When you have heard enough of his testimony I will then call my next witness. Ypsilanti Slim, step forward."

No more terrible specimen than Ypsilanti Slim walked under the moon that night. He resembled an ogre that had been torn full grown and insane from the womb of time. Nurtured in violence, his eyes were hyena-like. A leering slacker in the eternal economic masquerade, he required only the make-up that God and his mother had given him. Even vagabonds, long schooled in horror, looked at him intently.

His complexion was yellow and green. His eyes were crossed. One was smaller than the other. He was short and pot-bellied. His legs curved in at the knees, and were wrapped about with pieces of filthy rag carpet. His feet were large and flat. He was coatless. His black satine shirt was streaked white from the dried perspiration of many weeks. His trousers were held with three old pieces of suspender tied about the waist. His body was sunk in the middle as though it were too much effort to hold it erect.

His nose was long, bulbous, purple and pimply red. His lower lip hung loose, swollen, cracked.

One-Lung Riley stood like a dazed spectator, not believing his eyes.

"Your honor," smiled 'Frisco Eddie, "this is Ypsilanti Slim. His moniker may not sound right, but he'd be Slim if he stood up straight."

Dugan, now murder bent, paid no attention.

"Do you know One-Lung Riley?" he asked the life-twisted witness.

"I do," returned Ypsilanti Slim, his eyes looking in several directions. "I first went on the road wit' him. We kicked in a car in Cheyenne, and Jeff Carr, the big dick there, got us. One-Lung here squealed, an' I got the works for two years—poundin' rocks wit' a sledge."

The witness glowered at the detective, who returned his glance with scorn.

Ypsilanti Slim continued. "When he turned rat on me I makes up my mind I'd git even—but I don't need to do that—his record here's enough. Hain't he been promoted till he's the Chief Bull on a thou-

sand miles o' track? Didden' they find the Duke o' York wit' a bullet in his dome? It was in all the papers—I got some pieces here." He pulled three oilcloth-wrapped yellow pieces of newspaper from his hip pocket and read, " 'Brave officer o' the Law,' it says here, 'routs three desprit criminals—kills one.' "

The expression on Nitro Dugan's face did not change. The English bandit whose moniker was the Duke o' York had been a loyal friend in his bullet-ridden life.

"Call the next witness," said Nitro Dugan. 'Frisco Eddie called a youth of less than twenty.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, sir, I seen him. One-Lung Riley, the Dick."

"What's your charge against him?"

"He shot my buddy in the back. I drug him outta the yards till I got him to the hospital. The doctors slipped him the Black Bottle—and he died."

A deep lull, then quick movement followed the words. The dread of hobo life, the Black Bottle, had been mentioned. The firm belief that destitute men are given poison from a Black Bottle to rid earth of their presence.

"How do you know it was the Black Bottle?" asked Dugan.

"Because there was stains on his cheeks . . . they run down the corners of his mouth—that's how."

Every face turned toward One-Lung Riley.

He stood defiant, seeming much taller under the downward rolling moon.

"It's a damn lie. The kid shot at me and I shot back."

"Shut up!" commanded Dugan.

"I didn't know they slipped 'em the Black Bottle up this way," said a voice from the gathering.

The trial was halted a moment.

Cheyenne Shorty replied, "Sure they do—it's always at midnight—you're poundin' your ear restin' easy-like wit' your mouth open—then they come in soft—pet you a little an' fix the covers—an' slip you the Bottle. Just a touch of it is all you need. It burns your heart right out."

The jungle became alert. One-Lung Riley watched with apprehension. There followed the hum of many voices.

'Frisco Eddie, trembling more than usual, addressed the young hobo, who also trembled.

"Where was your buddy from?"

"Up in Alaska somewheres. I met him in Seattle a year ago. We was pals ever since. He'd give you his shirt—'fore they slipped him the Black Bottle."

Nitro Dugan looked sternly at One-Lung Riley. He read the startled expression, and then asked the youth with deadly wisdom: "Did he have any folks?"

Dugan waited for the effect of the words on the crowd.

"Yes sir, his mother, but I won't tell her. She won't wait for him if she knows he's dead. For he says to me, he says, one time when we were beatin' it down in Florida—you know it's tough down there—well, he says, 'If I ever git bumped off don't you tell no one anything about me' . . . an' I promised I wouldn't."

"That's enough," said Dugan, glancing at a few clouds. "It looks like rain."

V

There was a hurried consultation. Nitro Dugan, 'Frisco Eddie, Cheyenne Shorty were surrounded. Nearly all moved to the rear of One-Lung Riley.

The terrible gathering pressed more closely towards the doomed detective. His eyes roved over the few hard, moon-clouded faces in front of him. There could be heard the ripple of water and the rattling of leaves in the wind.

And then, for the first time, a look of terror came into his eyes. It was as if he saw ghouls opening the gates of eternity.

"Holy God in Heaven, men—you wouldn't do this!"

"The Hell we wouldn't," flared back Nitro Dugan. "You're just crazy if you think we wouldn't."

"Yes, indeed, One-Lung," chimed in 'Frisco Eddie, rubbing thin and bloodless hands; "he who lives by murder must die by murder. We didn't make the law—that is eternal—we merely enforce it."

Deeply apologetic, he stood before the man who was to die. Again his cracked voice chanted—

> It matters not, so I've been told,
> Where the body lies when the heart is cold.

Nitro Dugan turned sternly.

"Shut up with that God-damned song! Is that all you know? . . . What the Hell's that got to do with this?"

He turned to One-Lung Riley, who stood with pride abandoned. His lower lip hung loosely. His teeth chattered twice. "Be game, Riley—be game—you're Irish, you know—just like me. There's nothing crueler than an Irish cop—so take it standing up and consider yourself damn lucky you don't get worse. For two cents I'd have you stood up against a tree and have this gang bang the buttons off your vest with bullets. What about the kid whose fingers you smashed when he tried to get on a freight? You came down the ladder and smashed 'em—he had to have 'em cut off. But to Hell with all that! You plinged the Duke of York—can't you hear him laughin' up in the trees? You got him by accident—he was probably full of hop. And you want to watch . . . he'll knock the Hell out of your soul before it reaches God—it's a million miles up there, you know."

The detective's mouth opened as if to plead.

"Tell it to God," snarled Nitro Dugan.

The detective's face was a mask of agony. He tried to hold his hands together. The yeggs held him tighter. Two jungle buzzards approached Dugan.

"It's all ready."

"We won't need it—buryin's too good for him—let him feed the carp in the river."

"Please—please . . . my wife!"

'Frisco Eddie buried a trembling chin on his breast. He closed wet eyes.

Dugan nudged him in the ribs. "Come out of it, you fool—he wouldn't cry for *you!*"

"I wasn't crying—for Christ's sake!"

Gael looked at Gael.

"Goodbye, Riley," from Nitro Dugan. Then to the brigands in the rear, "Hey, fellows." Those in front stepped aside.

There was a spurt of blue flame.

The detective's eyes opened wide. His chin fell. He plunged forward, swimmer-like, and lay still.

"Bring on a log here, you fellows—quick!"

A group of vagabonds hurried forward with a log. Knives flashed. The body was stripped, mutilated.

The deadly Dugan looked downward with leering face.

"Bury the clothes," to the buzzards.

The pockets were turned inside out.

The nude body was tied to the log and carried to the river by many vagabonds. Others gathered around them.

Dugan led the way.

"Now all together."

Caught by the current, the log turned three times, the body underneath.

The moon now slanted its rays across the mighty yellow river.

The vagabonds watched, silent, as if a ship were gliding out of the harbor.

"Now, don't bunch up in the yards! Scatter to get your trains," commanded Dugan, as he left with 'Frisco Eddie.

The many paths along the river were soon dark with gliding outcasts and brigands.

In a short time the jungle was silent.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

PUBLIC announcement by the Rev. J. J. Justice, D.D., pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Phenix City:

> Subject at the Central Baptist Church next Sunday will be "God Sick and Vomiting." He will be at church Sunday and He would have me tell you about it so you might visit Him if you care to do so. "He goeth into Galilee." People are worshipping another God. His name is Lindbergh. God is jealous. He will break the silence and floods of sorrow worse than the plagues of Egypt will sober the sons of men. Let every one unite in giving Him the welcome He so richly deserves.

ECCLESIASTICAL notice circulated in the faubourgs of Tuskegee:

> *NOTICE*
>
> SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
>
> *A Great Jubilee at Pickett' s Chapel*
> *A. M. E. Zion Church*
>
> On the Carter Hill Road, 3½ Miles from Holt's Crossing Tables $1.00
>
> See Managers, Bros. Gracen & Williams
>
> Preaching by the Revs. Davis, Williams, Lee, Ash and others. We are on a Great Educational Rally and want every Preacher to give $1.00. Every member must bring if you pleas, for your year's General Tax, $2.00 if you have'nt paid. We ask every body to please bring 25c to help us. We ask Rev. Joe Ash on Sunday and the Supt. of Macadonia to lead in Sunday-School, and their Choirs
>
> Music all Day Sunday and Sunday Night.
>
> This is the Pastor's farewell Service and want all of my members be there and to every body
>
> "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith and am now ready to be offered up."
>
> *Please, Every Body that will Come,*
> *Come and Help Us*
> *Come praying for a Good time*
>
> Every Member and Friend that have something for your Pastor, even though you have paid him; Money, Peas, Corn, Potatoes, Chickens, Turkeys, Syrup, Meat, Meal, Shirt No. 16½, Collar 16½, Hat or anything, little or much, bring it out Saturday or Sunday or send. Hat No. 7⅛, Shoes No. 10. We will thank you so much.
>
> OFFICERS
>
> Bro. R. Williams, *Sec.*
> Bro. Abe Williams, *S. S. Supt.*
> Bro. B. Gracen, *P. Steward*
> Rev. Wm. W. Drake, *Pastor*

GEORGIA

LIFE in this great State, as disclosed by the celebrated W. B. Townsend, editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget:*

> Dr. N. F. Howard, one of the best men that ever lived in Dahlonega, once told us of an old preacher who used to visit every home in the neighborhood and have prayer. If he thought the occupants of a home were religious and lived up to the laws of God and man, his prayer was mild, soft and mellow. If not he would turn on the power and speak loud and long. One day after learning that two boys, belonging to parents, members of the church, had gotten into a little trouble, he called to have prayer. It was out in the country. Being cold, the door was closed. The boys were present and all the rest of the family. So the old brother set in. He had a strong voice, and used it, getting louder and louder, at the same time striking the table with his fist, making such a noise that the dogs put their feet up on the window sills, looked in and began howling. This in connection with the very high tone, being so unusual at this home that the chickens cackled and the cats left out, causing the neighbors to quickly assemble to learn what it meant. They peeped in at the window, saw and heard the good old preacher trying to get the Lord to forgive the boys for their sinful act. Then putting on their bonnets, stepped off the porch and were gone.

THE REV. GERALD B. WINROD, editor of the *Defender*, speaking before the World' Christian Fundamentals Association, a Atlanta:

> The World War was directly due to the teaching of evolution.

BOOSTER editorial note in the illustriou *Constitution* of the same great town:

> Georgia is all right. Get yourself synchronized to its beauties and possibilities, and the lilt will sound like the angel chorus over the plains of Judea.

OBITER DICTUM of the Rev. Dr. J. Wilkin son, pastor of the First Baptist Church o Athens, as reported by the *Banner-Herald*

> No man or woman is cultured who isn't a Christian, for the essence of culture is Christianity.

ILLINOIS

THE august processes of justice in the town of Morrison:

Earl Fee of Rock Falls today stands acquitted of the charge of killing one chicken. Some months ago Fee's automobile ran over and killed a chicken belonging to Guy Ewers, a farmer living near Morrison. Ewers had Fee arrested. The grand jury indicted Fee for the chicken's slaughter. The jury, after deliberating more than twelve hours, returned a verdict of not guilty.

THE REV. JOHN THOMPSON, pastor of the Chicago Tabernacle, as reported by the Minneapolis *Tribune:*

Jesus Christ is here and He is a Prohibitionist.

LEGISLATIVE news from the great city of Lawrenceville, as transmitted to the nation by the Associated Press:

Members of the City Council plan to introduce a new ordinance at the regular meeting tomorrow night, which, if passed and is constitutional, will forbid housewives from preparing Sunday dinners and physicians from answering sick calls on Sunday.

INDIANA

THE HON. G. L. GUNDER, as reported by the Fort Wayne *Journal-Herald:*

The realtor's job is nothing less than sacred.

MASSACHUSETTS

CULTURAL note from the celebrated Boston *Post:*

Judge Webster Thayer broke down and wept openly as 700 Dartmouth men cheered him for his stand on the recent Sacco-Vanzetti case at the annual banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at the Copley-Plaza Hotel last night. He had been referred to as "the peace-time soldier, fighting for his country."

This incident, one of the judge's first public appearances since the case, brought thunderous applause from the men of Dartmouth, when President Andrew Marshall at the outset of the banquet said that Dartmouth has always been proud of the men who have gone forth from her to fight for their country.

He extolled the men of the Spanish and World wars, and then, pointing to where Judge Thayer was sitting at the speaker's table, said, "They came back weakened from their sacrifices for their country. Here is a peace-time soldier, who during the recent internationally known murder case, fought for his country."

The audience rose and delivered the well-known Dartmouth Wah-Hoo-Wah cheer and then settled down to a full five minutes of thunderous applause. When it finally subsided, Judge Thayer rose from his seat, bowed and then pillowing his face in his arms, openly wept.

This was the chief incident of a most successful annual banquet.

MICHIGAN

SARDONIC want advertisement in the eminent Detroit *Free Press:*

FATHER AND SON WEEK

We furnish clowns, magicians, ventriloquists. Phone Dell, Cherry 1557. —*Adv.*

MISSISSIPPI

CREDO of a 100% American, Southern branch, widely distributed in this great State:

TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. I believe in the Cow.
2. I believe in the South.
3. I believe the South is better adapted to the Cow.
4. I believe the Cow will make the South more prosperous.
5. I believe Cow prosperity will eliminate a lot of crime and poverty.
6. I believe in Milk.
7. I believe Milk is the healthiest of all human foods.
8. I believe the Doctors will all agree with me.
9. I believe the dairy section of Northeastern Mississippi will be the most prosperous section in the South.
10. I believe more Rotarians, Bankers and Business Men should talk more Cow and Bullology.

KENNETH WISHART, *Aberdeen, Miss.*

MISSOURI

UNITED PRESS dispatch from the great city of St. Louis:

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, wants his hide made into a drum, "to annoy the Devil after I'm dead."

"When I die," he told a revival meeting here, "I want my wife to send for a tannet and have me skinned.

"Then I want drums made of my old hide and I want men to go out on the streets of this country pounding those drums.

"I want my wife to tell everyone:

" 'Billy Sunday still lives to give the Devil the best run he can for his money.' "

TESTIMONIAL to the power of prayer, in the *Weekly Unity* of Kansas City:

Dear Believers in Prayer: After the birth of my daughter I suffered for many years, especially when I exerted myself at any kind of housework. I underwent an operation, and my condition was a little improved. One day I helped a friend with a heavy basket of wet clothes, and the old trouble came back, more painful than before. I was completely without funds and could not pay for medical treatment. I knew

nothing of Truth, but my inner promptings told me to pray. I locked myself in my room and prayed as I had never prayed before. I placed my left hand over the afflicted organs and raised my right hand above my head. As I said, "Dear Lord, heal me in Jesus' name," I felt a glow of light around me, and a new warmth filled my whole body. Suddenly I seemed to feel a light touch on my left shoulder. I knew that it was God's hand, and I was healed instantly. That happened three years ago. The pain never returned. I am a new creature in Christ Jesus.—M. O.

NEBRASKA

Music criticism in the York *News-Times:*

"The Messiah" given by the church choirs of York at the U. B. Church deserves some comment, since such great creative music is no amateurish task to perform. The alto solos by Miss Cole and Mrs. W. Pitts were done in a way to please some, although the former soloist brought more calore to her singing. Volumnity on crescendo passages was untouched. The soprano solos sung by Mrs. Graham were more portamento style with difference of opinion in regard to interpretation of the recitate passages. The high tones in correlating with the low tones were rather discerning. The reading of it was good. The tenor soloist was too amateurish, who lacked the warmth and depth of an oratorio.

The other soloist, Charles Amadon, was the outstanding performer of the evening. It was flawless from beginning to end with an appealing touch and the recitate showed much effort although mastered to a finish. The artistry was beyond others in which the sentiment touched every one since it was a memory for all.

The chorus under direction of Miss Conaway performed bravely, though on the first two choruses the attack by the tenors was lacking, yet other voices followed it closely. "Glory to God in the Highest" was performed nobly except for the timidity of the sopranos. The last, "The Hallelujah Chorus," was the best of all, since it was sung with unerring judgment. It was a spontaneous and overwhelming miracle when the chorus sang this last number under the splendid direction of Miss Conaway, who deserves considerable mention for the performance of this oratorio. Yet the accompanists deserve much mention, as their unfailing touch was beyond comparison, also a treat to hear such a performance so well rendered from the new U. B. Church organ.—A. G. S.

The Hon. Harry C. Spillman, speaking before the State Ad-Sell League, as reported by the Omaha *World-Herald:*

Jesus Christ was the greatest Sales Manager of all time.

NEW JERSEY

Message to the yearning by Prof. Marie Rumer, of Box 81, Newton, an eminent expert in affairs of the heart and soul:

THE MESSAGE OF ENFOLDING POWER—WINNING ALWAYS—HOLDING FOREVER

By Marie Rumer

Softly—oh so softly—Slip an image of Yourself into his or her heart and Leave It There! And don't try to serve a Sheriff's Subpœna on the Love you want! Instead, Be a Love-Sun.

You *Can* win the Love you want, If you Enfold it! You can *Hold* Love—of friend, sweetheart, lover, or mate. You can win and hold by Enfolding what you want. Then the Love you desire will Want to play in your sunshine of love forever!

Each one of My means is Basic, which means it's So true that You and Everyone will Know it is true as soon as you read it. Moreover, Each of my means is Newly Revealed, which means that Truth Leaders have Never Before given them to you to help you.

I give you my Four Means: I lead from four wrong paths and put you on four Right Roads to Love; Next, I give you Four Action-Treatments which Always work! All in this one Message!

My First Newly Revealed Means and Right Road: The greatest part of the Process you must use, in winning and Holding the love of another, Always takes place While you are Absent or Away From him or her! It does not take place When you are With the person. This is Most Important; yet, it has Never been emphasized Before by other teachers. If others have sometimes failed to help, it's because they did not teach you to Leave your image in his or her heart. A Winning-Image of yourself Must be permanently Implanted in the mind of the other person. It must be a Live image to work Continuously when he or she is absent from you.

My Second Newly Revealed Means and Right Road: Love is Not won by trying to Attract it! It Is won by Enfolding. Other leaders teach you Attraction! I don't! Attraction Pulls. The other person does Not want to be Pulled! When you try to use attraction, the other person pulls The Other Way! Don't Try to attract Love! Instead, Enfold the Love you want In your love. Then it Is yours.

My Third Newly Revealed Means and Right Road: Love, to win love, must be Toned! Words may be believed, or they May Not be believed. The right tone Must be used!

My Fourth Newly Revealed Means and Right Road: Love, to win love, must be Colored! It Must be Clothed in color. Yes, Color! This Is a God-Law! Birds put on brilliant feathers to win mates. Even fish change color at mating time. Color Is important. Love Must be clothed in color to win!

ACTION TREATMENT I: *SLIP* A PORTRAIT *INTO* HIS OR HER HEART

You are only One in a town of 10,000, or One in a city of 100,000, or One in a metropolis of

1,000,000! So every time you part with him or her—for an hour or a week—you MUST LEAVE a picture in his or her heart—a LIVING IMAGE of yourself. Hence, each time SAY something or do something which he or she can NOT forget—make a VIVID picture of yourself—EVER-LIVING—which WILL REMAIN in his or her heart! Never part—even for an hour—without doing so! This works for you EVERY MINUTE, night and day! Once it's in, it never fails! Sing this to yourself:

A little picture of my love
I've slipped into your heart.
You'll see it in the dark of night,
You'll see it in the morning light!
'Twill always MAKE you think of ME—
When here or there, or far apart—
For 'tis GOD'S PICTURE of my love
I've slipped INTO your HEART!

ACTION TREATMENT II: *DO* PUT YOUR TONE *INTO* YOUR HEART

If a young man should SHOUT, "I love you, I love you"—TEN THOUSAND TIMES in a HIGH NASAL voice—at the top of his voice—would the maid believe in his love? No, she'd think him CRAZY or a CAD! Tone Is all IMPORTANT. Love to win Love MUST be expressed in LOVE-TONES! Don't oo-oo, or ee-ee! They NEVER HOLD!

USE the LOVE-Tone which PERMANENTLY holds—low, evenly—pitched and rich. DISCOVER it thus: Place hands under arm-pits, breathe on a LEVEL with your HEART—and talk lovingly. LISTEN to that Heart Tone. PRACTISE it; and USE it ALL THE TIME when WITH the other person.

ACTION TREATMENT III: *DON'T PARADE A SKELETON: CLOTHE* LOVE IN *COLOR!*

People are either (1) emotively giving, or (2) dominatingly demanding. For each KIND, use the RIGHT color. ENFOLD the dominating type with SOFTENED REDS—pink shading into rose or coral, or touches of scarlet or crimson. ENFOLD the EMOTIVE type with soft YELLOWS—pale canary tints, or soft orange-yellows or gold. If he or she is a mental type, use SOFT BLUES.

Make YOURSELF and your love a SYMBOL of the color fitted to the other's nature. Find out the MUTUAL color most loved by yourself AND the other person; then USE it as YOUR PREDOMINATING color.

ACTION TREATMENT IV: *DON'T* SEND A *SHERIFF!* BUT, *BE* A *LOVE-SUN!*

The sun shines! It BATHES the earth in sunshine. Fields become green, trees leave out, flowers bloom, life is joyous—and you WANT to live IN the sunshine. No one needs TO PULL you into it!

But, if everything turned BLACK forever—No sunlight—why, No affirmation on earth could attract you to love such darkness. So also, all the affirmations ever used can NOT attract the love of another, UNLESS you're a LOVE-SUN, and SHINE LOVE!

BE a SUN! SHINE your love OUTWARD! DON'T try to hold, or draw, or attract, or pull. JUST SHINE! Every hour, shine out love—ALL AROUND the person. ENFOLD the love you want WITH YOUR SUNSHINE of love! Shine until you PERMEATE the love of the other.

DON'T try to hold or pull or attract; IF you do, there WILL be a reaction! Just shine, shine, shine—enfolding and permeating—and THEN the other person will WANT to live IN your love—will WANT to play in your world of sunshine FOREVER!

NEW YORK

THE HON. JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR, A.B. (Yale), critic of beautiful letters, in *McCall's:*

> Any study of Zane Grey becomes a study of the American spirit. He is motivated by the same forces that produced Herman Melville, James Fenimore Cooper, Henry Thoreau and Walt Whitman. He may well be called the twentieth century Cooper, and in a book like "The Thundering Herd" there is as much romance and far better writing than in "The Last of the Mohicans." If the American Spirit is as simple, as rigorous, as filled with honest sentiment and vigorous love of action as the man, we can be proud of the American Spirit and of Zane Grey as a national figure.

COMPLETE report of the death of Thomas Hardy in the eminent *Film Daily:*

> Dorchester, England—Thomas Hardy, who wrote "Tess of the D'Ubervilles" which M-G-M filmed, died here yesterday.

THE REV. DR. O. F. BARTHOLOMEW, speaking before the Albany Ministerial Association, as reported by the Schenectady *Union-Star:*

> The Volstead law is the greatest social and moral reform since Calvary.

DIVERSIONS of a learned jurist in this great State, as disclosed by a Poughkeepsie dispatch:

> Supreme Court Justice Morschauser during trial of a civil action of court here today took unjudicial notice of a chewing gum race between a man and a woman, witnesses in a Beacon law suit. Quietly enlisting the aid of two attorneys engaged in the case, he had them time the jaw strokes of the unwitting contestants, and found that while the woman showed an average for three minutes of 69 strokes a minute with a maximum of 72, the man maintained a steady pace of 84, with a peak speed of 110.

OHIO

THE Higher Learning makes progress at the State university:

> Courses in charm are to be added to the cur-

riculum offered Ohio University co-eds. The charm school, by lectures and demonstrations, will bring to women students information concerning the development of these charms: table charm, conversational charm, physical charm, charm in dress, everyday charm and social charm.

LYRIC sung at the grand get-togethers of the Dayton Rotarians:

SOUP! FISH! MEAT! *and* PIE!

(*Tune*, "*Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here*")

SOUP! SOUP! We all want SOUP!
Tip your bowl and drain it
Let your whiskers strain it
HARK! HARK! The funny noise
Listen to the gurgling boys.

FISH! FISH! We must have FISH!
We don't want it BON-Y
Nor a little PHON-Y
FRESH FISH! We won't eat STALE
Any kind of fish but whale.

MEAT! MEAT! Bring on the MEAT!
Fresh and juicy Cow MEAT!
HAM and PICKLED PIGS-FEET!
LAMB CHOPS and PORK CHOPS, too
Any kind of meat will do.

PIE! PIE! We want our PIE!
COCOANUT and CHERRY
PEACH and HUCKLEBERRY
MINCE PIE is MIGHTY Fine
That's the way RO-TAR-IANS dine.

OKLAHOMA

JUDICIAL news from the rising town of Okmulgee:

Completing a solemn hearing in County Court here Judge Orlando Swain signed an order for the execution of the half of a mule owned by a ward of the court, P. R. Hopkins, for whom the Central Bank is guardian. It was previously agreed by Mrs. V. M. Hopkins, proprietor of the Okmulgee Garbage Company and owner of the remainder of the animal, that her half should die also. The mule, which is in the service of the garbage company, has an infected foot and is beyond all hope of cure.

THE launching of a counter-offensive in Oklahoma City, as recorded by the *Daily Oklahoman:*

CHARTERS GRANTED, DOMESTIC

Kolored Klan of America, Oklahoma City. Roy S. Barger, Ira Barger and Mildred Barger, Oklahoma City. Capital, none.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CONTRIBUTION to a history of industrial progress in the South, from the fair city of Columbia:

Sixty-two long years in cotton mills and yet spry, proud and cheerful at 88—this is the record of Miss Epsie Scott, one of the first women ever to be employed in a textile mill in the South. She lives contentedly here in a little room that is bed-room, kitchen and parlor.

"Pleasures! I have had none," she answered to a question. "I didn't have time in my life for any pleasures. I never even knew about Santa Claus. I hung my stockings up once or twice just for fun, but—shucks, it didn't do no good, so I stopped."

In 1854, when she was a little girl of 10, her father died, leaving her to help support younger brothers and sisters. From that year until 1915 Miss Epsie Scott was a cotton mill worker. When the Northern soldiers burned the Saluda Cotton Mills she went to Georgia, but in later years gradually retraced her way to the mills of South Carolina, working here and there. She worked in one mill so long that "three times the floor wore out under where I stood and they had to put a new floor on."

Not a penny did she save while working. There appeared to be so many nieces and nephews and cousins needing help. So when a few years ago she became too feeble to do anything but sit in her little room there was some talk of sending her to the almshouse. But no almshouse for proud Miss Epsie! Compromise resulted in her being given enough money to live alone.

TENNESSEE

PROOF that the sciences flourish in th great State despite the anti-evolution law

HOW MUCH MORE DO YOU WANT
THAN GOOD HEALTH?

Do you have gas on your stomach?
Do you have bad taste in your mouth when you wake?
Do you feel sluggish and tired and have headache?
Can you digest your grub?
Do you know what worms will do for you?
They have choked grown people to death.
Do your children turn over and grit their teeth in their sleep?
Do you know what it will do for chills, fever, or the flu?
I have cured old people of rheumatism.

Mrs. Mary E. Fuller, 32, of Centreville, Tenn., says: "I am the mother of 7 children. I had high blood pressure and bearing-down pains and my legs ached. It was called rheumatism. My head ached all the time. I took 2 bottles of Gilbert's Worm Oil and feel 100 per cent better."

"My son, Sam Fuller, 13 years old, had chills and fever. He got well taking 3 doses of Gilbert's Worm Oil."—WILL FULLER, *Centreville, Tenn.*

TRY GILBERT'S TASTELESS WORM OIL

Guaranteed Regardless of Age

If you are not satisfied your money will be refunded.

Manufactured by J. L. GILBERT,
Box 204, Sparta, Tenn.

TEXAS

CIRCULAR distributed in the grand old town of Marlin by a merchant touched with the Rotary spirit:

Who's the boss of the house? The Woman.

She's the one pays the debts, she's the one I got confidence in. She can lose all the money, but she mustn't lose her name. Mr. Bykowsky says a good name is more valuable than gold, because you got a good name, you got good credit. She can buy silks and satins from Mr. Bykowsky with a good name.

Who is the best salesman in Marlin?

Who's the best man to trade with? Who comes to your house and brings you the goods, and sells you on credit, and won't tell you a lie? ABE BYKOWSKY.

He will sell a woman $50 on credit. You must pay him $10 down and $12 a month, or $3 a week. If you buy $25 goods you must pay $5 down and $2 a week. He don't look for one dollar, but two dollars a week. When you pay up that $50 he will give you a present, a $4 dress. When you pay that $25 he will give you $2 in merchandise. He don't give money.

Remember Mr. Bykowsky is God's chosen people, and you don't dodge him, but must pay him if you go to Heaven.

Abe Bykowsky is No. 1. He is the only one. He is a perfect gentleman. When he comes to your house he can stay all night and not bother anybody. You can trust him all around. He is a straight, honest man. He's all over your friend, but wants you to pay him.

Who got the best name in Marlin all over the world?

MR. BYKOWSKY.

He got a good credit because he pay his debts. Who teach me to have a good name? My father and my mother. They say, "Abe, you want to live right, you want to die right, you want to go to Heaven." Any customer what buys goods from Mr. Bykowsky and pays their honest debts will go to Heaven. Who teach me that? A rabbi from Jerusalem. He told me everybody must pay honest debts. Pay your debts first, pray next.

Remember, merchandise is getting scarce, and higher and higher. Goods is going to be mighty hard to get.

Remember this is a strictly straight contract. When I sell the goods they are sold. I don't take them back. When you go off leave the money with a neighbor, and if I don't come in 3 days don't spend that money; save it till I come. And don't waste this advertisement; I studied hard a whole week to make it, and they are getting mighty high.

Your truly friend, ABE BYKOWSKY, *No. 1, the straight, honest man, the only one.*

EFFECTS of the hymeneal spirit on modern Texas prose, as revealed by the Big Spring *Herald:*

Just as the sun began to light the cliffs with gold and shed its beams upon a sleeping world and bring another golden day—the Lord's Day, Mr. H. L. Dunagan and Miss Una V. Castle, both of Big Spring, were solemnly united in the sacred bonds of matrimony.

Bro. J. D. Boren, minister of the Church of Christ, performed the ceremony, picturing to the couple from the pages of Divine History the beauty and grandeur of companionship, the sacredness of the home and the paramount value and place of the Bible. That it should be a lamp unto their feet and light unto their pathway.

In the garden of delights, with the bliss of new-made elements everywhere unmarred as yet, surrounded by the tree of life, blooming ambrosial fruit of vegetable gold, beautiful flowers that laded the gentle zephyrs with odoriferous incense, that verdant world spangled with the bright colors of roses, in which grew no thorn and thistle, the Devil associated with mother Eve. We know the disastrous results. It was the foul fermination of evil in the gentle side of innocence. It was putrefaction started upon the spotless character and soul of that ineffable creature made of Adam's rib. Thus you see how that both the bride and groom should keep "themselves unspotted from the world."

Following the ceremony, the happy couple left for a trip to San Angelo, Christoval, and other points south, and after a week's visit they will return to make their home here. Their many friends trust their every pulsation shall be one of joy and happiness fanned by the gentle breeze of prosperity and kept by the power of God's word permeating their hearts and lives.

A FRIEND.

THE editor of the celebrated Houston *Post* prepares for the Democratic National Convention by spitting on his hands:

If a citizen is inclined to stand up for his own religion and isn't favorably impressed with the other fellow's, he is a "bigot"; if he thinks the Bible means what it says and refuses to swallow the theory that his forebears were monkeys, he is a "bigot." If he is earnestly opposed to replacing a saloon on every choice corner, he is a "fanatic" or a "bigot." And, of course, if he imagines that his religious convictions should dictate his course at the ballot box, where the kind of government he is to live under is determined, he is an arch "bigot."

VIRGINIA

WANT ad in the *Fauquier Democrat*, published in the great town of Warrenton:

GIRL WANTED.—Companion for wife, must be between twenty-five and thirty, and must be attractive and positively must use the broad "a" when company is present and must be able to do the Charleston. Write John W. Waller, The Plains, Va.

HYMN TO SATAN

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

When the world says "He's as wide-awake as an American" the world pronounces a profound psychological truth. It is a fact, a truth, that menaces the rest of the world. In America the consciousness of Reality and the affirmation of Reality have attained the completest expression so far known in the psychic history of the race. Among no other people is the apparatus of deed and dream more nearly perfected. Idea and act are inseparable. To an American thought and will are the same thing. He is not speculative. His philosopher is Aristotle. His God is the utilitarian God who said, "Let there be light, and there was light." His anti-types are Hamlet and Don Quixote. There is no Old World brooding, introspection or sleep-mist in his eyes—he could never afford it. Beyond any other man he has a wakeful awareness of a sharply defined, baldly real external universe. He is all eye and hand—sleepless and prehensile. He delivers the goods. Let there be, and there *is*—and between his *let* and his *is* there is no time lost.

In Europe, in South America, in China, he exudes Reality. He startles, he awes as a solid piece of highly vitalized matter in a world of slow-moving, half somnambulistic slow-pokes. He is to the peoples of other countries a kind of wizard, a Devil-man, a reincarnation of Satan—as, indeed, he is! An American can be spotted anywhere because he has the air of a person about to hustle everybody else off the planet. He is the completest materialization of dynamic force in human shape that has ever appeared in historical memory. He is anti-Utopian and anti-æsthetic.

By satanic I mean top-to-toe utilitarianism, inflexibly of this world, the cash-down intellect, the plotting imagination, the scientific reason, the sales mask of morality, and sentimental sadism. The fusion of these elements in the American together with his ineradicable hatred of whatever savors of genius or art, except they have a commercial value, has produced a social variation of the species, a unique national type, which commands my inevitable admiration.

The grandeur of America today is satanic, materialistic, irreligious, unethical. To those who conceive history in terms of drama, to those who are interested in history solely for the æsthetic and spectacular pleasure to be derived from the rise and fall of peoples, the emergence of the United States of America from post-Colonial provincialism to sophisticated satanism must prove a source of transcendent pleasure—a pleasure, moreover, only lately vouchsafed, for it has all happened since the Spanish-American War, behind which lay the America of today in embryo. When the smoke of Dewey's guns cleared away at Manila it disclosed to an astounded world a mighty, a satanic Gargantua prepared to eat up the world.

It was in that portentous year 1898 that the then Huck Finn of nations was taken up to the high peak of imperialistic power by the fatal necessities of its own devil-may-care soul, and looked over the kingdoms of the world and sundry fleshpots at home. It flopped down and worshipped all that it saw. When it rose it was no longer Huck Finn but Satanas-Gargantua, which it had always been in essence, as I

shall now attempt to prove, with all due regard for the fallacies inherent in all forms of logic and analysis, in the inescapable prejudice of every point of view, and in the immanent speciousness of all human thought.

II

The pioneers of America—English, Dutch, Spanish, French—faced three hard-as-nails facts in the new continent: uncultivated earth, the need of livelihood, and the tomahawk of the Indians. They were forced to knock the Old World's hocus-pocus of mysticism into a cocked-hat. Life became a drama of cunning, courage and watching. The senses had to be re-honed on the strops of matter and fear. The congestion of the Old World had bred interdependence and introspection. The vast spaces of the New World bred hand-on-the-trigger self-dependence and the lynx-eye. The European introvert became over here an extrovert. Metaphysics dissolved in the war-whoop and the struggle for land. The settlement of America was the birth of the New Reality. It began the dethronement of the mystical God and the rejuvenation of the Prince of This World —prince of this world not in the Old World theological sense, but as the spirit of the Will to Material Power.

To the foundations of this edifice of satanic grandeur the Puritans brought to us precious elements. The Puritan, ideally conceived, was a titanic Superman. He performed a miraculous transvaluation of all biological values. He said No to the flesh and to joy. An absolute materialist, he dramatized his soul into an approximate image of the most materialistic of all Gods, Jehovah. His overflowing vitality, husbanded, dammed and mentalized, found an outlet in sadistic intolerance. He came here, not to escape persecution, but to practise it. He was the great red vein of vitality in the growth of the country. His grim, venomous, brutal spirit was necessary to build the West. In New England he whipped the Yankee into a figure of world-proportions, an incarnation of material cunning, pragmatic philosophy and savings-bank revelation: Mrs. Eddy and William James. The granite moral code of blue-laws and suppressions is the cornerstone of America's strength. Behind the granite there peep today the spirits of bootleg liquor, bootleg sex, bootleg books, and bootleg politics—another code. But in this double code there lies the secret of the conservation of our moral and physical energies. We strike in it an equilibration of mutually destructive forces that aureate the American Puritan and his descendants with something akin to Mephistophelean grandeur.

That the spirit of Satan picked out this country for the erection of his own private Utopia—whence he is now freely and swaggeringly walking up and down the earth with his magical money-bags, his machinery, his saxophone and his imperious Get it now!—is indicated again in the choice of the secular-minded men who became the Fathers of the Republic. They founded a Republic and left God out of its Magna Charta, the Constitution. Neither Church nor religion is recognized in that document except to be told to keep off the grass. The Constitution was scientifically conceived by wideawake realists—even by what the late Roosevelt might have called dirty little atheists.

Read the preamble. There is not an ounce of imagination, religion, metaphysics or poetry in it. It is a hardtack business document. It is a paragraph in the articles of incorporation of an insurance company. The Constitution itself is a model for all time of unornamental and bare prose. It is the stark, lank, direct soul of the American people. Against a background of European rhetoric and hifalutin' hysterics over the rights of man and so forth, the Constitution came into the world like a prolonged cynicism in the mouth of an atheistic lawyer. No one can read it without profound admiration for the cold, calculating, pigs-is-pigs minds that conceived it.

There were no glamorous backgrounds in these minds or in the people of the States that ratified it. Behind them stood no saints, no Joan of Arc, no Peter the Hermit, no St. George, no Niebelungen saga. Back of them, rather, lay two centuries of game-cock grips with Reality. The Constitution is the cold sun of Reason. It has neither charm nor emotional heat. Its atmosphere is glare. An analytical between-the-lines reading of it will disclose a profound distrust of both people and rulers. The men who wrote it were at heart anarchists.

The Constitution is thus a Machiavellian satire on the development of the United States. It is a charter of individual liberty superposed on a people inherently group-suckled and herd-cowed. Practical life requires organization. Tribal standardization began as a necessity if the country was to be built up. Uniformity, symmetry, regularity are holy words in the credo of the American. Normality is his psychical, if not physical, Big Stick. "Liberty" has been his commercial trademark in selling himself to the rest of the world. We carry "the blessings of liberty" to the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, Haiti, Nicaragua and the Woodrow-made republics of Europe. The American never had a clear conception of the word liberty because there is no clear conception of the word extant. The rights of the individual guaranteed in the Constitution are today merely the individual's right to vote. A third ticket is suspect. It looks red. The individual has become a myth in America.

Our political life is the greatest piece of irony in history. We are artists in hypocrisy, a sardonic grin on the face of his Sportive Majesty. And for this reason we are the most peevishly sensitive people in the world, for we will tolerate no Voltaire, Shaw or even Gilbert-and-Sullivan among us. And I am quite in accord with this attitude, for how can we really Get Anything Done if we are to be pestered eternally with a Tinker Bell? A flea-bitten and pediculous Mammon!—inconceivable!

Curiously, too, we have always been bootlegging people. We enjoy disguise the double life. *Sub-rosa* is one of th elements of our will-to-power. Our histori protective tariff has always been looke on as sacred because it delights us t smuggle. We take a satanic joy in beatin the government out of something. Fre trade would sound the death-knell of sport, just as the repeal of the Eighteent Amendment and the income-tax would We have the Mann Act and keep our blue laws on the statute-books so as to feel th thrill of law-breaking. The America never repeals anything because that woul be an admission that he is fallible. B multitudinous laws he forbids himself t do a thousand things that are perfectly delightful and natural to do in order t give himself the air before the world o self-discipline. And then he does them al to feel the tickle of doing the forbidden "See," he says to the world, "I can b strong and weak at will. I can be puritanical or pagan at will. I am Cromwell and Petronius. I am Yes and No. Like Mr. Mephistopheles, I dare assume all masks."

III

All these elements in the American's nature have bred a delightful and easy-going cynicism in regard to his many activities. Politics, religion and pity are forms of business. For the first time in the history of a people ideals are made to pay immense dividends. All motives other than practical returns are looked on with contemptuous scorn, and rightly so. The American has solved once and for all, for himself at least, the stupid problem of disinterested motives. There is no such thing. "What's His game?" a Rotarian Babbitt would have asked at Golgotha. His shrewdness in regard to the actions of men is uncanny. There is ever a nigger in every woodpile, even though the woodpile be toasting the feet of Joan of Arc.

The American's cynicism comes straight from "Poor Richard's Almanac" and

culminates in the cash-register. He believes that whatever succeeds is right, that whatever fails is wrong. The clean get-away is a new world-ethic in embryo. An Attorney General is O. K. if he is acquitted. Condemned, he is looked on as a poor sap for being caught. This new code of ethics is profounder than we Americans dream of. It is strictly biological, if slightly anti-Mosaic, and it is permeating by slow degrees the rest of the world in that process of Americanization of which even the darkest parts of Russia are feeling the vibrations.

Speaking of the Ten Commandments in this rise of the Newer Ethic, the only one that the American honors, stock, breech and barrel, is the eddieguesty "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother." The rest have been chucked overboard, even in the Little Red Schoolhouse. It is thus that a new satanic ethic is sprouting Over Here that will claim more converts in Europe and Asia that were ever dreamed of by Mrs. Eddy for her religion of Other Than Gold, Matter Has No Existence. A public office is a private snap, to have and to hold. A clean get-away and a faith that pays dividends are the categorical imperatives of our New Freedom.

The American has never been selfish. Selfishness makes enemies, and enemies will not pay interest except under gun-threat, and that is always expensive and sometimes politically inexpedient. We have ever been the Big Brother to All the World. Lady Bountiful is Uncle Sam's morganatic wife. Hoover is Europe's morganatic husband. Our practical form of Christianity began when the Irish potato crop failed back in the late eighteen forties. Since then we have poured out our treasure and publicity agents in such vast quantities across the seven seas that every nation in the world is in spiritual and moral hock to us. We have even financed wars in order to resurrect Lazarus, reclothe him and send him on his way with a soup-ladle. In spite of the smouldering hate of Lazarus, it is good business. The gesture is sublime and the bowels of our compassion are duly moved.

While we Americans may have, as I indicated above, no very clear conception of the word liberty, we have a very definite conception of the word freedom. Liberty has vague, philosophical, mystical and even dangerous revolutionary connotations. Freedom connotes, to an American at least, money. Economic freedom is the only form of freedom conceivable to him; and he is quite right. There is no form of freedom except that founded on a bank account. A check-book is the only Declaration of Independence in which we really believe. Here again the healthy, materialistic realism of the American overrides the verbal buzz and blah of Jefferson. Freedom is not an idea, an ideal, like liberty. It is something personal, tangible, workable. Money is the one thing needful. That is all ye need to know. Even our incarnations of Brahma, such as Joseph Smith, John Alexander Dowie, Mother Eddy, Aimée Semple McPherson and John Roach Straton, have planted the Golden Calf high, wide and handsome on the Ark of the Covenant. Could our blithe and chipper connoisseurs of cunning go farther?

What is most admirable about it is that while in Europe the same game is carried on behind a mass of ceremonies, legends, custom and pomp, we Americans are fist-on-the-counter about it. If you want salvation, come across! Why should God be had for the asking? There are rent days in the Mansion in the Skies. The basis of this divinization of money even—rather, especially—in religious matters is profounder than any hail-fellow-well-heeled American knows. One has got to live first before one can die and be saved. Isn't that obvious? And one cannot live without money. Well, let's shoot the millinery and the big parade and get down to turnips, says Paraclete Americanus. The world has been on a bat of idealistic politics and mystical religions for nineteen hundred years, but is now taking the cure at the Keeley Institute of American Materialism.

IV

The American is mischievous, malicious, splenetic. He likes to make a noise that will disturb someone else. He is always looking around to make someone "moral." The pleasures of other peoples are immoral. A tin-can tied to a dog's tail, a giant firecracker under an old man, a custard-pie in the face of an actor send him into peals of hilarity. He has a craze for making people dull on week-days as well as on Sundays. He looks at peep-shows in Paris and tries to jail the author of a harmless sex-play when he gets home. He snoops, gumshoes and peeps like Mephisto leaning over a confessional. He has an admirable ingenuity for minding other people's business. All this contributes to his strength and gives him the reputation of being breezy, alive and progressive. But these are the mere peccadilloes of His Imperial International Majesty, Uncle Sam.

The barbaric grandeur of America is her strength. When she loses that she will descend to the mere level of a "wholly civilized country," and a wholly civilized country is a country in a state of decline. The genius of America, as I have tried to point out, leads her to the material conquest of the world. She has no spiritual message, no cultural mission. That jargon belongs to the past, belongs to outworn modes of thought and activity. We are, rather, a vast factory that is making models of life for the rest of humanity.

The American Idea will finally eat the Russian Idea alive. If communism ever triumphs throughout Europe, it will have to be Americanized. If German Socialism ever triumphs throughout Europe and Asia, it will have to be Americanized. Mussolini succeeds only in so far as he adopts American methods—standardization, de-individualization, obedience. The divinization of the State, work and money are American. Italy under Mussolini is the first great triumph of barbaric, materialistic America. Germany begins to look like Pittsburgh. America is her *beau idéal*. Russia stand ready to be bribed by our gold. Londo and Paris are already American jazz pro tectorates. Japan imitates us in everything We will finally absorb all of Latin Amer ica in the name of the Monroe Doctrine

Our movies are reconstructing the life ideals of the race. Hundreds of millions o pop-eyed people absorb through them th godhood of Mammon, the supermen o industry, the satanic glory of the sky scrapers of New York, those colossa Cathedrals of Pelf; the magic seven league boots of material progress made by a people who have renounced the here after for here, Heaven for Earth and ar All-Wise Father for an all-wiser saving bank; the doughboy who never surrendere in any war; the brain eternally harnesse to eye and hand; clean living, clean think ing, which giveth unto all a Ford. Holly wood sells the American Idea to the world The Christ legend is now in the hands o the Cecil De Mille Sales Organization. The World War has been taken over by the Metro-Goldwyn people. Beethoven, Cho pin and Mozart are jazzed, and the world deserts the arid empyrean of Culture for Gershwin, James Oliver Curwood and Paul Whiteman. The most famous Ameri cans are Jack Dempsey, Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller. It's a new world deal.

Of course we have been called Moloch. But all change is feared. We *are* Moloch!— and into our fiery mouth will be tossed all of the past, with its culture, its gods, its sinful dreams of individual liberty, and its sodomic æstheticism. The geniuses to be born shall trumpet Speed, Strength, Machinery, Organization, Mass-Motion and America, whose satanic splendor cannot be tarnished or dimmed by the fulminations of a handful of old-fashioned pessimistic ironists.

We are Asmodeus the Beneficent, and those who are not for us may as well wrap their rags about them and lie down quietly under the wheels of Progress.

THE DEAN OF MUSIC

BY KARL ANDRIST

The Dean of the School of Music at the State University is well known and liked throughout the State, and in the scheme of things at the University he fills a very important position. He is highly esteemed by the President, by most of the students, most of the faculty and most of the townspeople; and if an occasional grumble is heard here and there, it can be attributed to envy, or to an excess of musical temperament among certain of the students, or to the work of radicals.

On the whole, the Dean deserves the admiration and appreciation which is showered upon him, for he is an astute business man, a splendid executive, a fine Christian, and a public-spirited citizen. He belongs to the local Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and the First Methodist Church; and he was one of the founders of Mu Kappa Gamma musical fraternity. For a time it was rumored that he also belonged to the Klan, but as no proof was ever found the story was allowed to drop.

Because of his public spiritedness, the Dean has long been admired by the best elements in the University community. He leads the choir in the First Baptist Church (not the Methodist) and recruits the membership from among his students and faculty, and many are the musical services which he has directed with members of the music faculty appearing in the solo parts. For the past four years, during University sessions, he has managed to give a cantata or oratorio service on the first Sunday evening of every month, and the work connected with these performances is very arduous, as he is obliged to rehearse as often as three evenings a week. But through it all he has never complained, for he made it known from the beginning that his faculty and students were at the disposal of every University and civic organization which desired good music gratis.

In keeping with his enlightened policy, he arranges programmes for the weekly Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club meetings, and very often he appears upon them himself, in the dual rôle of announcer and pianist for the University Trio. Frequently he sends a vocal trio or string quartette to meetings of the American Legion, and the students thus get the valuable experience of appearing in public.

Sometimes the Dean gives a bright, snappy talk to members of one of the service clubs on the value of music to the community and to the business man, and he cites the examples of generosity which have been set by the backers of all the large symphony orchestras, most of them business men. When he is trying to explain the contempt which the average business man of a few years ago displayed toward music he waxes eloquent. "The reason," he says, "that business men in the past showed so little interest in the best music is due in part to the fact that they had been taught to look upon musicians as a group of mollycoddles. And this is not to be wondered at! When I think of some of the earlier musicians in this country I am shocked at their utter lack of stamina, of manliness, of those pioneer qualities, if you will, which have made this great Republic what it is today. The musicians of my youth were most of them effeminate men or drunken rowdies, and there was no

happy medium to be found among them. But fortunately these two types are going into the discard here in America and we are producing a type which stands for business efficiency coupled with the best idealism of the Republic."

He often explains to the members of the service clubs that there is no such a thing as highbrow music and that the term was a misnomer from the start. "Music," he says, "is something which all should enjoy to the fullest extent and the best way to enjoy it is to remember that there is nothing highbrow about it. Any one who can enjoy the warbling of the wren can enjoy Beethoven, because they are both essentially the same. The things which have lived in music are not the so-called highbrow symphonies but little things like 'Annie Laurie' and 'Home Sweet Home.' Do you know," and here he points his finger at his audience with conviction, "that the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Tschaikowsky are all built on just such little tunes as 'Old Black Joe'? They are built on folksongs and folksongs spring from the people; just such people as you and I."

One of the Dean's warmest admirers, as I have said, is the President of the University, and this is due to the fact, more than to anything else, that the Dean has succeeded in making the School of Music one of the closely knit component parts of the University, instead of a school apart, as it used to be. The President had always been of the opinion that the School of Music did not play an important enough part in the life of the University, and that instead of training a few specialists, it should exist for the larger purpose of serving the whole student body. Thus he was delighted seven years ago when the Dean coined the slogan, "The School of Music is at the Service of All." The Dean has always tried loyally to uphold this ideal. In keeping with the new policy of the school, he decided to place the University Symphony Orchestra (newly formed) at the disposal of the Dramatic Club, the Debating Society and the Interpretative Dancing Class, and for the past seven years there has never been a play, or a debate, or a pageant given without its coöperation.

The President is very much pleased with the favorable advertising that has come to the University through the singing of the Men's Glee Club at the various conventions which are held about the State annually, and when reports reached the University that the Governor of the State had lauded the Glee Club at the last Democratic Convention, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. The Governor is reported to have told his secretary that "for once it looks as if things were hopping down there at the U, and let us hope that they will have another winning team before long."

The University administration also made a host of new friends when the Glee Club sang for the State Manufacturers' Association, and the president of the association said that he hoped that the singing of the club would become a regular feature at all future conventions.

II

Previous to the advent of the Dean, the students in the School of Music had developed what he calls "musical clannishness." The freshmen seldom wore their caps and were seldom subjected to paddlings at the hands of the upper classmen. Very few of them ever took part in the football pep meetings, and along with some of the radical students they were looked upon as a queer bunch. As part of his plan for making the School of Music an integral part of the University, the Dean called a meeting of the music students and told them that he hoped that the School would no longer be looked upon as the most unpatriotic part of the institution. He said: "The other schools of the University look upon us as a rather spineless bunch who take no interest in anything but our own little narrow specialty. Now let us get out and show these other schools that we have the interest of the Univer-

sity at heart, and let us coöperate and really *do things*." Since that time the freshmen all wear their caps and submit to paddlings and loyally turn out for rallies.

A few years ago one of the freshmen was caught on the campus without his cap and was obliged to run the gauntlet, according to tradition. During the course of his race his violin was smashed, and he made such a scandal about it that the matter nearly took on serious proportions. The following year, when he failed to return to the University, the few who remembered the incident congratulated themselves on being free of such a disturbing element and the new cheer-leader told the head of the Athletic Department that he didn't see how "a lousy fiddle is to be compared with the amount of School Spirit which we are developing."

Among the members of his faculty the Dean has also done some very constructive work. Instead of being a self-centered teaching body, as was the case previous to his appointment, the School of Music faculty now takes an active part in civic affairs and in research. Seven years ago the Dean insisted that his faculty show a more intensive interest in the community and in the securing of higher degrees, and this was exactly in line with the policy which the President had formulated and expounded at numerous faculty meetings.

The Dean personally urges every member of the music faculty to join in some organization having the civic welfare at heart, and he always suggests membership in the local Chamber of Commerce, adding smilingly, "We want to make our school count for something in the community and I cannot tell you how important these little outside contacts are." Poverty is no reason for not joining the Chamber of Commerce, for whenever the Dean finds a Faculty member who offers this as an excuse for not joining, he always generously offers to advance the initiation fee.

In the research field the School of Music faculty has forged ahead of a good many of the other schools, notably the School of Commerce. Although there is as yet no Ph.D. offered in music, the Dean is working on a plan in conjunction with the School of Education and the Graduate Committee, whereby it is hoped that School of Music credits can be counted toward a Ph.D. in Education in Music. The Dean holds frequent conferences with the faculty, and at these conferences an attempt is made to develop suitable research material. Although the Dean already holds an honorary musical doctorate from Jenkins College, he is himself working upon a thesis dealing with the historic development of the Neapolitan sixth, and the President has often congratulated him on the number of master's degrees in music held by the members of his faculty.

But it is in the strictly creative, administrative and executive fields that the Dean has done his real work, and an examination of his administration shows why he is held in such high esteem in both University and State circles. Under his administration the School of Music has become one of the most important schools in the University. It has jumped to fourth place in point of student registration and is exceeded in this particular only by the Liberal Arts College, the School of Education, and the School of Commerce. A tremendous State-wide increase in music study has also been noted, and this is due to the adoption of the Dean's policies by most of the State colleges and normal-schools.

The cause for this increase in music study is not hard to discover, for the Dean has done four very important things, things which were absolutely necessary for the musical development of the State. He was responsible (*a*) for the creation of the new School of Music, he brought into being (*b*) the degree of bachelor of music, he created (*c*) the Public School Music Department, and he founded (*d*) the University Oratorio Society.

It should be remembered that when the Dean was appointed ten years ago, there was really no such thing at the University as a School of Music. For twenty years

there had existed a music faculty consisting of five teachers, under the leadership of an old German (now deceased) who was referred to as the director. Credits were given only for theoretical work and for lessons in piano, organ, violin and voice.

There was none of the elaborate machinery which the Dean subsequently brought into being, and as a result most of the people in the State were unaware of the fact that music study existed at the University. The idea of a real School of Music was wholly the Dean's own, and he deserves all credit for having taken something in the raw and made of it an efficient, business-like cog in a great machine.

It is also a significant fact that until the Dean's administration there was no one at the University who ever thought of working for a degree in music. Most of the students who studied music were given the degree of bachelor of arts, without attaching any importance to the degree of bachelor of music. It was a good thing for the State that the Dean foresaw the type of musical education which was later to take such a hold upon the country. Had it not been for his foresight and untiring zeal, the University would to this day have one of the most backward Schools of Music in the Middle West.

The Dean wanted to see a School of Music which would rank with any in the country, and it must again be repeated that it is almost solely due to his efforts that the university can now boast of such a school. When it was finally set up by the regents, after two years of the hardest kind of lobbying, the Dean is reported to have said, "Now that these modern, efficient schools are springing up everywhere, I hope that the time will come when it will be impossible for a teacher of music to earn a living in America without having fulfilled the requirements for the bachelor of music degree in some first-rate school, such as ours."

The creation of the degree course was an arduous task and it took the Dean and the then existing faculty nearly two years to make a compilation of what had been done in other institutions. Matters were greatly complicated by the fact that the Dean was unable to agree with any of the faculty on what would constitute a well rounded curriculum. The head of the theory department (long since resigned) wanted to see an important theory course developed at the University, but the Dean felt that the programme submitted by him was much too difficult. The head of the piano department (long since resigned) broke up several faculty meetings by insisting on the creation of a very elaborate course of piano study. Through it all the Dean frequently expressed the view that too much musical specialization was being attempted. He often said, "I feel that I am voicing the wishes of the administration when I say that we must not insist on too much overspecialization."

The task of creating a well-rounded and comprehensive degree course in music was greatly complicated by the fact that every department in the University wanted to see its own courses listed as required subjects in the degree curriculum. The English Department, for instance, felt that it would be beneficial if four years of English were required for a degree in music. The mathematics department, the history department, the Romance languages department, the athletic department and the School of Education all presented the same arguments in regard to their respective courses. The head of the theory department used to remark acidly (and privately), "My God, where does the music come in?"

But the Dean worked and lobbied and conciliated until a degree in music was finally authorized by the Regents. It was due to the Dean's efforts that Gymnasium and Education were included in the curriculum, and he is reported to have told his faculty, "We have got to coöperate with these other departments if we want our own department to be a success, and that is the main thing just at present because we have got to get started."

Since the creation of the degree course seven years ago, one hundred and thirty-one students have been graduated with the degree of bachelor of music, and it is said that the course is becoming more and more popular every year. Because of the State-wide interest which has been shown in it a very important and increasingly large faculty has had to be engaged. Several of the larger teachers' agencies in the United States have begun to take an interest in the School of Music and the Dean is now helping the agencies find positions for graduates. To date the School of Music can boast of having graduated an organist who fills a very important position in an Omaha church, and it also takes great pride in having furnished two of the larger Chautauqua companies with several violin and vocal soloists.

III

The Public-School Music Department was a success from the start and this was due to the fact that the Dean was able to secure the services of the celebrated Alfred J. Postlethwaite, nationally known as an authority on public-school methods. The first batch of graduates numbered only seven, but last year, seven years after the opening of the department, twenty-seven teachers were graduated (in conjunction with the School of Education). At the time the Teachers Placement Bureau announced that it could have filled eleven more vacancies in the State had there been enough graduates available. Thus the Public-School Music Department has become the largest and most important department in the School of Music, and it is drawing an increasingly large number of students every year from adjoining States.

The most sensational thing the Dean has ever done, however, although not the most important, was the creation of the University Oratorio Society. While it did not require the years of labor which were expended in the development of the degree course and the public-school music course, still, it became, next to football, the strongest advertising medium of the institution. Beginning with a nucleus composed of the choir and faculty, the Dean is able after six years to muster an organization which numbers 1112. In keeping with his policy of making the School of Music of service to the community, all townspeople were cordially invited to sing in the chorus, and as the result, over one-half of the membership of the chorus is composed of townspeople. Early in the history of the organization, the Dean hit upon the plan of dividing it into teams, each team under the leadership of a captain. An almost perfect attendance at rehearsals has been secured by stimulating a feeling of rivalry between the teams. Prizes are offered for perfect attendance, and various punishments are meted out to late comers, much to the amusement of the chorus.

Last year, for the first time in the history of the Oratorio Society, the Dean decided to engage high-priced soloists from Chicago, and every member of the chorus was asked to underwrite the annual performance of "The Messiah" to the extent of five dollars. The first performance with outside soloists was a huge success, and it was broadcast from the University radio station. Not a single ticket remained unsold, due to the efforts of the townspeople, who are very proud of the part which they play in the life of the Oratorio Society.

A good many of the radical students complained that they were being overworked, and that the choir and chorus took so much of their time that they were unable to do any studying. For once, it is said, the Dean became ugly. He told some of the radical students "that no recommendations will come from this office for students who refuse to coöperate with their own school."

The Dean is at present said to be working on plans for the development of a State Music Festival, which is to be held at the University. The festival is to take place once every two years and the Dean anticipates having under his direction a chorus recruited from every musical club in the

State. The President is very much in favor of this plan, and he feels that the advertising benefits to the University will be incalculable.

Five years ago the School of Music outgrew its quarters and for the past three years it has been housed in the old Chemistry Building, which has been remodelled into offices, studios, class-rooms and practice-rooms. At the present rate of growth, the Dean estimates that a new building will have to be built within two years, containing a large auditorium and a new pipe organ. Fourteen new faculty members have been added to the School of Music since its creation seven years ago, and twenty-nine new courses have been added to the catalogue; among them being the Appreciation of Music courses, which are open to all students of the University. The appreciation courses have been very popular with the students, and it is not uncommon to see the majority of the football team registered in them. The Dean is overjoyed at the genuine interest in music which has thus been aroused throughout the student body. He often says, "When we need new equipment for a larger department, it is this type of course which carries weight with the regents."

For the past few years the Dean has relegated his private teaching to the background and he now occupies himself almost exclusively with administrative matters. Even so, only the most important administrative matters are placed before him, as the detail work is done by a secretary and the two stenographers. The Dean devotes himself to choral conducting, student conferences, faculty meetings, meetings of the deans, adjudication of special cases (where they have been left to his discretion), waiving of special requirements (where they have been left to his discretion), drafting of new courses, the compilation of records, and the development of a large University Concert Course.

As new equipment the Department has secured band and orchestral instruments, a complete library of theoretical works, two Victrolas, two typewriters, an adding machine and a mimeographing machine. Th amount of secretarial work has become s large that a new stenographer will soo have to be added to the office force.

A new grading system (suggested by th School of Education) has been in effect fo the past year, and the Dean is now work ing on a special report for the Presiden dealing with the number of failures pe class per semester-hour per theoretica course.

IV

When the Dean was appointed ten year ago, following the death of the old Ger man director, he had some trouble wit those faculty members who were hang overs from the previous administration After a year it became evident that an conciliation with them would be impos sible, and a great deal of bad feeling wa averted when the three worst trouble makers in the department resigned.

Two of them were foreign-born, one o them being a Pole and the other a Dane The Pole was professor of piano and wa said to have studied for five years wit Busoni. He was frequently reported to the President for drinking wine at home and he was suspected of being a Socialist, because he often contributed musical articles to the radical papers. It is said that he also resented the Dean's authority and that he objected to the Dean's suggestions as to the manner in which he should conduct his piano classes. When the Dean took the liberty of pointing out to him that he was making his services very undesirable he is said to have flown into a violent rage and handed in his resignation on the spot. Among other things he yelled at the Dean, "For you as an artist I wouldn't give one damn!"

The Dane had been instructor in organ and counterpoint for some time. Hardly a year after the Dean's appointment he began to make himself obnoxious by criticizing almost every feature of the new régime. He insinuated publicly that the Dean knew

nothing about choral conducting and that he had conducted whole passages from "The Messiah" in three-four when they were indicated as four-four. He became more bold as time went on and finally told some of the Dean's admirers that the Dean would be mobbed if he ever attempted to conduct a chorus of any kind in Europe. He even went so far as to say that were such conducting attempted in Stuttgart or Dresden, the infuriated chorus would arise and break all the bones in the conductor's body. A mighty unpleasant episode was averted when he resigned at the end of two years and accepted a position in an Eastern conservatory.

The head of the theory department (he became so under the reorganization) was the worst trouble-maker in the School, but because he was liked by everyone and had several friends among the regents, his case was a delicate one to handle. He had been teaching at the University for twenty years and he was so learned that he had the reputation of being able to teach almost any University subject. He was also said to have been an intimate friend of Edward MacDowell, both of them having studied composition in Germany with Raff.

He resigned at the end of three years and insisted on presenting his resignation to the regents in person. Only a few of the charges which he brought against the Dean ever got out of the room, but it was a known fact that he severely criticized the School of Education for the manner in which it tried to run his theory classes. He further charged that the standards which were imposed upon him by the Dean were so low as to preclude the possibility of his doing any serious teaching. The regents voted to accept his resignation when he admitted under cross-examination that he could not coöperate with the Dean in a single particular, and they made it very plain that they were pleased with the increased activity of the School of Music.

Some of the old members of the Faculty Club still remember the day when the head of the theory department handed in his resignation. It was said that he came over to the club in the evening and poured a veritable tirade of abuse on the head of the Dean. He is still remembered for his remark, "Why, that — — charlatan ought to run a canning factory!"

The Dean never fails to impress upon his students that musical conditions in the United States have changed in the past few years. Because of this fact he contends that the long-haired European type of musician will soon be superseded by the efficient, business-like American type. He often points out that Beethoven would be unable to earn a living were he residing in the United States today.

He once read a paper before the State Federation of Women's Clubs on the type of musician which the modern University was trying to develop and he was wildly applauded when he brought out the fact that the University should have room within its fold "for only those who combine the best in musical culture with the finest idealism of the Republic."

Last year the President of the University gave a reception for the Dean and his wife, and at that time the Dean was shown the appreciation of the University and of the community. He was lauded by a number of speakers, including the President, on the manner in which he had developed the School of Music, and at the conclusion of the festivities the president of the Oratorio Society presented him a beautiful gold-handled baton. When he was called upon for a few remarks it is said that he was visibly affected, but he managed to overcome his emotion and speak for a few minutes. The reporter for the local paper took down what he said in closing: "I feel that I have done very little in comparison with what remains to be done, yet with the help of our President I shall labor with all of my ability to build up a School of Music worthy of this great State. If I can do anything worth while for the cause of American Music, I shall feel that my work here has not been in vain."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

NATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Paul Edgar Murphy

Southern California is in the throes of its second architectural craze. It was too new a country to be vitally affected by the abominations of the Grant era, but Gustave Stickney and the craftsmen found it fertile soil. Thus it suffered through twenty years of so-called Mission furniture, and of bungalows modified by the Swiss châlet and the æroplane house. Now it is "Spanish." If a house has its exterior covered with stucco, it is Spanish. If its stucco appears to have been battered with an elephant's foot or is troweled to resemble a waffle-iron, it is more Spanish. If it has a tile roof, or even a tile eyebrow along the coping, it is yet more Spanish. If the builder has added a window awning supported on spears, it has reached the zenith.

But the speculative builder is not the only offender. The retired self-made man from the Corn Belt comes to California, sees the Mission Play, reads "Ramona," and must straightway build him a Spanish house. Moorish minarets sprout from its corners, stair-towers swarm up the face of one-story houses, or, if the building is two-storied, it must have a silo to remind him of the farm. He places this silo in the middle of the façade, cuts a Tudor door in the base, slits it with windows six inches wide and ten feet high, roofs it with tile, and crowns the whole with a green or purple weather-vane.

One otherwise intelligent architect delights in filling the arch of a Cataluñan barn with a sheet of plate glass and calling it a studio window. This window usually fills the end of the living-room next the street and provides an outlook for old ladies who, after years of isolation on th farm, love to watch the motor-cars whi by. In the evening, the same window brilliantly lighted, becomes the prosceniun of a stage whereon the family, in an over furnished living-room, display themselve to the envious passers-by.

Why should the architecture of Spai be allowed to live in California at all Why, if it is so bad, do intelligent peopl ever build in the Spanish manner? Th answer is that California, geographically topographically, and botanically greatly resembles much of Spain. Both have season of almost complete aridity; both grow the same vegetation. If a traveler crossing the desert from Barstow to San Bernardino could be suddenly transported to the road from Sevilla to Granada, he would find it difficult to convince himself that he was in a country five thousand miles away. He would see the same bare hills, the same occasional groups of eucalypti, the same lonely palms. Along her coast, California is thoroughly Mediterranean. The palisades at Santa Monica and La Jolla find a hundred counterparts from Tarragona to the Côte d'Azure.

What culture this western country has inherited is of necessity Latin, for the emigrants of '49 neither brought nor left anything worthy of perpetuation. Thus it is logical that the Californians of the South, in building their homes, should follow the Spanish tradition, as their Atlantic cousins follow that of Georgian England. Certainly the white-washed walls of the region, with their deeply recessed windows, their brilliant spots of color at the entrances, and their warm red roofs of hand-formed tile, fit into the setting of dark green eucalypti and olive trees most successfully. The brilliant blue sky and

fierce sunlight would immediately make tawdry any of the softer colorings of the more temperate portions of America. Brilliant pigment used sparingly, against expanses of white, is the only treatment which can hope to compete with nature in the Southwest. And the Spanish plan of grouping the rooms around a *patio* or a series of *patios* is the ideal solution of the problem of providing a livable house for the hot Summers.

But the architecture of California, while thus developed from Spanish foundations, is in no sense merely archeological. The style expresses the life of today just as much as the styles of Salamanca and Granada expressed the life of the periods which bore them. The architecture of California is not purely Spanish. Just as one finds Spanish houses nestling under the ramparts of Carcassonne and bits of Florentine detail in Sevilla, so one finds the architecture of all the Mediterranean countries influencing the California work. The hand of the native craftsman, Mexican or Indian, has brought in modifications, and the American has still further developed and moulded the character of the buildings, until there has been finally achieved the homogeneous style called Californian.

Even this style has its colloquial variations. In the south the Mexican *ranchero* built a low rambling house, usually a rough U, closed on the fourth side with a high wall. The *patio*, or central court, was large enough to house his wagons and horses, his servants and their belongings in time of attack. The house was seldom over one story in height and one room wide. There were no corridors; a covered walk on three sides of the *patio* afforded the little protection from the weather needed in so mild a climate. The walls were ordinarily of *adobes* or sun-dried bricks, and were from four to eight feet thick. Such walls, of course, necessitated tremendous reveals at the doors and windows, and one of the chief charms of Southern California houses today is the deep shadows cast in these recesses.

Near Long Beach lies the Rancho Los Cerritos, a fine old *hacienda*. It was built originally by Don Juan Temple, an American who became a Mexican citizen. The house is in an excellent state of preservation, thanks to the care bestowed upon it by the present owner, Jotham Bixby, Jr., whose father bought the place from Temple. The central portion is two-storied, with two low one-storied wings forming the traditional U. It is built of *adobes* plastered with lime. The shingle roofs are modern; the original house had flat roofs, covered with asphalt in much the same manner as the houses are roofed in North Africa. The two-storied central portion housed the family and its guests. Here were the living hall and the ample dining-room. The wings were given over to stables, to shops and to store-rooms, for these *ranchos* were self-sufficient. An *adobe* wall with a heavy wooden gate closed the great *patio*.

At Santa Barbara the town house of the de la Guerra family provides another interesting example of early design. It is of one story and retains the *patio*, not, however, closed in. A portion of the house is still inhabited by the family, while the rest, carefully restored, is incorporated into the delightful group of shops called El Paseo. Not far away, near Filmore, is the Rancho Camulos, popularized by Helen Hunt Jackson as the birth-place of Ramona, and long the property of the del Valle family. This house differs from the others in that its floor is raised a considerable distance above the ground.

Farther north, one finds a stronger American influence. Not content with the handiwork of the natives, wealthy *rancheros* and successful townsmen imported window sash, wood trim and finish lumber from the Atlantic coast. Inasmuch as most of the ships sailed from Boston, these things were Georgian in design, and their incorporation into Californian work produced the Monterey house, called from the town of that name. Monterey houses are scattered along the coast from San Luis

Obispo northward, and an excellent example is the Castro House at San Juan Bautista. The Monterey house was usually two-storied, with a projecting balcony along the entire façade at the second-floor level. The balcony often had turned spindles in the railing and was always of wood. Wood shakes or shingles replaced the tile roof of the South, and double hung windows with small lights served instead of the Latin casements. As in the South the material was *adobe*.

Of commercial and civic buildings of the early period, not much can be said. They were usually of such a temporary nature that they have not withstood the ravages of time, or their locations were such that they gave way before the march of commercial progress. One of the few remaining examples is the Customs House at Monterey, a simple building of restrained, rather classical lines.

The influence of these various forms of the Early Californian style is still strong, but it is undergoing a remodification at the hands of architects who are returning to the original sources in Spain, Italy, and North Africa. California is past that period when misguided designers tried to adopt the Francescan missions to present-day needs. The missions were religious buildings, built for a definite purpose, and their details and ornament, when applied to modern multi-storied hotels, are about as appropriate as the buttresses and finials of Chartres would be in a similar place.

Southern California has many capable architects and they are doing excellent work. It shows best, perhaps, in two of the smaller communities, Santa Barbara and Palos Verdes, the last-named a suburb of Los Angeles. Santa Barbara, a town largely inhabited by retired people of wealth, many of them but recent arrivals from the East, leads in the work of preserving the Spanish influence and in achieving a beautiful and harmonious civic scheme. All this is mainly due to the influence of the late James Osborne Craig, an architect of rare talent, and to the far-sighted vision of Bernard Hoffman, a man who regards money solely as a means to an end, and that end civic beauty. Just why wealth should produce these results in Santa Barbara and only horrors in Los Angeles does not appear.

Palos Verdes is a younger community, still in a formative state, but with much promise. The district is a piece of rolling hill country with high cliffs above a rocky coast. It is what the Riviera would be if the abortions of the modern French architects were removed.

It has been said that Los Angeles holds the world's record for architectural horrors. The Los Angeles Chapter of the American Institute of Architects estimates that only about 12% of the building of Los Angeles is worthy to be called architecture; personally, I think this figure too high. Often the moving-picture people have been accused of contributing most of what is unsightly in Los Angeles building. The movie star with unlimited resources and no background knows how to evolve fearful and wonderful things. Witness the combination *hacienda*, feudal hall and mountain camp built by the late Thomas Ince, and now inhabited by Carl Laemmle. But most of the picture people now commission architects who have a reputation for good work. They probably seek the biggest names in order to bask in reflected glory, but no matter: they get the best men, and these men are able to curb most of their outbursts.

It is rather the successful business man, wholly innocent of beauty, who produces the monstrosities which fill the Los Angeles streets. He often refuses to employ a trained man to design his house. Usually he has had a dream, as he calls it, since his youth, of what he would build when he made his pile. He adds to his dream all the bizarre inventions of the subdivider, gives the whole a coat of jazz plaster, and calls on the multitude to applaud.

There is such a man in Pasadena who spent his boyhood in the northwestern timber country. He dreamed of a great log-

cabin, greater than all the other log-cabins, which he should build when he was rich. The riches came, and then the log-cabin. The place is finished now, and stands in the midst of a formal park, a great pile of logs with a roof steep enough to shed the snows of a Canadian Winter!

But nowhere in Southern California are the miles of small drab cottages so common to the Middle West. And nowhere are the blocks of brick or stone-fronted houses, each with its flight of six steps, its five windows and its formal doorway, which make dreary all the old cities of the East.

Military Science

MACHINE-GUNS

By an Army Officer

In the United States Army the present controversy over the machine-gun is simply a current manifestation of the hard time that weapon has always had. Colonel Laurence Halstead says, in the *Infantry Journal*, that its tactics,—and by that he means the theory as to its employment in battle,—is "not in a satisfactory condition." On the attack, its relatively great weight and bulk naturally hamper its effectiveness. Yet even on the defense it is and has been neglected by American military men.

Some idea of the difficult sledding this weapon has had may be gained by noting the history of the Gatling gun, invented in 1862, the first really practical machine-gun. Though it was used by some of the Union forces during the Civil War, it was never officially recognized by the Washington War Department; instead, it was operated by an employé of the manufacturers in order to demonstrate its value. So slowly did the department take to this American invention that most of the other armies of the world adopted it ahead of ours. So little did our experts keep abreast of the times that in our next war, in 1898, it was a thirty-six-year-old Gatling gun which appeared at Santiago. The lieutenant who handled it was considered a fanatic, and nicknamed Gatling Gun Parker. He kept up his enthusiasm for automatic weapons for many years, and still is spoken of as Machine-Gun Parker.

It was a long fight that this Parker fought. Even when another American invented the excellent Maxim gun, it was well-nigh impossible to get it adopted by our army. It was not until 1902 that we had any machine-gun units at all, in spite of the fact that they had been found useful by the British against Boer and Indian, Egyptian and Sudanese. Then a little platoon of men to operate two guns was formed in each American infantry regiment, of men drawn "on special duty" from other organizations. Six years later, when the German Army was equipping itself rapidly with these weapons, the United States very grudgingly gave each regiment four guns instead of two, and made the platoon consist of twenty-one men. In 1912 a great victory was won: the puny platoon was made a separate organization, with men no longer detailed "on special duty" from other units.

In 1916 the machine-gun began to be able to stand on its own feet. It was now handled by a "machine-gun company"—for the Army wiseacres had probably begun to hear something of the use of machine-guns in France. When we went overseas in 1917, there was still only one machine-gun company to a regiment; but there were three extra companies with each brigade, and four more companies with each division. Since the armistice, with the re-organization of the Army, the regimental brigade and divisional machine-gun companies have been abolished, but the fourth company in each rifle battalion has been made a machine-gun company. Now, within the last few months, the two-platoon machine-gun company has been made into a three-platoon company, with twelve guns instead of the previous eight.

Here is progress, it must be admitted, though it has been slow progress, and progress against opposition, against derision even. The fighting man is a conservative, like the Britisher who refused to consider a new type of cannon in 1860, saying: "We won Waterloo without them." Ask any captain of a machine-gun outfit, and he will tell you he is the step-child of the regiment. There is yet a feeling against machine-guns and machine-gunners. It may be the feeling is due to the disastrous jamming of guns at Columbus, N. M., when Villa pranced across the border. It may be a reflection of the fantastic oratory, created for morale purposes, which makes the rifle and the bayonet the paramount infantry weapons. Whatever its origin, it exists.

This prejudice against machine-guns might be a mere incident of the service if it did not affect tactical doctrines and seriously impair the possibility of their proper use in future conflicts. In tactics, however, just as in organization, the machine-gun has been the step-child of the infantry. In the British Army, they say:

> The machine-gun is the most valuable of all the weapons used in defense; so long as it is in action, the area of ground swept by its fire is rendered practically impassable. The artillery plan, the siting of the infantry defense works, and the placing of wire obstacles, if available, must therefore all be coördinated, as far as possible, to force the enemy into the arcs of fire of the machine-guns. ("Infantry Training," Section 21).

Of the German Army maneuvers of last Fall, an observer reported: "Practically no riflemen are used in the defense of a position. . . . This is composed almost entirely of light and heavy guns."

But what, in the American Army, have we been saying? The drill regulations of 1911 tacitly sneered at the tremendous power of machine-guns by saying that "fire alone cannot be depended upon to stop an attack." Tucked away under a heading of "miscellaneous," they called these little spit-fires "weapons of emergency" and said they were of value only at "infrequent" periods. They spoke of them as being "attached" to this unit, o "assigned" to that one, or "with" thes troops or those. Truly Major Longsta and Captain Atteridge were correct whe they said that the machine-gun wa thought of only as "an accidental append age to a fighting unit." Other Army officer spoke of them as "a new and inferior kin of cannon" and scorned as unbalance those who dreamed of the creation of machine-gun corps of expert gunners an manipulators of the new fire power.

The freshly framed 1918 regulations c the A.E.F. were no more kindly in thei attitude. Proximity to the French an British had no apparent influence. Thos regulations of the overseas men, late issued as "provisional" regulations for th entire Army in 1919, slighted the machine gun in summary fashion. They called th rifle "by far the most formidable weapo of the infantry soldier" and spoke of th inaccuracy and wide shot dispersion c machine-gun fire, which was thought t make those weapons "especially adapte to the purposes of long range fire wher range estimation is uncertain and th strike of bullets can seldom be observed." Telling the troop leaders how to organiz the ground for defense, the regulations go everything set nicely to meet the enemy the front line established, the line of re sistance designated, sectors and area assigned, and then suddenly remembere that the commander must set about "dis posing his machine-guns so as to flank th front and cover the flanks." Very pretty and an adroit—though not a particularly useful—afterthought!

Indeed, the American Army fought th World War, as far as machine-guns wer concerned, in almost the same fashion The First Division is said always to have "attached" its weapons of this type to the different battalions. The Rainbow Division is said almost always to have kept them grouped as solid units. An instruction pamphlet emanating from Fort Leaven worth, that brain factory of the Army however, now gives us some hope. The

combat divisions did learn by actual experience that their machine-guns might really be of some use, even though they seemed to refuse to learn the same truth by observation of the French and British. In 1919 the future staff officers of the Army at the Leavenworth schools were told:

> Improvement was made by our divisions during the last two or three months of the fighting. At St. Mihiel the 90th Division made practically no use of its machine-guns. On the contrary, on November 1, they fired over 1,000,000 rounds with the machine-guns and practically all day the infantry advanced under the protection of machine-gun fire. The 2nd Division at St. Mihiel used only eight out of fourteen companies at the beginning of the fight. On November 1 this division not only used all of its own guns, but used ten companies of the 42nd Division. The 5th Division at St. Mihiel used only eight out of fourteen companies at the beginning of the fight. In the early part of November this same division was using overhead machine-gun fire to cover the advance of its exploiting patrols.

Such heterogeneity of practice may seem amazing. Yet it has a very simple cause, a contradiction between facts in France and theory in the books, a contradiction between sound doctrine and the existing instructional pamphlets. In the 1923 Field Service Regulations of the United States Army it is suggested that machine-guns are "the most powerful weapons of the holding elements which make possible the counter attack." That is clear sense: use your best and most rapid fire weapon to shoot into the enemy and stop him dead, and use your rifleman with musket and flashing bayonet to rush at him and drive him back, to counter attack, to sweep him away from your positions and over beyond his original starting point. To do this, you must pick a position that will be suitable for machine-gun fire, and have the riflemen support and protect the machine-guns, instead of having the machine-guns protect and support the riflemen. Nevertheless, the books all go the wrong way. They all say that in the defensive the machine-guns should be disposed so as to coöperate with the riflemen.

Here is a problem posed at Army men. It comes from the Infantry School, teaching the best American principles to our troop leaders. It is distributed to officers all over the service, from Panama to Portland, from Plattsburg to the Philippines. It tells of the situation of an imaginary combat in an imaginary war. It has the major putting rifle company A on the left, and rifle company B on the right, and rifle company C in reserve, and tells the officers of machine-gun company D to look over the spots that the other units have not occupied and see if they can find places to put their own gun crews.

This sequence of thought, says Lieutenant-Colonel Walter C. Short, is the reverse of correct. The riflemen go up and take their places. Then the machine-gunners go and try to fit themselves in somewhere, as "accidental appendages" perhaps. Colonel Short says it is wrong. And Colonel Short is right. But the tragedy of the matter is that it is in exact conformity with the Training Regulations of the Infantry, which state:

> The rifle units constitute the framework around which the plan of defense is built. (T.R. 420–115, Par. 12)
>
> The primary weapons [of the infantry] are the rifle and the bayonet, and ultimate success depends upon their skillful use. Its other weapons are auxiliary. (T.R. 10–5, Par. 12)

In other words, according to the regulations, the poor machine-gunners might just as well have remained at home. They might just as well have done as the machine-gunners of the 1st Division did at St. Mihiel, where even the platoons were broken up and three guns were assigned to each infantry company. They were told to take certain places in the formations for the advance, were given no instructions to render supporting fire, and —carrying their heavy loads—were chiefly concerned with keeping their positions in the advance. Colonel Short said eight years ago, before the present regulations were written:

> The machine-gun companies suffered very heavy casualties and accomplished practically nothing except during the consolidation. One company

> lost fifty-seven men without firing a shot. Another company lost sixty-one men and fired only ninety-six rounds. This was typical of what happened to a greater or less extent throughout the whole division.

Now the battle rages all over again. Lieutenant Gatling Gun Parker may be a general with stars on his shoulders and not concerned with mere doughboy problems. But Lieutenant-Colonel Walter C. Short is still waging the battle of the machine-guns. He says that the regulations are all wrong, and should be changed. Colonel G. H. Estes reënforces that view by saying that he cannot conceive of a defense worthy of the name that is not built around the machine-guns. Colonel Short declares that the regulations should say:

> On the defensive, the machine-guns are the basic holding element, constituting the skeleton of the defensive position. The initial step by the battalion commander in the occupation of a defensive position or area will be the assignment of positions and missions to the machine-guns. After the assignment of machine-gun positions and missions, the rifle units will be placed so as to provide for the protection of the machine-guns and to cover the dead spaces in the bands of machine-gun fire.

If the regulations said this, you might see a major looking over his ground, and consulting with his machine-gun officer. They would figure out how the streams of lead might be directed from convenient spots to stop any attack dead in its tracks. The major would then say to his machine-gun captain: "You will make a disposition of your machine-guns to cover the position. The troops will make their dispositions to conform to the machine-gun positions."

However, the regulations will probably not say that for many a long day. The battle of the machine-gun started in 1862 and made little progress in thirty-six years, and then only showed results because of the energy and success of Gatling Gun Parker at San Juan Hill. It takes time to change Army regulations! But unless they be changed, there is little use in adding those four extra machine-guns to each battalion, as has just been done. The four extra guns will simply be added to the eight other guns, either idle and waiting to be toted forward on weary shoulders, or else "auxiliary" weapons to be crowded in where the doughboy with his rifle has not already preëmpted the ground.

The military profession is an exceptionally conservative one. It resists change. It distrusts new weapons. To the lay mind, the whole affair may seem trivial—an argument over a few pounds of metal and a few phrases in the regulations. Nevertheless, when those regulations are printed and distributed broadcast for the indoctrination of future leaders of American manhood in battle, and when those pieces of metal are multiplied two- or three-hundred-fold in every battalion in our army, regular, guard, and reserve, the problem assumes vast proportions. The battle of the machine-guns is still in full swing. Much as that weapon was used in the World War, and depended upon by Germans and Franco-British allies, it is still only knocking at the garrison gate in the American Army.

FALLING LEAVES ON YANKEE HILLTOPS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

With the callous assurance of antique collectors, we had won our way into the old white house by the crossroads. The interior did not seem promising. The fireplace in the living-room had been bricked up and a stovehole cut through the heart of the splendid pine panel over it. There were a centre table of golden oak and a large golden oak armchair, looking like illustrations from a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. In one corner stood a phonograph. The pictures on the walls were family photographs. Nothing, it seemed, from the early days of the house had been preserved in this room. The old lady stood clasping and unclasping her hands in front of her apron top, a little embarrassed, a shade resentful, yet not unmindful of prices her neighbors had been paid for old furniture.

"I'm afraid we ain't kept much of the old stuff," she said. "We didn't set much store by it when it got wore out. There's an old blue bowl and pitcher upstairs, but you wouldn't want 'em—the pitcher's cracked and won't hold water."

"It might make a nice decoration. Can we see it?"

"Well, it ain't no use—" and she vanished up the stairs, to reappear with a rather late Staffordshire wash-bowl and pitcher, in light blue, embellished with views of rural Gothic cottages. She seemed reluctant to accept the two dollars we offered.

"The bowl ain't no use without the pitcher, and that won't hold water," she insisted.

"And you have nothing else? No lustre ware? No old broken chairs in the attic? You wouldn't let us see the attic, would you?"

"I would not!" she affirmed decisively. "I ain't cleaned it in years. Can't do so much ez I could once."

I had wandered to the window, to glance at the geranium slips rooted there in pots, in the Autumn sun. By the window was a cheap rocking chair with a cane back, and over the back a soiled tidy—or I thought it a tidy till I looked closer. It wasn't; it was an extraordinary sampler, with ten separate alphabets worked exquisitely in red on fine white linen, now so soiled as to seem brown, and numerous tiny devices and pictures at the bottom. My sudden interest was apparent as I bent over to examine the work more closely, and the old lady came toward me.

"Will you sell this?" I demanded.

She shook her head. "No, that ain't fer sale."

"I don't understand it," said I, examining the sampler again. "It is extraordinary work, but here at the bottom are the initials J. R., and the date, 1891. I never knew girls were set to making samplers in 1891."

"They wa'n't. My mother made that sampler when she was eighty. She learned to do it when she was a girl, and she always was good with her needle. When she got old—well, like old folks, she got to thinkin' about her young days, and she sat right in that window 'most all one Winter and made that sampler. It give her a lot o' pleasure. So we keep it on that chair."

"Think of doing that beautiful, fine work at eighty!" my wife exclaimed.

"Ma's eyes was always good."

"Of course you won't sell it," said I. "I can't help being sorry, though. I'd gladly have given eight dollars for it."

Almost with one motion the old lady unfastened the safety pin which held it to the chair, and thrust it into my hand.

"It's yours!" she exclaimed. "Eight dollars'll buy a heap o' new records to keep John and me company this Winter!"

II

One of the most famous of Hen Mosley's exploits was offering a United States post-office for sale. Somebody, it seemed, had to be postmaster in the little hamlet of Forge Brook, so the job was wished on Henry. He didn't want it. He was an auctioneer, and much preferred occupying the limelight at auctions to sorting mail. It took most of his government salary and all of his ingenuity finding assistants for the job, and he had to file statements and reports and keep strict accounts. So finally, in despair, he inserted an advertisement in the county paper, announcing for sale "a bay horse, twelve years old, and a harness ditto," and offering to throw in, for full measure, "one perfectly good United States post-office."

There were no takers for this bargain, but much talk. Fortunately, there was a change of administration presently, and the only Democrat in town relieved Hen of his burden.

Hen had a stentorian voice, which never tired. I have heard his "How much am I offered?" 400 yards away, as I was approaching the farm where the wagons and Fords were clustered and a group of people stood on the grass in front of the house, while Hen, on the porch above them, dominated their emotions like an orator and comedian combined. His humor was rough and ready, and often Elizabethan. But it was unfailing. Generally he knew everybody in the crowd, so it was also personal. But why he always called one of those crockery domestic utensils now less familiar than of old, a "down East cultivator," and why that always amused the crowd, I was never able to discover.

Hen had no motor. Why should he have one? he asked. His friends all had 'em. So one day we called for the old man, to take him to the big Fair. For some miles the State highway ribboned over the Berkshire Barrier between woods and hal abandoned fields, through a country that was obviously going slowly back to wilderness. Suddenly, as we were passing a small, neglected graveyard by the road, Hen half rose in the rear seat and bellowed in his megaphonic voice, "Hello, Hugh!"

The cry was so loud and ringing, and so sudden, that the driver nearly ran the car off the road.

"Good God, Hen, are you trying to wreck us?" he cried. "Don't do that again!"

"Sorry," said Hen. "But I have to call 'Hello' to Hugh."

We looked about the vacant landscape. "Where is Hugh?" we demanded.

Hen jerked a thumb back toward the graveyard. "In there, resting peaceful, I hope."

"Did you hold out something on us before we started?" we demanded. "You shouldn't begin so early in the day."

"Listen, boys," said Hen, soberly for him, and ignoring our remark. "Back a long time ago, before I was born—so's you can see it was a long time—a feller named Hugh Ferris lived right here in this hill pocket. 'Twas quite a settlement then. Come June, he took sick of Summer fever. They call it typhoid now, and say it comes from drinkin' water, which is why I don't drink water. Anyhow, Hugh had it bad, and along about hayin' time he seen his end was close, so he called in his neighbors, or some of 'em, and he says to 'em, 'Boys, I'm going to leave you pretty quick. And I don't want to spoil nobody's hayin', so's I want you should promise to make the woman have the funeral in the evenin', if it has to be on a good hay day.' 'Course, they tried to laugh at him, but they seen

he was serious, so they promised. And then he says, 'Boys, I'm goin' to be kind o' lonesome, lyin' up there in the cemetery, and missin' all my neighbors, and I want you should promise that when you go by, you'll always holler out to me. Holler, "Hello, Hugh!" Maybe I'll hear yer.' So they promised. Sure 'nough, he died in hay time, and was buried at eight o'clock in the evenin', after everybody'd got their hay in. And that's why I hollered, 'Hello, Hugh'."

"Does everybody around here still holler it when they go by?" we asked.

Hen did not reply for a moment. "No, I reckon not," he said. "There ain't so many of us left who knew who Hugh was, or—or give a damn."

III

More than three-quarters of a century ago, in a small town which clung to the bank of a roaring stream in a narrow gorge of the hills and flung its farms as best it could up the steep, rocky slopes into the timber and the shadowed ravines of the tributary brooks, there were two brothers. Only a year separated them in age, but they were far apart in temperament. Thomas, the elder, was slow and sturdy and undemonstrative. He liked farming, and getting out logs for the mill in Winter, and roaming the hills for coons in the crisp Autumn. He liked the small house he was born in, the warm odor of cattle in the barn, the drone of hymns in the tiny church on Sunday, the easy, humorous, shirt-sleeve gossip with his neighbors. Joshua, the younger, was slight of stature, quick and nervous in temperament, fascinated by machinery, and intensely curious about the outside world. When he was eighteen and his brother nineteen, he cheerfully surrendered his share of the farm for the price of a trip down to the city at the end of the river and a Winter's board and keep—which wasn't much, to be sure. In the city Joshua throve exceedingly. He secured work in a machine shop, he invented various devices, he consulted a scrupulous lawyer in far-away Boston and reaped the just reward of his brains. By the time he was forty, he was the owner of a factory which bore his name, and his product was known in many lands.

Thomas continued to work the farm. He married, and had daughters. All but one of them married in turn, and left him. Mary remained at home and cared for the little house, after her mother died. Tom didn't envy his brother's success in the world, but neither did he understand it. A visit to Joshua's mansion oppressed him. He felt out of place, and a bit scornful of the servants, the carriage to take you half a block, the luxurious life. He was proud that he was a farmer, and kept on working late in life, refusing aid from his brother. Perhaps Mary knew ways to accept it, for after he was eighty, and unable longer to do any real work on the place, they still lived in comfort. At ninety Thomas walked to the post-office every day and sat a while on the drug store porch, watching the new-fangled automobiles go by. And he still split all the stove wood.

But when Thomas was ninety-two (Mary, his daughter, was then over sixty), and Joshua was ninety-one, both brothers, in their separate abodes, came down with influenza. That was in December. They were both very sick old men. Mary had to get in a nurse. Joshua succumbed in January, but his brother was too ill to be informed. At last, however, Thomas pulled through, and finally sat up in the old Boston rocker at the window, with the pale March sun on his white head and leathery skin, which all his years and sickness hadn't bleached quite white.

His daughter came and sat by him. "Father," she said, "I have some bad news to tell you. You've been very sick, you know, and while you were sick, Uncle Joshua got sick, too. He had the same thing you did, but he wasn't able to get over it. Father, poor Uncle Joshua died in January. You know, he was ninety-one. That's pretty old."

Thomas made no reply for a moment, but his pale blue eyes gazed out of the window, past the gray barns and the sloppy cow yard, across the fields where he had toiled all his long life—the tops of the furrows showing bare and black between the zebra stripes of snow—and up into the woods above where a March haze hung in the damp, naked trees.

Slowly he turned his gaze back toward his daughter and spoke in a feeble voice.

"Wall, Mary," said he, "Joshuway never did have no vitality."

IV

I was out on the mountain one morning in October, a soft, exquisite day when something of Summer seemed still to linger in the sunshine, but when, if you moved into the shadow, there was a touch of crisp chill in the air and you noticed the leaves drifting down from the maples like flecks of gold. I broke out of timber presently on to a long, rocky spine which fell away steeply on either hand, on the one into a wooded ravine, on the other into a wide, fertile valley, checkered with farms like a patchwork quilt stitched with stone walls. I sat down on a rock to rest, and presently I heard a hound baying in the ravine. It was a half-hearted bay, questioning and uncertain.

"On a cold scent," thought I, and wondered whose dog it was, for hounds are scarce nowadays in our hills.

The baying continued in the ravine, getting no nearer, and I turned the other way to feel the sun on my neck and to watch the lazy smoke of a bonfire in the valley. A few moments later, to my surprise, I heard a twig snap behind me, and turned to see a man coming up from the ravine. He, too, was surprised, for this ridge we were on was trailless and few people ever traversed it. He had a rifle over his shoulder, and wore pack shoes, into which his trousers were stuffed. You might have mistaken him for a Maine guide, even to the pale blue eyes. His age was perhaps sixty, but it was betrayed only by the iron gray of his hair and the crowsfeet around his eyes.

"Oh, that's your hound, Mr. Swain?" said I. "He seems to be on a cold scent."

"Is," said the other shortly. "May put up something, though. I calc'lated to wait here on the ridge. If it's a fox, it'll most gen'lly cross over."

He didn't seem overly pleased that I, too, was waiting at that spot, but I manifested no intention of departing, so he sat down on a rock not far away, and let his eyes rove over the world below him.

Jim Swain was a famous hunter in our region—a hunter and trapper. But as a conversationalist he was, as we say, difficult. He had been trained as a carpenter, and still occasionally worked at his trade, after sufficient persuasion by a short-handed contractor or a neighbor whose silo had blown over. But for years in Winter he had walked a line of traps reputed to be fifteen or twenty miles long, April found him whipping up some mountain stream with his rod, and October saw his lean, brown figure disappearing into the woods at the bell-call of his hound. Keen trapper that he was, trapping could not possibly bring him in so much as a carpenter's wages, and mushing fifteen miles a day over drifted mountain sides and through half-frozen swamps is not exactly an easy life. So I was curious—rudely curious.

"Do you get many foxes?"

"Not many. They're skeerce. More'n they were ten years ago, though. Fewer dogs."

"Must be disappointing to tramp all day and go home empty handed. Doesn't buy much gas, does it?"

"Don't need much, do I, if I tramp all day?"

"None of us needs as much as he buys," I hazarded.

His eyes lit a trifle, and he looked at me sharply. "You said something then. What are *you* doing up here all day? You can't even take home a fox pelt. Not that pelts is worth anything this early."

"No, about all I can take home is an appetite."

"Then I can beat yer, even if that hound don't put nothing over the ridge."

I waited in silence. He would tell me of his own accord, or not at all.

"I can take home something they can't understand down in the village," he went on presently, looking into the ravine where his dog was still baying fitfully. 'You comin' up here's you do, and know-in' where the partridges nest, and all—maybe you can understand. I don't rightly know if I do myself."

"I once had a guide in Maine," said I, "who told me he'd rather look at a tree than the finest house a man ever built. Probably you and he would get on."

"Mebbe. What I like ter see is a tree that's older'n any man, older'n the village. Over in the glen they's hemlocks I reckon out was big trees when the Pilgrims landed. I like to see 'em, and smell 'em, and the brook water runnin' over their roots. There used to be an old feller here who said the air o' the woods tasted good 'cause it hadn't been breathed by anything but wild critters. He said he liked to get up early and breathe the regular village air before the common folks had. Thar *is* a difference. I come home from the woods, anyhow, and thar's dead leaves and punky wood and pine needles and brook water smellin' in my nose."

"And sometimes mink and skunk and fox, isn't there?"

"I don't mind that. That's parfume, too. Then there's sounds in the woods. A partridge whirrin' off, a blue jay squawk-in', an old hoot owl callin' come twilight, the glen brook tumblin' over the cliff, those are sounds, a sorter music. But Fords rattlin' and horns tootin' and men pound-in' nails and cussin' and tellin' how many females they've loved—they're noises."

Again there was a silence. The hound's bay had come nearer, and Jim's eyes peered down the slope and his finger strayed to the trigger. But then the baying ceased, and after a moment he relaxed again.

"You don't think if I didn't take home nothin' but pelts from hunting, I'd be darn fool enough not to make a better living sawin' boards, do you?"

"No, of course not," I assured him, with conviction.

"Not that it makes a darn bit o' difference," he added.

"I had an ancestor who migrated to Ohio because a neighbor settled within a mile of him," I smiled. "He said New England was getting too crowded."

"And now Ohio's full o' rubber factories and presidential candidates. He better have stayed here," Jim replied.

"Well, I hope you get your fox, anyhow," said I, rising. "So long."

The hound was baying again on the slope. His eyes and finger were alert. He didn't reply.

I looked back before I entered the woods. His lean figure was outlined against the sky, and there was a dull glint on his rifle barrel as it lay across his knees.

He should have worn a coon-skin cap.

V

Adam Pilling had been a circuit driver. There is no relation between a Yankee circuit driver and a Southern circuit rider—none whatever. Adam drove trotting horses around the circuit of county fairs and minor race meets. Sometimes, also, he bought and sold horses. He was, in all ways of life except horse dealing, an honest man and respected citizen. And as a horse dealer he was a respected citizen. Honesty was not expected in a horse deal. In fact, it would have been a disappointment. So far as the records showed, Adam had never disappointed anybody, just as he had never driven a crooked race, nor abused a horse, nor spoken an unkind word to a child, nor diluted his whiskey with water, nor been sick a day in his life, except once when a horse kicked him in the knee. Sitting up in his high-wheeled sulky behind a high-spirited horse that resented guid-

ance, or later in a contraption with wire wheels and rubber tires, he handled the reins with the skill of a master and the joy of a schoolboy till he was almost seventy.

He wore a beard on his cheeks and under his chin, but kept his chin and lip shaved, which made a formidable setting for his straight mouth. Possibly we have attributed dourness to our ancestors on the strength of their whiskers, rather than their actual dispositions. Certainly Adam Pilling was neither dour nor hard. He drove to win, but win or lose, at the hotel that night he sat on the porch with a Blackstone in the corner of his mouth, the centre of an amiable gathering. Of course, the pious folk in his own village disapproved of horse racing, and its attendant sin of betting. But they could hardly treat Adam as they knew they *ought* to treat him. Alas, they liked him! They had always known him, always liked him. He was a good friend, a good neighbor, an amusing companion. He blandly refused to know that he was a sinner, and as a practical matter, it was difficult for them to realize it. They solved the dilemma by forgetting it—and going to the South County Fair each September to cheer Adam when he drove!

Adam's wife died when he was sixty, and his children had both gone away. He lived alone, a woman coming in each day to get his meals and sweep up the cigar ashes. When he was nearly seventy, he gave up training as well as driving horses, and settled down to a routine of village life. Every day he made a trip to the cigar store, where he remained an hour or two and swapped yarns with old cronies, or younger men who would listen. In season he attended some of the fairs, and roamed about the stables. He kept one horse of his own, which he exercised every afternoon, rain or shine, sending it along at a good clip in the shafts of a bright yellow, wire-wheeled trap. Once a week he went to the barber-shop and had his whiskers trimmed. In the barber-shop hung a colored lithograph of Nancy Hanks and another of Maud S. He liked to look at them. His whiskers, grown gray after his wife's death, grew rapidly white after he ceased driving. It took him longer, each month, his housekeeper noted, to curry and rub the horse. He spilled more ashes on the carpet.

One Winter day, when he was seventy-five, he didn't hitch the horse into the pung and go jingling through the village. Neither did he go out to the store. He sat by the big coal stove in his sitting-room, and threw a half-smoked cigar with a grunt into the ash pit, and complained of the cold and a pain in his throat.

"You're going to be sick; you'd better have the doctor in," his housekeeper said, looking anxiously at his flushed face.

"Poppycock and piffle," said Adam, wheezing. "Never was sick in my life! Never was kept in bed 'cept when a hoss kicked me in 1886 and the knee. Don't think I'm going to begin *now*, at my age, do yer?"

"Just the same, you go to bed early, and sleep warm," she commanded.

Adam ate little of the supper she had left for him. He couldn't seem to swallow it, and his hot tea was a torture. He dragged himself to bed, where he lay what seemed to him hours, with his body racked by chills, and breathing a torture. Finally he got up, dressed, turned the draft on in the sitting-room stove, pulled a chair up close to the heat, wrapped himself in a quilt from the bed, and huddled miserably to wait for morning.

So his housekeeper found him when she came to get his breakfast—early, because she had a presentiment. She took one shocked look, laid a hand on his hot forehead, and cried, "I'm going to telephone for the doctor. You orter have a 'phone in this house. 'Taint right—"

" 'Fore you do that"—the words came painfully from his aching throat—"you get Barney Dowd to come an' tend to the hoss. He knows how. You do that first, or you're fired!"

The doctor arrived half an hour later. He was a young man, and Adam had watched him grow up. His father had been one of Adam's friends, and an owner of race horses.

"Bob, I'm sick," the old man complained, as the doctor came into the room. "Damn it, I'm sick!"

"You are," said the doctor, as the examination proceeded. "You've got the quinsy. You're going back to bed now. Why didn't you stay there last night?"

"Couldn't. Couldn't keep warm. Couldn't breathe lyin' down. Set here all night waitin' for mornin'. Didn't think I'd last to see it. Kinder hoped I wouldn't."

"Tsh, tsh, that's no way to talk. You don't know how to be sick! You'll be all right in a week or two."

" 'Twa'n't that. 'Twa'n't the pain, really. But I got ter thinkin'. I got ter thinkin' o' your father, Bob, and how him and me, when you was a little wee feller, raised Mamie Belle together, and trained her, and I drove her down to Danbury and bust the track record. That's when your dad started the bank account that put you through medicine school. Better not tell that to the parson! And I got ter thinkin' o' poor old Jack Hadley. He's dead. Wa'n't a meet for thirty years, hardly, him and me didn't kick up the dust around the old track one behind the other or t'other way about, drivin' like hell to win, an' then havin' dinner together at the hotel. And I got ter thinkin' o' Mike Daley, the grinnin' old mick, who used to keep the livery stable and got the better o' me once in a hoss trade, and never let me ferget it. And I got ter kind o' goin' down to Sage's cigar store in my mind, and comin' home, and goin' down again, and thinkin' o' the old faces that ain't there no more, and hearin' the young fellers talk about their new Buicks and tin Lizzies that can't snuggle a soft nose into your hand way a hoss can. And then, here in the dark, I got ter thinkin' about Molly, an' how she used ter move around easy and quiet like, and how pretty she was when I drive out in the cutter to the farm more'n—more'n fifty years ago, an'—well, I kind o' wanted ter see those old faces more'n I wanted to see what's around now, even yourn. I kind o' hoped I wouldn't get better."

"You did altogether too much thinking. Drink this, and then you'll do some sleeping. Now, Mrs. Bristow, help me get this old idiot to bed."

"No, Bob, I ain't an idiot," the old man wheezed. "You be. You're young."

When he recovered, Adam Pilling's daughter tried to get him to come and live with her in Bridgeport, but he steadfastly refused. In the Summer, his son came for him with one of the new-fangled automobiles which were already beginning to litter the highways, and took him down to Belmont Park. But he didn't respond to the running ponies, "with a lot o' green and yaller monkeys on their backs and hardly legs enough to stand on." He returned to the house where he had lived most of his life, with its now almost vacant stable behind, where his one horse grew restless for exercise. Folks said he was "aging fast." He still shaved his chin every day, but generally now he cut it. In the cigar store a younger man occasionally turned away impatiently from his reminiscences. Mike Daley's old livery stable had become a garage. Two Winters later he again came down with a sore throat, and was put to bed. He never got up.

"Pneumonia?" somebody asked the doctor.

"You might as well call it that," the doctor answered.

RAISING THE BIG WIND

BY R. J. PRENDERGAST

In the old days, when an American college needed money, the learned president thereof would trim his whiskers, put on his sneakers, and go out after it in person. His efforts were always focussed upon the handful of prosperous plutocrats who, in exchange for small favors, such as the award of LL.D.'s or the inscription of their names on new buildings, were known to be easily cajoled into coughing up half millions. But now that primitive method of raising the big wind is as out of date as ladies' bustles and high-wheeled bicycles. Where money-getters on the prowl once devoted themselves almost solely to the Big Money Boys, they now seek to be democrats, giving everybody, high or low, a fair chance to do his bit for the Worthy Cause. Instead of chasing after fat checks of six figures, they snatch up whatever is offered—dimes and nickels, and even pennies. And what was once a simple art, practised exclusively by amateurs, is now in the hands of Science and Organization. It has become, indeed, a Great Profession, with trained specialists who, for a fee and expenses, stand ready day or night to raise funds for any Great Cause.

At least a score of such professional money-raisers now flourish in the imperial city of New York, and this number is steadily increasing. Most of them started on their careers only a short time ago, though some, such as the John Price Jones Corporation and the Messrs. Tamblyn and Brown, trace their experience in getting the mazuma back to the early days of the late war. The latter firm, especially, is proud of its battles on the home front in those stirring times, and often speaks of them in its advertisements. During th hottest part of the historic conflict it senior partner, George Oliver Tamblyn had a commission as director of membe ship extension in the Atlantic Division c the American Red Cross, and as such h "conducted more than sixty campaigns fo the Red Cross and for Community Chests," and in less than four years raised $30,000 000. During most of this time the othe half of the firm, John Crosby Brown, wa getting valuable experience "directin publicity."

When the wicked Potsdam Gang finall signed at Versailles, "both partners ha become convinced that the new techniqu of fund-raising could be made permanentl available for the educational, religious philanthropic and civic agencies of th country." Previously, they had also com to the conclusion that "if the annua sources of income were to dry up, the worl of these civilizing agencies of our countr would disintegrate." So in 1920 the decided to lend a helping hand to "ou socially constructive institutions" by or ganizing the first modern, efficient and high minded firm of money-raisers. At the out set they were content to start in a smal way, with the help of only a director of a City Bureau of Municipal Research, a uni versity Ph.D., the personal secretary of "a nationally known financier," a newspape editor, and several others. Today, "th permanent staff of the firm numbers more than 100 men and women, mostly college graduates," and all are top-notchers in their "mastery of the art and science o organization and publicity." Eighty cam paigns have been waged for colleges, State

universities, prep schools, theological seminaries, hospitals, missionary institutions, better housing enterprises, a fund for the prevention of credit crime, a medical center, a cathedral, and four memorial campaigns for deceased Presidents of the Republic. In all, these drives have yielded $40,000,000 in hard cash.

II

This new profession of money-raising, in its higher phases, would be almost a closed-shop for Messrs. Tamblyn and Brown if it were not for the competition offered by the John Price Jones Corporation. Like their rivals, this house also has a staff of more than a hundred up-and-doing go-getters, male and female, most of whom, again, are college graduates. Though their specialties are "campaign service" and "fund raising," they also run a sideline in public relations work. They are particularly proud of their "permanent staff of specially trained publicity men," whose services, it appears, are invaluable in "gaining the public's confidence and good-will in giving generous aid to worthy causes." Here are a few of the many things these specialists can do:

> Analyze situations where public attention is needed for a cause.
>
> Formulate working plans and programmes for attracting public attention through the medium of the printed word, meetings, radio, moving pictures, etc.
>
> Write and distribute articles, speeches and statements.
>
> Originate and carry out features designed to attract the public eye and ear.
>
> Organize meetings, dinners and other gatherings, and secure the requisite amount of public attention thereto.

All these ornaments of the new profession seem to be inspired by the same altruistic ambition: to help preserve "the active good-will of the American people," so that "the civilizing agencies of our country may continue the maintenance of their noble work." This end, and much more, is achieved speedily and easily by Education and Action:

> Education of public opinion is needed in order to make clear how the causes and institutions in question advance the ideals, principles and practical concerns which the American people have at heart.
>
> Action is needed in order to cause people to form habits of disinterested giving.

In the more scientific terms of Messrs. Tamblyn and Brown, Education and Action are revealed as nothing more than synonyms for Publicity and Organization, "the two indispensable factors toward maintaining our national stream of giving." Each of them is "becoming a science and an art requiring a high degree of professional skill." By the ceaseless application of all the known devices of these new sciences and arts, and with the expert guidance of their eight-cylinder, high-powered, air-cooled professors, the National Stream of Giving has suffered no drought, as witness:

> Over five hundred million dollars a year is conservatively estimated as being given by the American people to educational, philanthropic and religious institutions alone.

Of this sum more than half is drummed up by the virtuosi of Action and Education. Most of the remaining half comes in voluntary donations, such as legacies. Only a fraction of the whole $500,000,000 is plucked by amateur money-raisers.

Ever since the Liberty Loan drives and the Y. M. C. A. and Salvation Army campaigns, the heads of "socially constructive institutions" have been placing more and more hope in their ability to "tap new sources of giving." Probably the first to make a dash for the new El Dorado were the colleges, nearly all of which launched drives for increased endowments. Up to 1926 sixty-eight such shrines of the higher learning had appealed, or were still appealing, for more than $181,000,000, and of this more than $165,000,000 has been collected to date. The most modest of them all was Bluffton College, with a modest request for $125,000. Chicago topped the list when it set its goal at $17,500,000, but Harvard was a close second with $15,250,000.

Then followed Princeton with a plea for $14,250,000 and the Johns Hopkins with one for $10,890,000. Rochester and Cornell were tied at $10,000,000, and Goucher College, at Baltimore, wanted $6,000,000. Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes were out for $5,000,000 or better. Illinois, Union, Penn State, Oberlin, Vassar, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Virginia and Lehigh are now all whooping it up for two and a half millions or more. More than two dozen others are in the million-dollar class. Just a few months ago, however, all these—including even such topnotchers as Chicago, Harvard, and Princeton—were shown up as rank amateurs by the "bigger and better New York University," which is booming and bawling for $73,000,000.

The up-and-doing rolling mills of learning, however, are not the only Civilizing Agencies that have gone after the easy money annually handed out by high-minded Americans. Below I list a few of the many other Worthy Causes that have "sought the active coöperation of the right people." They are all clients of the house of John Price Jones, and the figures represent not what is wanted but what has actually been collected through Education and Action:

Army and Navy Club	$250,000
America's Gift to France	275,000
Diocese of Duluth	802,000
Motion Picture Popularity Contest for the A. I. C. P.	145,000
New University Club, Boston	400,000
New York Post-Graduate Hospital	100,000
New York Trade Committee, Republican National Campaign	600,000
Pi Chapter, D K E	75,000
Theatre Guild, Inc.	500,000
Unitarian Campaign, Inc.	3,000,000
Woodrow Wilson Foundation	650,000
Y. W. C. A. Maintenance Fund, Boston	65,000

To this list might be added the campaign of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for $15,000,000, that of the Presbyterian Hospital for $3,600,000, and that of the Harding Memorial for $800,000. The spirit of the new science is international, and so within the past few years it has also rushed to the aid of Worthy Causes in France, Belgium, Turkey, Syria and China.

Three questions must be faced and answered by any institution seeking its aid in realizing upon the American public generosity. Here they are:

> How can the active coöperation of the right people as workers be secured?
>
> How can new sources of giving be tapped?
>
> How can publicity be prepared which combines restraint and good taste with sufficient force and magnetism to do its share in securing the necessary work and gifts?

The wrong response in any one case spells inevitable disaster, for as the research men of Tamblyn and Brown have ably demonstrated,

> the giving public has had so much experience with the *right* way of asking for money . . . that it is becoming intolerant of the wrong way. Thus, judicious and skillful management brings constantly increasing rewards. On the other hand, mistakes grow constantly more costly in time, money and good will.

The only Right Way of Asking for Money, it appears, is with the guidance of some reliable house of professional fund-raisers—skilled specialists who always have on tap for their fortunate customers "the service which saves time." In exchange therefor the customer pays a small fee, which is usually about 6% of the money raised.

Such super-service is of course in great demand, and so most of the up-to-date fund-raisers have been constrained to put up barriers to keep out the unworthy. Tamblyn and Brown, stealing a lap on their competitors, have installed a Department of Counsel to Clients, which investigates all new business to see if it is "the right kind of new business." This house "is unwilling to undertake any campaign unless it is satisfied that the cause is worthy." When it turns out to be all right, an agreement is quickly reached and the decks are then cleared for Education and Action.

Sometimes, it appears, though not often, a prospective client has doubts about the dignity and good taste of a public campaign for funds. For such emergencies the modern money-raising plant maintains a

handy file wherein it keeps the testimonials of satisfied customers, many of them nationally advertised eminentissimos such as the Right Rev. Dr. William Thomas Manning, the Hon. George W. Wickersham, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday, and the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Here is a typical note from Monsignor William Lawrence, the go-getting Bishop of Massachusetts:

> The people throughout the country are yearning for spiritual leadership. With spiritual leadership as a slogan you can almost raise the dead, provided you have one essential—a school or institution which will turn out spiritual leaders. One fact about the Episcopal Theological School (at Cambridge) struck this note. "Of every thirty living graduates of the School, one is a Bishop, a leader. . . ."

Later on the happy Bishop writes:

> The entire million dollars was raised in *ninety* days with ease.

Here, again, is a letter from Dr. William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College in Kentucky:

> You have given us splendid publicity. . . . You have been lavish in your service to our cause. All of those who have worked under your guidance . . . have labored with the utmost devotion.

And here is the way Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, president *emerita* of Constantinople Women's College, feels about it:

> I was much impressed by . . . the desire for real truth in the publicity work. . . . The careful study in the plan for the campaign. . . . The high character of the men and women who were employed in the campaign. They were people of education and intelligence, who spoke English as it is spoken in the world of culture. . . . The result of the campaign was successful.

And here is just one more epistle from former Senator Joseph J. Frelinghuysen, friend and confidant of Dr. Harding:

> As president of the Harding Memorial Association, I take this opportunity to commend you for the work done in publicity and in setting up an organization in raising funds for a memorial for President Harding. The time in which to put over the campaign was short. It furnished an opportunity to show what could be accomplished under pressure.

III

By now, let us assume, all doubts that a prospective customer may have entertained about the idealism of the professional money-getter have vanished completely. But before the two can shake and call one another brother a couple of axioms must be inspected and memorized:

> The shortest distance between two points is the best route for an institution to take.
>
> For the institution or corporation seeking funds . . . the shortest distance is the line of action pointed out by the specialist.

The first thing that is done in any well-regulated campaign is to Analyze. This means reducing the grand total of what is wanted to thousands of infinitesimal slices. It is the scientific way of making a million dollars look small. When Colgate College sighed for a million, the amount was divided by the number of living graduates. The result was "built around the figure 3-3-3," which simply means that each one approached "was asked to get or give $333." This was a bright idea; it "proved contagious, and as a result the entire million was over-subscribed within a week." Williams College analyzed somewhat differently. What it wanted was a new gymnasium, and for this it needed $1,400,000, certainly not a small sum. But it was quickly made to seem small when the professors of Education and Action divided the $1,400,000 by the number of bricks to be used in the building, thus evolving a "cost per brick idea." This in turn gave birth to the poetic slogan, "Buy a Brick," which again was contagious, and raised the money.

After everything has been thoroughly Analyzed, it must be Organized, and here is where the Scientific Technique of the professional counts. Several hundred committees are always appointed, even in the smallest campaign. But no matter how many there may be, at least two are always present—the General or Permanent Committee, and the Special Gifts Committee. In the matter of this committee organ-

ization the house of John Price Jones, Inc., has some excellent advice for its clients:

> Get the moral and financial backing of all your trustees and as large a percentage as possible of your alumni before going to the public.
>
> Get after the potential big donor, whether he is an alumnus or a member of the public. Put on your special prospect committee the kind of men who can reach these potential big donors. Work up special arguments for this kind of prospect.

Just what these words mean in a concrete way is shown by the make-up of the executive committee, which set out to collect $800,000 to provide a gaudy mausoleum in a five-acre park at Marion, O., for the clay of the sainted Gamaliel. This committee consisted of Dr. Coolidge, the members of his Cabinet, and "ten other close associates of the late President," with special honors for Charles E. Sawyer as chairman, Secretary John W. Weeks as publicity chairman, the Hon. Charles E. Hughes as chairman of the committee on religious organization, the Hon. Charlie Schwab, LL.D., as chairman of special gifts, the Hon. Andy Mellon as campaign treasurer, and Senator Frelinghuysen as national president.

The next step is left to the Department of Publicity, whose members, in the words of Tamblyn and Brown, "regard publicity as an art, having independent value in itself."

> The staff is audacious enough to have as its ideal the production of booklets which are not only good publicity but good literature. For this reason their work must not only be characterized by the scrupulous respect for facts which marks a scholarly treatise, but it must also exhibit the warm imagination and human sympathy which characterize creative literature.

The result of mixing this scrupulous regard for facts with warm imagination was well illustrated during the recent scramble for $15,000,000 for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, when a wizard of the new art discovered two or three miracles in the cathedral, and got a detailed account of them into the cynical New York papers. For this service he was later promoted by the house which ran the cathedral's campaign. According to the standards of the new profession he certainly deserved it.

The following counsel comes from Joh Price Jones, Inc.:

> Make your publicity tell the story of your institution and the men back of it. Make your publicity drive home the kind and volume of service you are rendering, before you explain your needs. *Dramatize your work in your publicity.*

All these elements—the analysis, the organization, and the art of publicity—whe hinged together are known to the fund raising profession as the Creative Elemen in Campaigning. Say the Messrs. Tamblyn and Brown:

> A campaign conducted by an experienced director and his staff is not simply an orderly progression of scheduled events; it is, in reality, a creative activity. . . . Loose threads are gathered together, new influences and personalities are enlisted, and the idea which inspires the movement takes on increasing reality, until finally there is created a new thing, animated by a new understanding, moved by a new spirit—the campaign itself.

When this happy stage is reached, it is time to ring the bell, or in the words of the John Price Jones Corporation, "give the signal to start the campaign." Such ceremonies, of course, are put on in *de luxe* style. In the Yale drive for cash, the alumni in all the big towns throughout the Republic were called together at great dinners. After a sumptuous feed and booster talks for a bigger and better Yale, some local *chargé d'affaires* gave the signal and the radio was turned on. A moment later the entire Yale alumni, thus convened at dinner throughout the United States, were listening to one and the same appeal from campaign headquarters at New Haven—and a few minutes later a considerable number of them were signing checks for *alma mater*. The go-getters who collected for the Harding Memorial followed a similar procedure, with one or two improving touches. For one thing, they got Dr. Coolidge to talk into the microphone. For another, they broadcast "not only through every part of the United States, but across the Atlantic, so that for the first time in history the voice of a President of the United States was heard in London during an address delivered at the capital."

IV

To see a real drive in action one can do no better than visit the great city of New York. Here one not only encounters every possible sort of Civilizing Agency, but also plenty of cash and an endless stream of good will in addition to all the paraphernalia with which the go-getters of the new profession get results. What can be done in such an ideal *milieu* was clearly illustrated by the drive of Monsignor Manning's Cathedral of St. John the Divine for $15,000,000. First came the period of Analysis and Planning, in which "the comprehensive nature of the service which the completed Cathedral might be expected to render was defined." Next was the period of Organization.

> About 6,000 individuals were enlisted in committees of organization and publicity as active workers; approximately 300 conferences, committee meetings and report meetings were held. There were organized 240 parish committees and over 210 committees of the community organization and seven special committees. Upward of 240 lectures and addresses were given on the Cathedral and 200 articles published in newspapers, magazines, trade periodicals and special publications.

The Big Step came in the old Madison Square Garden on the evening of Sunday, January 18, 1925, when Bishop Manning, in the presence of "a great mass meeting of the entire organized forces," gave the signal for the campaign to begin.

> Twelve thousand people completely filled the historic place. Thousands more came and were unable to get in. A vast invisible audience heard by radio the singing of hymns and the addresses of many of New York's most distinguished citizens.

This great event "revealed and intensified the religious interest in the city. It advanced the great conception of Christian Unity more than years of philosophic speculation could have done." Following it came the serious business of hauling in the shekels. It was during this period that Babe Ruth hit home runs for the fund and Nurmi did his bit by breaking long distance records. It was also the time when Bishop Manning spat on his episcopal hands and showed what he personally could do by going out and "securing most of the large gifts in the campaign." It was the time of Ideas and Creative Effort, when every one of the six thousand active workers was straining himself to the utmost in applying all the known tricks of the new art and science. As one Congregational man of God said, there was "a revelation of what a group of able and persistent men and women can accomplish when once they set their eyes on a goal and are determined to reach it." In the words of the astute *New York Herald-Tribune*, "The Cathedral has captured the imagination of the day!"

Here are some appreciative words from the Hon. George W. Wickersham, active chairman of the committee on community coöperation:

> The work has been admirably done, both in organizing the campaign and in connection with carrying it out. I cannot speak too highly of the skill with which all this has been done.

The occasion, of course, could not go by without an episcopal bull by Dr. Manning himself. Here is its essence:

> More than ten million dollars is, we believe, now assured, but the campaign has produced results greater by far than can be estimated in terms of money. It has brought the ideal and the spiritual significance of the Cathedral before vast numbers of people who had not previously given thought to this and has thus given the Cathedral an opportunity for Service greater than ever before.

Today those happy, zealous days have slipped into history, and little is ever heard in the newspapers about the Cathedral. But already there are omens of another period of bustle—a period of even greater activity than before. This time, however, the generous and prosperous New Yorker is to be asked to open his pocketbook, not for the Cathedral but for another great Civilizing Agency of New York—the Greater and Greater New York University. Being the most recent drive on record, the N. Y. U. appeal is naturally the most up-to-date. In many respects it is also unique. The university is not seeking a niggardly $15,000,000, like the Cathedral, for its needs are much greater. Indeed, so great are they that it is asking for more than any

other Worthy Cause has ever dared to seek, a total of $73,000,000.

Curiously enough, this effort to tap the National Stream of Giving is not in the hands of professionals. This again makes it almost unique. Yet it is not strange. For has not the university an up-and-doing School of Commerce with nationally known departments of Advertising and of Finance, privy to all the latest tricks of the new science of Action? And hasn't it a marvelous School of Education capable of spreading enlightenment among the Babbitts about the university's good work and its need to carry on? Finally, hasn't it a great chancellor and an up-and-coming council? With all these advantages, it would be foolish to throw 6% of $73,000,000 into the hands of professional fund-raisers.

The N. Y. U. drive is still in its early stages, and so little about it has been printed in the daily journals. But the period of Analysis is already past. By the time the university reaches its one hundredth anniversary in 1931 it expects to have collected $47,750,000. This is to be split into "365 birthday gifts of $12,960 each." And even these have been made to look small, as witness: "It will cost you $.30 a second, $18 a minute, $1,080 an hour to run the university. Why not run it for a second, a minute, or an hour?"

The period of Organization is now on. There is a permanent committee of 365 "representatives of the city's industrial and professional groups, organized to memorialize the 365 days of the 100th birthday year of New York University." There is also an executive committee composed of some nationally known eminentissimos, such as the Hon. Percy Seldon Straus, vice-president of Macy's; the Hon. William H. Nichols, chairman of the board of the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation; the Hon. Walter E. Frew, president of the Corn Exchange Bank; the Hon. William M. Kingsley, president of the United States Trust Company; the Hon. John J. Carty, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of N. Y. U. Many sub-committees have been formed. Here are a few samples:

Corsets and Brassières
Food Products and Kindred Lines
General Merchandise, Department, Retail, etc.
Wholesale Dry Goods
Fancy Goods
Crockery, Chinaware and Glass
Vehicles and Kindred Lines
Hides, Leather, Belting
Paints and Varnishes
Office Appurtenances and Supplies
Paper Industries
House Furniture
Light, Heat and Power
General Hardware
Music Trades
Architects
Consulting Engineers
Physicians and Surgeons
Amusement Interests
Miscellaneous

All of these committees are subdivided into minor committees. The amusement interests committee, for example, is divided into playwrights and authors, and the miscellaneous committee includes "everything not covered." Each of the committees is to run N. Y. U. for a day.

Soon the newspapers will have plenty to say about them. Some publicity steps have already been taken. For one thing, the salary of the football coach was for a time in doubt. Indeed, it almost looked as if the capable Chick Meehan would leave N. Y. U. in the lurch. For a week or two the newspapers were filled with accounts of this impending disaster, and then everything was settled with a salary which is now almost as great as that of the Chancellor. There have been several dinners, but the Big One is still in the making. Its date is not definitely known, but when it does come it will mark another milestone in the path to the $73,000,000, for it will be the Official Signal for Chancellor Brown to invite the committees to take up their burdens of Service and to get busy.

I FACE A JURY OF MY PEERS

BY ERNEST BOOTH

At the preliminary hearing a witness of the bank robbery had positively identified me. He was emphatic, almost aggressive, in his identification. And immediately he became essential to the State's case, so essential, indeed, that when the poor fellow, who was a transient visitor to the State, mentioned his intention of returning home, the District Attorney promptly placed him under arrest as a material witness. His bond was set at fifteen hundred dollars, and he was unable to post it. Hence he languished in jail. The court had set my bond at twenty-five thousand dollars, a surety company had promptly posted it—and I was free until the day of the trial. The bonding company that had restored my freedom—for a ten per cent fee of the total bond!—had also insured the bank which had been robbed! On my discussing this with my Senior Counsel he remarked, "No, there's nothing unusual in their action. By bonding you they secure a return of a portion of the money lost in the robbery—assuming for the moment," he added politely, "that you actually did commit the crime."

The case was set for trial, but after my conference with the Senior he was suddenly called from the State on the eve of the date. When I stood alone in court, I pleaded that I could not make a defense without my attorney, and the Judge agreed with me. While the next six weeks elapsed I endeavored to prevail upon the witness who had identified me to leave the State. Sending a shyster to him, I offered to post and forfeit a bond for him if he would go home and remain there for the duration of the trial. But he refused. He had been in jail almost three months, but he was determined to do his duty.

The usual crowd was sprawled over the chairs and benches. Behind me the prospective jurors awaited their calls. The Senior had seated himself at my left, and the Junior occupied the chair at my right. The table before us was quickly strewn with a collection of documents. His Honor disposed of some minor matter, and the attorneys conferring with him melted into the crowd. The case was called. I breathed deeply.

"Ready for the People," a shocky-haired, alert Assistant District Attorney said briskly,—a shade, indeed, *too* briskly!

"And for the defendant," the Senior responded.

The tall, thin court clerk inclined his totally bald head and whirled a small cage on pivots. He seemed completely absorbed in his task of mixing the prospective jurymen's names. As I gazed at his bald dome it seemed to dissolve and become a mirror wherein I saw a long procession of men and women who had stood before that tribunal. Fear, horror, and hopelessness were the emotions stamped on their countenances. Lest I reflect some of those qualities on my own face, I forced my eyes away.

The first juror was probably sixty years old. For a large man his face was small, and appeared to have been chiseled from red-streaked granite. He limped when he entered the box, and shaded his eyes with one hand when the prosecutor questioned him. No, he responded, there was no reason why he could not be a fair and impartial juror. He was passed to the Senior,

who reserved the right to question him later. The second juror materialized in the form of a middle-aged woman. She smiled and nodded to the clerk.

Then came a courtly gentleman with the ruddy complexion and white hair popularly associated with a Southern colonel. With regal condescension he occupied the seat indicated, and then looked sharply at me. I marked a small dot opposite his name. Then a huge be-whiskered Greek lumbered forward. A quiet, pensive, little woman, who appeared to have been emotionally burned out, went to her appointed place. Next came a great, gaunt Irishman, with an enormous hooked nose. One coat sleeve was doubled back to his shoulder.

The Junior whispered to me, "How's it shaping up?" I watched a snappily-dressed man come forward in answer to his name. "If you could get a few more like him," I replied, "we could do better. Men of that type are open to persuasion." Junior smiled slightly, regarding the juror, and then observed, "He's too anxious to serve —professional: convict you in a minute. What we want is the sort who can be influenced emotionally—like this woman here."

"This woman" was about forty, modishly dressed, and she minced to the jury-box in the latest fashion. She fluttered about her chair, made a great disturbance disposing herself, and then displayed a too generous expanse of scrawny knees. She picked an imaginary piece of lint from her skirt and smiled simperingly as the first qualifying question was asked of her. Senior circled her name with a heavy mark.

With twelve prospective jurors drawn, Senior started on the first by firing an interminable list of questions. I knew the queries and the usual answers, but was interested in observing the effect which replying wrought on the face of the juror. He was a sixty-year-old man, and he squinted his eyes and cupped one hand to his ear. "Do you believe in the theory of the presumption of innocence?" was Senior's third or fourth question, and the witness, seemingly answering by rote, guessed wrong and betrayed his semi-deafness. Senior paused, checked the name on his list, and then continued with his interrogations. Over a hundred questions had been asked and answered when court recessed until two o'clock in the afternoon.

"But you know you're going to disqualify that juror," I said. "Why wait for so long?" Senior was then preparing to drive Junior and me uptown for luncheon, and tossed his answer over to me: "It makes the case appear more important if we take a week or so to select a jury."

II

Forty minutes after court convened that afternoon Senior asked that the juror be excused for cause, and when the District Attorney objected, Senior spent fifteen minutes looking for a legal authority which would support his contention that deafness was sufficient to disqualify a juror. The District Attorney shouted that the witness was not deaf, and had proved it by his ready answers. Senior smiled, turned so that his back was to the juror, and then spoke to him. The juror, still protesting he could hear as good as anybody, was excused "for cause."

"Saved a peremptory challenge there," exulted Junior.

The pleasant middle-aged woman answered the first score of questions much as a child recites a lesson by heart. No, she was not related to any member of the District Attorney's office. No, she had no account in the bank. Had any member of her family been connected with the police department? She hesitated, blushed, and then averted her eyes as though admitting a monstrous thing. "Yes, my first husband —for a little while—he was, not officially, of course, but—I mean that he was a sort of special policeman at Idle Park. But of course—"

"Oh, yes, of course," observed Senior.

I wondered what he meant, but was not long left in doubt. "Of course you believe this defendant more guilty than innocent, don't you?"

"Why, yes, of course—"

Senior challenged for prejudice. "The old con racket played in court," I mentally commented. "Getting 'em into a yes mood!"

The Colonel simulated an interest in Senior's questions until the two-score mark had been passed; then he lagged. Yes, he had read of the case in the papers, and he thought it was about time something was done to curb the activities of those bandits. Further questioning revealed the fact that he had once been in a house which had been burglarized, and the combination of the two was judicially considered prejudicial to my rights.

The Greek leaned forward. Junior was making the examination, and seemed to delight in propounding such intricacies as, "As an American, or rather as an American citizen, aware of the responsibilities now devolved on you, do you consider that the basic, fundamental principle upon which the proposition of the theory of the presumption of innocence rests—that is to say, always believing a defendant innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt—is a wise, just, and humane safeguard, thrown about the accused to preserve him from the unwarranted assaults of his enemies, or from those who would seek to harm him through the power and privilege of license and perjury?"

The Greek blinked, swallowed hard, and looked up at the ceiling after each of these questions. Junior repeated them, and I tried to unravel them in my own mind. The Greek took a chance, "Yes, I guess so." The spectators snickered, the woman with the scrawny knees wriggled, and the Greek tugged nervously at his moustache. I was undecided about him as a juryman and hesitated to indicate that I desired his dismissal. Junior suddenly adopted a different attack. Had the juror transacted any business with the banks? Often. And was he then engaged in any business with the banks? Again came that hesitancy which had marked the admission of the woman regarding her husband's connection with the police department.

Why were those people so afraid to make a simple statement of fact? Why do they seek to evade an immaterial truth? Of what consequence could an apparently unwanted answer be? Was it that they were utterly devoid of all consciousness that they were integral units of society, or that they were temporarily out of their element and could not command their senses in a court-room, faced by several hundred eyes agleam with curiosity? I pondered the enigma during the time Junior extracted from the Greek the admission that he owed a small personal note to the parent bank of the branch that had been robbed. Then, for one moment, I glimpsed a partial explanation: the attorney's natural sagacity, improved by his education, enabled him to dominate the weaker mind, and, by suggestion, implant the fear of being natural.

As the inquisition continued I lost track of the questions. I was sitting alone in a chair, my eyes directed before me, gazing into an indistinct blur of animated forms. To my ears came the occasional note of sharpness in Junior's voice; but when he spoke in normal tones I was aware of only a cadenced beat as the vowels were tapped softly. . . . "A fair, impartial trial. . . . No hatred, prejudice, or malice. . . ." Tiny motes danced lazily in a sliver of sunlight, and I followed their slow movements. In the brightness they ascended, or drifted in aimless fashion, and passed over into the darkness. A brief moment they were illumined, then made room for others borne on by the same resistless current. . . The Greek was excused for cause. The Court adjourned until the morning.

A pomp of persons seemed to pass through that jury-box in the days that followed. My day became so organized that it seemed I had been attending court,

sitting in a hard-bottomed chair and listening to endless repetitions of questions, for ages and ages. I heard men and women reveal their pasts, family histories, personal preferences, desires, hatreds. Shallow attempts of cunning to evade the relentless probing of the attorneys had resulted in disastrous revelations. On and on the inquisition continued. A query came, distorted to me as, "Born?" In the irritation that threatened to suffocate me I wanted to shout, "Of course she was!" "Where?" Again I throttled a reply, "What does it matter?" "And are you certain that you can render a fair and impartial verdict according to the evidence?" I raised my eyes and started—for I thought I was looking at the fat woman who had stood at my side while I was in the bank!

I started to communicate my fear to the Senior. But, checking myself, I observed her closely and realized my mistake. "Get rid of her," I whispered.

"No," Senior glanced at a pad before him. "She is a poor scrub-woman, and probably never had a hundred dollars at one time in her life. We'd better keep her, for she will be easy to prejudice against the Money Interests that are persecuting you." I made obeisance to his acute perceptions, and remained prone while the Judge admonished the jury not to discuss the case during the adjournment. "Monday morning, ten o'clock."

A week had passed and we had but nine jurors selected.

III

I was disturbed by the terse directness of the District Attorney's opening address. After those long days of wrangling the contrast was sharp. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we expect to prove that the bank was robbed by three men. Further, we expect to prove that the defendant sitting here was one of those men. We will present evidence to show that he was present at the robbery, that he took an active part, and that he later escaped in company with the other bandits. Further we will offer you the testimony of an eye-witness to the robbery, and with his positive identification we expect you to return a verdict of guilty against the defendant."

During the time dissipated in selecting the jury I had worn a light suit. Junior had appeared in Court in a dark suit. That morning we changed seats. I was dressed in dark clothing, while he was attired in clothing cut from the same material as my light suit.

The first State's witness was an assistant cashier from the bank. He testified that certain moneys had been taken from him at the point of a gun. He is mistaken, I mused, I had *not* drawn a gun when I confronted him.

Could he identify any of the men who perpetrated the robbery? Were any of them present in the court-room? He scrutinized the attorneys and me. I busied myself with some of Junior's papers. Then the cashier said, "I am not certain, but I believe that that man sitting in the center of the group was one of the bandits." Junior had been labeled a bandit! He frowned heavily at the witness. The District Attorney made some objection. Senior argued the point, and, rising to address the Court, stood so that he half-concealed me. The woman juror with the scrawny knees held her hand as a shield from the witness' eyes and signaled her delight and appreciation of the performance to me. A half-suppressed giggle sounded on one side of the court-room, echoed, then swelled in volume as others caught the contagious laughter. His Honor rapped for silence.

At the invitation of the prosecutor the cashier approached us. I averted my eyes—for too often have witnesses recalled some particular expression they contained! The cashier stood with arms akimbo, his pose expressing a willingness to aid the State, to further the identification, yet I sensed some uncertainty in him. Recalling his promptness in stepping back from the counter when ordered to do so during the

robbery, I was about to believe that he had too long followed certain hard and fast rules of conduct to act promptly now, when the thought came to me: No, he is accustomed to meeting the public; remembering faces is his business; he is trying to be fair and impartial. There *is* some doubt in his mind—and he is giving me the break!

"I will not say positively," he said, pointing to me, "yet this man closely resembles one of the men." He returned to the witness stand. I relaxed, aware for the first time that during his reply I had been straining against the back of the chair. A drop of cold perspiration trickled down from my armpit, and I started nervously.

Senior held that witness under cross-examination during the ensuing two and a half days. The floor-plan of the bank was drawn on a large blackboard by the cashier. Measurements of every article in the bank were demanded, and, when the witness faltered, uncertain of the exact distances, recess was taken to allow him to take measurements. The size of the face of the clock, the make of the clock, the width of the frosting on the tellers' windows, the amount of tiles to the square foot of the floor, all those details were noted, examined, gravely discussed, and in the discussions I received a liberal education in law and building materials. I had often wondered what the colleges of legal training imparted to their students. I learned during that cross-examination. Was glass of a clear, transparent nature possessed of greater tensile strength than glass containing a faint greenish tinge? From his experience as a cashier would he state, as a matter of his own knowledge, that U molding was made with one operation by a sticker? "Just answer that question 'yes' or 'no'."

The District Attorney had asked but one question on re-direct examination: Was the bank a corporation?

"Objection!" Senior barked. "How can this man testify to that? Has he seen the incorporation papers?"

No, the witness had not. But he had seen the stationery often, and he knew the bank was incorporated. But His Honor held with Senior that it would be necessary to produce the incorporation papers in court. The information charged me, among other things, with robbing "a corporation," and that essential must be proven. During the entire cross-examination I did not once hear any mention of me. Senior was interested only in the memory of the witness.

The second witness was a young woman. Although she adjusted herself to the usual front-page pose, her eyes were clear and intelligent. She answered the State's questions in a modulated voice free from strain. Yes, she had been present during the robbery. Yes, she had observed the man nearest the door. No, she could not say that I was one of the robbers. But she believed that I closely resembled one of them. Then she described the portion of the bank wherein the bandit had worked—and she had me on Johnnie's spot! But her sincerity was evident, and she made more than the conventional protestation against a flashlight picture during the recess.

Yes, she knew one of the Assistant District Attorneys, she admitted to Senior. And she had made that gentleman's acquaintance since the alleged robbery? Oh yes, the assistant had called at her home—well, several times. Indeed, to be sure, the case had been discussed. And she was interested in seeing the defendant convicted? No, she hated to see anyone convicted. How did she first get the impression that the defendant might be one of the robbers? Why, the Assistant District Attorney had called at her home—. "Oh, now I understand," Senior concluded the examination. The girl flushed, and then bit her lip. An enormously stout juror, with a face like Irvin Cobb, nudged his neighbor and closed one eye in a prodigious wink.

Another employé of the bank then testified, haltingly, to his observations. I did not recall seeing him previously. But he was reasonably certain that he could

identify me from "general appearance." I dozed with my eyes open for the next day and a half. Senior made that witness redraw the plan of the bank, and submit new figures as to the measurements, and managed to emphasize the discrepancies. Strenuous objections from the prosecution were overruled by His Honor: Senior was protecting my interests, and was entitled to "test the memory of the witness." Each time, as the "irrelevant, incompetent, immaterial" objections came in monotone, I tried to sketch some boundary that would encompass the latitude wherein the "memory of the witness" might be tested. The chair grew harder; the lights above alternated bright and dim; the Judge appeared swollen to gigantic size, then seemed to shrink into a midget form. "Irrelevant, incompetent, immaterial." "Just testing his memory, your Honor."

The fat juror closed his eyes, his mouth hung half open. The simpering woman picked imaginary lint from her dress, pausing frequently to look at the yawning reporters. "Incompetent, irrelevant. . . !"

IV

He came from the county jail, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff. The District Attorney waited with ill-concealed impatience until the State's star witness had shambled to the stand. He had been a florid, obese man when I had last seen him, some months before, but now he was pale and thin. His hair was disordered, as though he had been jerked from bed. His clothing increased that impression, for it was wrinkled, and the trouser legs flapped noisily as he walked. He raised a trembling hand and took his oath to tell nothing but the truth, then seated himself and endeavored to hide his scuffed shoes under the chair. With eyes blinking, he kept his gaze on the floor. Once or twice he raised a hand half-way to his lips as though to shield a cough—but never completed the movement. I knew a quick sympathy for him. That feeling of enormous space which dwarfs one after being long confined in a small cell. The walls retreat incredible distances, and the ceiling is as far removed as the sky.

After a few qualifying questions came "Can you identify that man?" The witness gripped the arms of the chair. He forced his eyes upward over to me. Then, as a garment is discarded, his hesitancy fell from him. "Yes," he shouted. "Point him out," said the District Attorney. His lips compressed, his eyes alive with a bright eagerness, the witness half rose from his posture and pointed a steady finger directly at me. "That's the man—I would know him anywhere—I could pick him out of a million! That's the man!"

"Your witness," said the District Attorney to Senior.

"I could pick him out of a million That's the man!" The words rang in my ears, harshly, insistently. Of course he knew me! Suddenly I asked myself, what had I been doing all those months to think his testimony would not be of much importance? The jury had roused from their stupor; several looked at me with that, "You have got it coming to you now, young man," expression. Of course, I had! That witness was enough to convict me even though not another word of testimony was introduced. And I had been sleeping, deluding myself that because he was not daily accusing me he must have changed his mind!

I experienced a desire to get into action. Do something, say something. Make some miraculous change in that damaging testimony. In hasty quest I sought for a chimerical scheme to reverse the evidence I had just heard. Although I had not moved from my chair, I had ranged the gauntlet of possibilities, and been soundly rapped as I passed each of them. And in my vexation and self-berating I turned to Senior. He was idly moving some papers, his glance roving from one to another; he appeared not to have heard the prosecutor's invitation to cross-examine the witness. "He's yours," I whispered, aware that the

excited buzzing from the spectators had died into an exultant silence almost electric. "Take him—that witness."

"Witness?" He uttered the word with a rising inflection. "Witness?" He looked from the Judge to the prosecutor, swept the jury-box, and then, as though completely surprised, allowed his eyes to rest on the witness. "Ah, yes!" Rising with a deliberate movement, he slowly advanced until he was close to both jury and witness.

"How long have you lived in this State?"

"You mean altogether? Or just this time?"

Senior stepped back as though affronted. "Your Honor, will you please instruct the witness to answer the question?"

His Honor did so. Senior accepted the confused reply and hurried into, "On the day of this alleged bank robbery—where did you say you were at the time the bank was supposed to have been held up?"

The witness explained he had been just inside the doorway, and then spent a half-hour with Senior at the blackboard attempting to make himself understood. I watched the proceedings with less and less apprehension as that involved and perplexingly marked diagram was indicated. The witness wilted visibly under the taunting sarcasm of Senior's questions and remarks. Treating the replies with derision, Senior soon reduced him to the bewilderment that enveloped him upon his first entrance into the court-room.

I felt a bit easier when the questioning was resumed, and was assured by Junior that I need not worry. Had the witness talked with the District Attorney? He had —many times. And what, if anything, was the witness' business? He was a painter, and he had a business—at least he did have a business until—. Senior contended that the question had been answered, and His Honor agreed. Had any of the members of his immediate family been connected with the police department, or did he know any policemen intimately? Yes, he knew a few policemen, or rather deputy sheriffs, because within the past four months he had been—. Again Senior maintained that the question had been answered. And wasn't it a fact the witness' father had been a justice of the peace? Yes, it was. And wasn't it a fact that the witness had tried to pass a Civil Service examination in an attempt to qualify for the police department? And the witness had failed, hadn't he? He had. Senior returned to my side. The witness fidgeted. The flash of spirit he had shown in his identification did not return.

"This is no trial for bank robbery," I mused. "The court-room holds a collection of odds and ends, and two of them are talking in turn. The witness is being tried for living within the State, for having attempted to join the police department, for appearing in clothes showing the effects of jail wear. His halting attempts to explain himself are made ludicrous by the swift counter-questions and insinuations of Senior." But the audience appeared delighted over the bloodless Roman holiday, and marked its approval with murmurs, coughs and laughter.

"Will you come down here?" Senior indicated a place near me. According to the rehearsal held in Senior's office, I was to rise and stand beside the witness. The contrast was cruel. He appeared anxious to keep as much space between us as possible. Senior sensed that fear and brought us closer together. Then, turning to include the jury, he asked the question, "Can you now state positively, without any doubt whatsoever, that the gentleman alongside you was one of the men you claim to have seen?"

The witness met my gaze. I knew a heady sensation, common to climbers of great heights. I was looking as steadily as possible into his eyes and the mixture of emotions I encountered therein increased my dizziness. Hatred loomed largest. I was the primary cause of his suffering, and he wanted to vent his resentment openly upon me. My eyes wavered—I couldn't continue—he shouted something, and dis-

cordantly a sudden mingling of voices assailed me. There was a current of disturbed air across my cheek. Someone had passed me. Another grasped my arm. Unseeing, I was returned to my chair. Junior was whispering: "Best thing that could have happened. Best thing!"

"What?" My vision cleared slowly.

"His trying to hit you!"

V

After the short recess was over, I noted a new expectancy in the attitude of the audience. Even the jurors were more than usually awake. Senior resumed his cross-examination. But the questions were trite. I reviewed the defense evidence I was prepared to offer, and realized that it would soon be time to present it. Suddenly I was glad that it was all in affidavit form. Over two thousand dollars it had cost to procure the testimony of six people that I was in another State at the time of the robbery. Attorney's fees, traveling expenses. "Standing trial is an expensive business," I soliloquized. "Twenty-five hundred for the bond; two grand for the affidavits; thirty-five hundred to Senior and his firm already. . . Six and a half for my end of the caper—and I'm two grand in debt right now!"

I half turned to observe some minor disturbance in the audience, and almost leaped from my chair. In company with an Assistant District Attorney was the woman owner of the apartment-house wherein Dan and Mae had lived! She had seen me twice on the day of the robbery! And seating himself beside her was the afternoon room-clerk of the hotel in which I had lived for two days preceding and following the robbery! I realized they were present for the purpose of impeaching my defense. I could not inform Junior of the situation because he believed the affidavits were truthful; yet if he presented those affidavits my "witnesses" would be arrested for perjury!

I reflected a moment, and then suddenly saw a way out. Those two witnesses could be used only to *refute* my affidavits. I decided not to offer my alibi, and so prevent the District Attorney from presenting their rebuttal testimony. But that would leave me with no defense at all, and I was disorganized, nay, utterly routed! I started calculating the chances of getting out of the city that night. My bail bond was still good. If Senior would only hold the witness. . . ! If I disappeared they would be forced to declare a mistrial. . . Later, better organized, I could face trial again and, being appraised of the evidence, combat it with a local alibi.

Senior came to the table. My discomfiture must have been evident to him. "Straighten up your face," he whispered, and returned to the witness.

"Where are you living now?"

"I'm living in the county jail."

Senior looked as though he doubted the correctness of the words spoken. "You are living *where?*"

"In the county jail, and—"

"How long have you been there?" Senior almost snarled at him.

"Why, ever since—about four months ago—and I've—"

"Let me get this straight: You are now living in the county jail, and have been doing so for four months. Is that right?"

The witness strove to answer, and his face colored. He appeared about ready to make another outbreak, and Senior beckoned a deputy sheriff to come to his side. The jurors were staring at the witness. The District Attorney was standing, demanding that the witness be allowed to explain.

"You may well ask for opportunity to explain," shouted Senior. "You bring a witness from the county jail to testify. And only after much effort have I been able to reveal that fact to the ladies and gentlemen of the jury."

The ladies and gentlemen nodded their appreciation of Senior's efforts.

"Your Honor," the District Attorney began, but lost the vocal test as Senior drowned him with, "The witness is mine.

I have a right to examine him at this time! If my learned opponent desires to make an explanation—I am perfectly willing to allow him. But only at the proper time!"

Harsh rapping from the Judge. Excited buzzing from the spectators. I was lost in the mælstrom of argument and counter-argument. Marooned on the stand, the target of all remarks, wetting his lips nervously, and twisting and turning his fingers, the witness regarded me. Across the short distance there came a glance of scorn and disgust. For me or for the Court—I could not decide which. But I experienced a companion feeling for that man.

"Very well," Senior finally conceded, "take the witness and do all the explaining you care to—I'm through with him."

The prosecutor, attempting to hold the waning interest of the jury, asked the witness, "You are only in the county jail as a witness in the case, are you not?"

"Yes, that's all, and—"

Senior upset the explanation. "The question has been answered. Have you anything more?"

"No. That's enough," said the District Attorney. "You may take the witness."

"Thank you. I want nothing more to do with him." Senior returned to the table.

At this point I informed him that I had decided not to use the affidavits. For a fleeting moment he seemed disconcerted; then, turning to the Court, he elected to take as full advantage of the crumpling of the State's witness as possible. "We are ready to submit this case."

"You are ready to submit it?" The District Attorney appeared puzzled.

"Well, the State's case is rested, isn't it?"

From His Honor: "Have you anything further? No? And the defense is ready to submit argument to the jury?"

We were. The jurors looked at the District Attorney and then at Senior. Half of the show had been denied them—they appeared cheated.

VI

"The case against this defendant is open and shut," began the District Attorney. "There is not one whit of conflicting evidence." And then he made a brief review of the testimony against me. I tried not to follow his clear, logical reasoning; it was too destructive to my peace of mind.

"There are certain inalienable rights which are sacred to you and me," Senior said, approaching the jurors and assuming a confidential air. "We have come into possession of those rights through the sacrifices and sufferings of those brave mortals who forced the granting of the Magna Charta. We have preserved those rights against the encroachments of all forces which would take them away from us. And how have we done this? By recognizing the right of our neighbors to live free and equal with us. So strictly have these rights been adhered to that often they seemed foolish. But this has been only in the eyes of those who are prejudiced and unenlightened. I plead with you to-day for the right of freedom which my client is threatened with losing. Not because of any fault of his own. No. A thousand times no! He is being made the object of persecution. He is suffering the assaults of those who would strip him of his rights. Just as those same forces would strip you or me of our rights to live free and equal. And why is such a large amount of money spent by the prosecution in their attempt to send this innocent man to prison? I'll tell you. Because the banks are behind this prosecution! Banks! Money! Power! Domination! Wherever you find great sums of money there also you will find power and hatred and prejudice and malice! Look back over your experiences with banks and recall how they have treated you. Remember that those same banks are now engaged in a most malicious and vicious persecution, and asking your aid in furthering their ends. Are you going to allow them to make pawns of you? Are

you permitting yourselves to be allied with the very forces which would destroy you and me if we got in their way? Can you be so blind as not to see that they have even had to bolster up their false case against my client by bringing a witness from the county jail?"

Later he pleaded with the jurors: "I am asking for the justice which you would ask if the positions were reversed, and you sat in that boy's place and he was here passing judgment on you. Look to your hearts for the answer. Are you going to utterly devastate and destroy the hope of all happiness that might be his? You may, by your verdict, condemn him to a lifetime of penal servitude. You know the penalty for a conviction in this case. The District Attorney has been anxious to tell you that this lad was in prison, and asks that you now return him there for the rest of his life. He *was* in prison. But he paid the penalty. He has lived honestly for years. His was the slip of adolescent youth. And he is not to be condemned for it now. The prosecutor asks you to believe that one prison term constitutes corroboration of guilt in the present case. Can you believe a man who would make such an un-Christian statement? Can you reconcile that statement with the words of the Greatest Advocate who said, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone'?

"You, and you alone, ladies and gentlemen, are accountable for your acts. A tremendous responsibility rests upon you. Do not let yourself become the tool of the corporations. Be the wonderful souls I know you to be, return this youngster to his loved ones who have stood by his side so loyally and unswervingly during the dark days which this cloud of unjust suspicion has hung over him. Give him life and hope and freedom. There is so much misery and hardship and grief in this world that it ill-becomes any of us to add to another's burdens. . . You remember how old Abe Lincoln would not take a case in which he was not certain his client was innocent? Of course you do, and I believe that is a wonderful principle. Don't you?"

Several nodded. I wondered where the fine line of distinction lay between believing in principles and practicing them!

Senior closed his argument with an exhortation which produced tears in the eyes of several of the women jurors. They were yet pecking at their faces when the District Attorney made his final address to them.

The first half hour he made no appreciable progress into their emotions. He was employing a logical, sensible line of persuasion. I had been positively identified. No one of the witnesses had changed their testimony. And I was a known thief. Also why had I not offered a defense? Some of the jurors appeared to consider that for the first time. Senior had so belittled the evidence against me that no defense seemed necessary. I was aware of a growing hostility. Although the prosecutor had fallen down in his management of the show, and Senior had stolen his thunder especially in the closing argument, this question of defense carried the inference that Senior and I were not wholly blameless for the sudden ending of the hearing.

As the District Attorney continued, I found myself following his arguments even against my will. Discarding the chaff spread over the actual testimony, he disconcertingly revealed the unrefuted truth of the evidence. And as he continued, I found that I was being convinced of the rightness of his arguments. Of course I was guilty! And with that admission to myself came the thought: If *I* am willing to concede it, what must be the jury's opinion? I was alarmed. More, I was verging on panic. To be convicted and not even have the money to appeal the case! I could borrow more money—if I was on the street. But awaiting the decision of the higher courts and remaining in jail! . . .

Yet, more and more, the logic of the District Attorney showed me how just this would be. And when the case was submitted, and the jury instructed, I was

ready to leave the court-room and take the first train out of town. But even in this I was prevented. A representative of the bonding company was present, and he accompanied me to the restaurant. He gave no indication that he intended to detain me. But when I suggested that we go for a ride until the jury returned, he laughed. Forced in upon me was the certainty that he knew of the low state of my finances, and was taking no chances with a twenty-five thousand dollar bond.

The jury returned about midnight; they had been out eight hours.

"Have you arrived at a verdict?" the Judge queried.

"No, Judge, Your Honor, we ain't and there ain't much chance of us, either. We been voting the same ever since the first bunch of tickets we wrote."

"And are you convinced that you cannot arrive at a verdict in this case?"

"We sure are—and we're tired, and want to go home."

His Honor discharged the jury. The woman with the scrawny knees came to Senior. "Oh, your talk was just wonderful—I can't begin to tell you how thrilled I was." Then turning to me, "And I just think it's a shame the way they've been treating you. Everyone else wanted to vote you guilty, but I just wouldn't let 'em."

I had been tried by a jury of my peers!

MARSH DUCK

BY IDWAL JONES

Like the pictures on a fan or on a prayer wheel, there is in life a pattern, a repetition of design that is sometimes lost to all but the most observant of men. The thought came now sharply to the brain of Quong Lee, merchant, and he gave a sound of surprise and clapped a fat hand to his forehead as he sat half dozing behind the pot-bellied stove in his shop. But he was cautious always, and he slid his eyes right and left to see if he had been observed. Under the hanging lamp the two Portuguese farmhands were squabbling over dominoes, and the Hindu customers, with tongues in their cheek, were scratching away with pens on colored note-paper. Again there was that winnowing cry down the river, like the wail of a ghost child wandering in the swampy land and reeds. It was the siren of the paddle-steamer churning its way against full flood into a bayou of the Sacramento.

The coincidence gave him nostalgia. His eyes watered, and he looked up at the clock. It was past eleven at night, and the rains and North wind made it slow pulling for the boats upstream. The pictures clicked in his brain, clicked back to a repetition three, five years ago. And once more he heard the voice of the old master: "There comes the *General Gordon*, late as usual. Go down, boy, and get the tins from Number One steward."

Ah, it was very much like home, California. There had been a hot morning, then hours of plumping rain; the steam rising from the tule beds, the flies more persistent, the ducks more noisy, and the river, like a weary nurse, moaning a lullaby in a hoarse voice. Quong refilled his pipe and puffed up a cloud of smoke to screen off present time and the rest of the world.

He had then been servant to a great man, Senhor Ermengildo Paz, keeper of the Moon Garden lupanar and gambling-house in Macao. Paz was a mountain of jaundiced flesh, with pouchy eyes and white moustache, who spent all his time in a wicker chair on the veranda. He wore black glasses to conceal his blindness. He sat at the head of the steps, as if to observe everybody that entered. Quong had learned caution from him, and much wisdom beside. The master had taught him English, a tongue unknown to the majority of his clients, and in which there was more safety. Each time somebody came in Quong brought his master a tall, slender glass holding much less than was apparent, and filled with crème-de-menthe and soda. And then he would whisper to him softly:

"The French major from Tientsin, Senhor. He is drunk, and his nose looks like a crushed strawberry."

"Good. Bring in to him the little Burmese girl, the one with the torn ear lobe, that is in the crib under the peach-tree. And seat her at a table not too near him, so that the dear man may have the enjoyments of the chase. It is the women that are his weakness."

Or it might be:

"A Greek indigo buyer named Mr. Patroclis. He drinks nothing but orange-flower water and has the beautiful wife. Perhaps the baccarat table for him?"

Then Ermengildo Paz would chuckle and pull down his moustache to hide a smile, and say:

"Very beautiful is she, Quong? Then he does not think enough for baccarat, and is one who plays high and loose. Show him to the large roulette chamber upstairs. He has a weakness for gambling."

The kindly and wise Ermengildo! How mournful the day when his face turned blue and the stroke came and he died swiftly in his wicker chair. Quong had learned so much that two of the venal mandarins of the region felt that this was a good time to get rid of him, so he left hurriedly, and came over the Mexican border and opened this little shop on the banks of a muddy California stream. How unlike home it was, and yet, because of the burning Summer heats, the Winter rains and the talk of the Portuguese farmhands, how like it it was. With what he had learned from Ermengildo he was beginning to prosper. To profit by men, be kind to them and prosper on their weakness.

II

Yes, be kind. Quong was beginning to feel uneasy, for he had a fatherly interest in his many clients. That package was slow in arriving. Twice he had written to San Francisco about it, but no answer, and he had no assurance that the package was on its way except for that bill of lading he had got over a month ago. It was for the usual box of flat-irons, blueing and laundry starch. Every time such a box came he would unpack it at night, pull out an oval can with a character on it that signified dreams, then go down and throw the rest into the river. This delay was alarming. He hoped nothing had happened to Lo Fat Hoy & Company. And yet, they were like swords in his breast, so hard and sharp they were: always cash in advance, and for the last shipment of first-chop Szechuen opium they had charged him two dollars more an ounce. He had now just enough for five days. And if this boat should fail him! His heart almost bled for his regular customers.

Quong rapped out on his palm the dottle of the pipe. Business was very quiet. The rain that swished and gurgled on the corrugated iron roof and plashed muddily against the windows was keeping them away. From the rice fields to the north, and the potato islands owned by the Japanese, they could now come only by rowboat. And the half dozen customers present had been beleaguered since morning. They were Hindus, mostly: large bearded fellows with greasy turbans put on awry, and with shining white teeth. They sat on benches around the table and some drank soda-pop and others wrote letters. The Hindus were always writing to somebody. They bought of him large quantities of fancy paper. They liked pink paper, with scalloped edges, scented with lavender, and used purple ink and wrote with beautiful flourishes and scrolls. They wrote slowly, with dreamy fixity in their eyes, like poets, and scratched themselves under the arms because of the fleas. Precisely what they wrote he could never learn. To women?

Despite his heartache over the opium delay Quong laughed to himself. He had seen but one woman amongst his customers. And that was humorous indeed. There was the client Ram Taraknath, notable for the wearing of a crimson turban and a beard that was immensely large and silky. He was a giant with corded arms and hands that could wrench up from baked earth a sugar-beet as big around as a barrel. His companion was a shy youth with hands calloused from much labor, and the soft eyes of an ox. They came to Quong's nightly, where Ram Taraknath often smoked opium and the other drank soda-pop. Then the giant came in singly for three days, and was in such sorrowful mood that Quong asked no questions. And then they came in together smiling, with a day-old baby in the arms of the younger, who was a woman after all. Quong rocked and laughed softly as he thought of the incident. The baby had fuzzy hair and eyes that glittered like lacquer beads, and because it was a male Quong gave its mother

three yards of red flannel to make a petticoat, two bottles of perfume, a cigar-box full of seashells and a pot of preserved ginger. It brings good luck to make the first present to the mother of a male first-born.

If he could only get women for the rest of his customers! Quiet ones, not the rowdy, painted creatures who stuck their heads out of the upper windows like geese. They couldn't keep their tongues still. That was the trouble. They talked too much, and Quong, seeing the business he was in, could not afford to be indiscreet.

Again that siren blew, but more faintly. An hour had elapsed. Quong got up, nodded to his assistant, a slim Cantonese behind the counter, and putting on his rubber coat went out. Perhaps the box would be delivered to him by messenger. He waited, and waited under the dripping trees. Suppose, he reflected as he walked back and forth in the rain, with the mud scudgy underfoot, suppose the box had been opened while in transit? He became restless, and walked toward the village, away from the landing, and entered a saloon, where he drank three whiskies in succession. Then he turned for home, but at the end of the street he heard moving swiftly toward him the tread of heavy feet that splashed in the puddles. He briskened his pace. The feet gained on him. A hand dropped on his shoulder. Then there was a nasal whine: "No slipping me, John, or you get a blast back of the ear! Get that? Now march, right on to the landing."

Quong never turned. Once, in the light of a corner lamp, the shadow of the captor fell upon his shadow, and it was longer by almost a yard. Clearly, the discreet thing was to submit. To attack him would be to attack the enemy on his strongest side. He must bide his time until he ascertained his weakness. They walked to the landing, which was a draughty shed on pilings that leaned over the water. The captor, who wore a black overcoat with a plush collar turned up, and a derby hat over one eye, swore miserably and leaned against a post. Then they sat on two separate piles of burlap sacks under a lantern that flickered in the wind.

"You speak English?" the captor demanded, swiftly, removing a pudgy thumb from his pocket and sticking it out at Quong.

The merchant stared. The man repeated the question over and again in a monotonous voice, then he spat in disgust, lighted a cigar and pulled his collar up higher.

"Probably do"—puff, puff—"but a damned liar like all the rest. The way they pull tricks on me! I go in for a little dinner of marsh duck and dumplings, and they beat it while my head is turned. Say you! Your name is Bow Sing—get that! What's your name now?"

"Bow Sing."

"That's better. And, God knows, I'm much obliged to you."

He sank back more comfortably, and a light came into his cold blue-gray eyes. The Chinaman knew eyes, and saw that it was an expression of defiance and pride, not unmixed with doubt: a complex expression, certainly, and rather puzzling. So far, opium had not been mentioned. This was just as well. He had been expecting an arrest anyway, and in a tobacco tin hidden in his garden he had a thousand dollars to pay the fine with. And as for the name Bow Sing—that, too, was very well.

The rain came down with a clatter, and looked in the glare of the lantern like a cascade of bayonets. The captor strode up and down, whistling, and at times executing a fancy step: an attempt at gaiety that certainly did not delude Quong Lee.

"Say, this is great country up here in the Fall! I used to come this way to see the ol' baseball game up in Sac. And more than once I've bagged a limit of marsh duck right there in them tules. Roast them over a fire of green sticks, with a mess of wild rice, and you got the greatest dish in the world. When I got here to Tule Landing, first thing I went to the hotel and got some birds cooked for me, and tonight I was in luck, for they had two on the ice."

Quong said nothing. The fellow was just talking to keep up his spirits. A weak creature, with a puffy face, blond as a pig, and a shock of light hair: the glutton type. The river steamer drew up to the wharf, unloaded some barrels, and the captor pushed Quong aboard and locked him up in a small deck-house, where he sat on an upturned pail and with his head among dusters and mops. There he dozed in fair comfort.

III

Hours later, when the boat stopped, a cook brought him a cup of strong coffee and a piece of bread. Then they went ashore and got into an automobile driven by a dripping chauffeur.

"Them quiet ones," said the chauffeur. "They are the most desperate kind. I bet you had your hands full with him, Mr. Gurney."

"You said it. Desperate is the word. A man takes his life in his hands bringing these birds up the river. Kind of a comedown for me to escort a Chineyman, and I'll get a lot of kidding when I come back. But there was nobody saw me. I nabbed him in Chinatown, then I walked him down to the boat dock instead of to the station, and I saved myself plenty of guying. He gave me a lot of grief, but he learned I meant business."

"That's right," said the chauffeur. "Show them you mean business, and they'll eat off of your hand. There ain't nothin' like firmness."

"And the tougher they are," confirmed Gurney, "the quicker they realize it. You got to get their respect."

For all that, the captor bore Quong no malice. He gave him the rank butt of his cigar to draw on. Soon they arrived at some brick buildings behind a tall iron fence, and they descended, to enter a hallway that smelled of carbolic soap and innumerable dinners of rancid beef stew. A guard nodded to Gurney, wrote something in a book, then gave him a receipt.

"We expected you three hours ago, Mike. Any trouble with him?"

"Nobody will know what I went through. He gave me the slip at Tule Landing, when I was eating a dinner of marsh duck, and I had a job catching him again. I deserve a medal, I tell you."

"Now then, John," said the guard pleasantly, "march down the hall. You get a bath, and after that we'll put you to work in the kitchen."

Quong, locked up in the bath-room with a one-piece blue uniform, bathed in a tub of hot water with soap that released fumes of disinfectant, then dressed himself. The guard let him out to conduct him to an office where two bearded gentlemen in white coats looked at him questioningly. They rapped him below the knee caps as he sat on a chair. They looked into his throat, and dangled a terribly bright light before his nose. Finally, they levelled at his left eye a long metal tube mounted on a tripod. Quong gripped the chair and awaited an explosion and the rending of his skull and the last darkness. Through the tube he beheld an orb with concentric lines and a black spot in the center. It resolved itself into a basilisk eye that pierced into his brain, explored every corner, and read everything that he had wanted to keep secret. He could not move, for the eye, though it winked at times with saturnine effect, shot out streams of light, like icicles, that transfixed him to the high back of his wooden chair. Beads of cold sweat popped out over his face. Then the tube moved to the other eye of Quong, and again his soul was raked and stabbed to the quick. Once, at Macao, he had seen eyes that were almost similar. They were in the head of an octogenarian judge who was trying a coolie accused of killing his mother. The coolie had screamed with terror. Quong gathered his breath, tightened his vocal cords, and prepared to shriek, when the tube was withdrawn.

The inquisitor lit a cigarette, flicked over some report papers, then grumbled.

"Can't work it out, Alec. Paresis, eh?

What's wrong with that Board down below? The reflex actions are O. K. I couldn't find any kink in the cerebrum, though I turned light to penetrate those five diopters of myopia in the left eye enough to bust it. And yet, the papers look all right. Well, we'll stick him in the kitchen and hold him for six months. Wonder if he can make good chop suey?"

Six months! Quong felt relieved. The torture was over, and though he would rather have been bastinadoed or strung up in an iron cage to undergo partial strangling, the ordeal was less painful than it could have been. The thing to do was to stay close-mouthed, and await the day of release. The guard led him to the kitchen, and there the cook, a sleepy fat man with a pointed beard, put a towel into his hands and motioned to a pile of dishes in the sink.

There were other kitchens, worlds off at the other end of the grounds, but this one, the kitchen of the officials, was a small place and a pleasant one. He and the cook and a youth who peeled vegetables spent their evenings in an adjoining hall with about a dozen other men. It was like a waiting-room in a station, with a loud-ticking clock and an air of something going to happen. One guard nodded over a paper in an armchair. An elderly gentleman with two rows of Sunday-school medals pinned on his frock-coat, and who paced with placid dignity, was the most considerable figure present. Another played with a great working of his elbows on a mouth-organ that had bells on, and swayed rapturously to his melodies. A squat Irishman sat on a bench along the wall and harangued armies. The others told stories.

"The nectarines," shouted the man with the medals, "the nectarines are ripe on the uttermost branch, Lord High Executioner. And when they begin to fall, then must fall the heads of our enemies!"

This threw the room into loud confusion, and the guard had to bang the table with his cane to establish order. Medals began to speak of his loves. He tucked up his sleeves like a conjurer, and waved his hands up and down to illustrate the curves of his last mistress, the one he had loved, he said, the best of all.

"Why should anything so perfect die out? She was a lively country girl with red lips and high cheek bones and eyes like black slits, and hair in ropes down her back, and she skipped like a deer instead of walking as you and I do. But she had no offspring. What is sterile is doomed to die, and the sooner the better. So I choked her with my hands and buried her deep in the woods. Kill a person that you love, and you wake up at night sweating in a dream. How much of a dream was this? When Spring came I took a lantern and shovel to the woods and dug up her grave. The coffin lid had been forced upwards. Inside were two skeletons: a big one, and a little bit of a one. Gentlemen, she had given birth to a child in her effort to escape from her wooden jail."

The man with the mouth-organ played *fortissimo*, with stirring effects on the bell attachment. The guard still drowsed. Quong began to perspire in cold drops, but nodded. Being of a certain temperament, he judged the excellence of a story by the relative chill it brought to his spine. He deplored the violent act of the man with the medals, yet was he not justified?

"Sometime," he ventured, "Chinaman do that, for women are stubborn. Then if it is a male child, they see ghost. Ghost of male child have faces like eggs, no eyes, no nose, no mouth—and sad to look at."

Every face in the room turned toward him. Medals plucked doubtfully at his chin. The man with the mouth-organ stopped playing. The guard got up.

"Lay off of that, Bow Sing. Ten o'clock, and everybody goes back to his room."

The evenings were short, but Quong found them instructive, for this was his first contact with Americans, whom he found normal and rather amusing, even while undoubtedly criminal. And he would have found the evenings quite enjoyable if his companions in the long room

had not begun to look at him with suspicion. The next week he was leaning out of the window of the kitchen, where he preferred to spend most of his time, and was smoking a cigarette and watching people go past in the shady garden. There was a woman with a face crinkled like a frosty apple, and so bent that he thought her half as old as God. She was being assisted by two attendants, and followed by other persons who dawdled along. They espied him. They pointed their fingers and called out: "There he is! See the killer and the madman. The one that killed the small child!"

Even the old woman displayed symptoms of excitement. She lifted her stick, and waved it at him with feeble shouts. Quong withdrew his head and trembled.

IV

He had now five more months to go. The work was better. One night the cook, who had been cutting meat, dashed his head several times against the wall, and was taken away. Therefore Quong became chief cook, and clattered pans on the long range, and made native dishes for himself and, once a week, chop suey for the torturers upstairs. Yet he was uncomfortable. Here he was, surrounded by enemies who looked upon him with loathing. And the worst he had done was to sell a little opium at retail, at a miserably low price considering the risks involved. He could not combat an attitude. He had lost face. He was defenseless against normal men who doubted his sanity. One time he passed a group of them on the lawn, and they set up such a caterwauling that the guards came on the run, and he retreated to the kitchen where he hid behind the door until the last echo died down. Shortly after this, the man in the white coat came in, bringing with him the old cook.

"Bow Sing," he said, rapping his thumb with his pince-nez, "we shall have to shorten your stay here by a month. Sorry, but we find you a disturbing influence here. You go tomorrow morning. And when you get back find out what kind friends had you sent to an insane asylum."

Quong sank into a chair and covered his head with his hands. Somewhere he had a powerful and secret enemy. The next day he rode back on the steamer to his shop. He could see through the window that there had been no change. The slim Cantonese was leaning on the counter, watching the Hindus writing on pink paper to young friends in the city, and Ram Taraknath, sipping tea and eating lichee-nuts. The shelves were filled, the floor swept, and his cat was asleep under the stove. Not within should he search for his betrayers. He continued his journey and got to San Francisco late at night, and rode on the cable car to the tong house in Chinatown, where the withered elders with protruding teeth like rabbits sat in the corridor and mumbled and sucked on pipe-stems as large as chair legs. He told part of his story to a bored and dapper young Chinaman with tortoise-rimmed spectacles.

"I will make notes on the case. It will be taken up in its turn. No? A personal matter, you say?" He drooped his eyelids. "Then, that is your affair, and I cannot help you." He surveyed his finger-tips, and thought a moment. "Gurney? You might look for him in the Hall of Justice. No, do not thank me."

All the next day he walked through the Hall of Justice. He looked into the room where the newspaper reporters sat and played cards and talked with policemen who came in to see that their names would be spelled correctly. He drifted into courtrooms full of dazed nondescripts, or neighbors getting to their feet to shout over some dog trial. He waited outside a room where he heard voices and a cry of pain. Detectives came out smoking cigars, with derby hats pushed back on their heads, as if they were satisfied; and one came out fastening a leather belt with a heavy buckle that had come in handy during an interrogation. Quong thought of his own agonizing experience with the tube.

At the end of a hall he saw his man, sitting under a bailiff's sign. Their eyes met, but the enemy did not recognize him. Then he went out and sat on a bench in the little park opposite, under the Stevenson monument, and waited two, three, four hours, until the enemy emerged, when he followed him past the morgue, down an alley and watched him enter the Élite Lunch. It was one of those screened and dubious small places whose proprietors seemed too fat and prosperous to exist legitimately on the income derived therefrom. One of its back windows was imperfectly frosted, and Quong, holding himself up by the rain pipe, peered through. The bailiff was sitting down to a dinner that had evidently been bespoken. The proprietor himself brought him, hot from the stove, meat, vegetables, a large pie and cheese and a bottle of beer. He ate with a sensuous and slow greediness. He lighted an oily perfecto, pushed away his plate, and slumped back, with that glaze of the eyes remarked in those who take their digestion seriously.

"An eater," reflected Quong, who had been hanging to the rain pipe and shivering in the tule fog that swirled about. He got down stiffly. "An eater, and a pig. That is his weakness."

V

The wages of a good Chinaman are high, for all the erroneous belief current in the East that culinary and domestic services in San Francisco are done by cheap yellow labor. The proprietor marvelled, but masked his face, the next morning, when he stipulated to pay the new cook the low price that he asked. And he made up his mind to give him all reasonable leeway, for Oriental cooks are more flighty than a prima donna. Thus it came about that Quong juggled pots and pans at the Élite Lunch, and invented strange and toothsome dishes for the feasts of the bailiff, who gorged himself nightly like a constrictor and lingered over his oily and asphyxiating cigar.

There were also the police, in mental undress, and with loosened tunics; the bail-bond workers, who were silent and shifty-eyed, who wore gold watch-chains and continually manicured their nails; the lesser gentry, like cappers and runners; and bootleggers and police court judges. The policemen all kept little flower-gardens. They loved small, harmless things like rabbits, squabs and Roller canaries. No one, it seemed, was happy unless he could get out into the country once in a while. The dream of most of them was to belong to a duck-hunting club, one that had Senators and sporting-editors in its roster. Such was Michael Gurney's ambition. He had been a good politician once, but had taken to drink, and on promise of mending, a supervisor who needed a few more henchmen had him appointed to his job. A rather shaky job, Quong learned: for the first time he failed, all would be over.

"You're not a bad guy, John, for a Chineyman," he said to Quong one night, looking up to him, with his mouth full of suet pudding, and clutching his knife and fork. "Some day I'll get me a little ranch, and damned if I don't make you my cook. They all look alike, like Mike and Ike in the funny page, but there's some Chineymen that's O.K."

"All alike," commented Quong.

"You said it. The sheriff shoved one on me to take up the river to the asylum last year. He sort of got on my nerves, so I went by steamboat, and got off at a little port, and ate a good dinner and had enough liquor to get squiffed on, and then he gave me the slip. I couldn't fall down on the job, so I just went out and grabbed me another Chinaman that was just as good. Nobody knew the difference."

"What place?" asked Quong.

"Tule Landing, up the river a ways. I'd like to get me a small ranch up there and raise chickens. They say you can hatch wild duck eggs under them."

"A good place," said Quong. "I buy from my cousin there a little shop and garden. And then, mebbe, some day, you

come up and I cook you a good dinner. Marsh ducks, uh?"

"That's the ticket, John," rumbled Gurney. "Marsh ducks, with celery tucked in them, orange gravy and dumplings. Any Sunday. That's my day off, John. How about next month? I get a whole week, and I'll pack along the old pump-gun and we'll bag two limit of duck."

In time, Quong went back to the shop, where nothing was changed. The slim Cantonese did not raise an eyebrow at the advent of the noisy visitor with many grips and a gun in an expensive leather case. That night Quong baked three ducks with celery, wild rice, orange-peel sauce and dumplings. There were cocktails, beer and an iced bottle of Liebfraumilch, and many small glasses of colored drinks. The visitor left not a crumb nor drop of anything. He drank hot cognac to moisten his throat while he smoked three oily cigars. Then he dropped off his chair, and dropped with such finality that Quong and the slim Cantonese undressed him at once and put him into a high bunk.

At noon Gurney was still indisposed and hardly able to raise his tousled head. "My head is like to split, John. Gotta give me something. Mebbe a hair of the dog, and a jolt of black coffee. What ye saying?"

"I was saying," murmured Quong, stooping over a little lamp that sent up a string of blue smoke, "that you'll be all right after a while. But you got to take this. You don't have to. I was just saying it'll fix you up nice."

"That's sure a long pipe, John. And if I wasn't a sick man like to die, I wouldn't." He smoked, and his eyes closed and his body relaxed.

"Long pipe makes long sleep," said Ram Taraknath aloud, as he played checkers by himself.

For a week Gurney banqueted on ducks, and drank colored drinks, and at noon smoked himself to sleep again, but not with the cigars. Then he stayed a second week, and left for the city, grayer and more puffy, and though he had more light in his eyes, it was Ram Taraknath who had to carry his heavy grips and gun-case to the boat landing.

"After a while you come up and keep chickens here; a good place," said Quong, kindly.

"You said it, John. Next month, mebbe."

He did come, and he said that he needed the country air. His face was thinner, and had the parchment look. On his next visit he wore a cotton suit that was too large, and a cap that was too small, and he had no longer the expensive leather case nor the gun. Then he remained away until the early Winter and the rains. He wrote that he was coming.

Quong Lee sat smoking behind the stove, benevolently watching the Hindus who wrote, and Ram Taraknath who played checkers with the slim Cantonese. The rain sluiced and hammered on the corrugated iron roof, and plashed muddily on the windows. The voice of the steamboat pierced through the thick fog and above the bass murmur of the river in full flood.

"Plenty duck for him this time, Quong?" asked the slim Cantonese.

"No more marsh duck, for he is coming to stay," said Quong, knocking out the dottle of his pipe on his palm. "Just rice, if he sweeps out well. Then it will be time for us to go, and leave him the long pipe."

"Long pipe makes long sleep," breathed Ram Taraknath softly. He smiled over the checker-board, and moved a piece. "White to move, and game a draw," he said aloud.

Again there was the winnowing cry down the river, like the wail of a ghost child wandering in the swampy land and reeds. The rains and North wind made it slow pulling for the boats upstream. Quong Lee looked up at the clock. It was eleven at night. He nodded. Like the pictures on a fan or on a prayer-wheel, there is in life a pattern, a repetition of design that is sometimes lost to all but the most observant of men.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL ATTITUDE

BY A. L. KROEBER

The important thing about anthropology is not the science but an attitude of mind. What this attitude is and how it came about is the subject of this review.

Modern anthropology was born in the decade beginning in 1850. It was then that Tylor made his first studies; and by 1881 he was able to assemble his life-work in a little volume, "Anthropology," which is still the book which is the widest in range and touches on most problems of any in the subject.

In the same mid-century Ratzel and Bastian began the work which has caused Germans ever since to look on them as the founders of the science. Ratzel dealt with environment, areas and distributions, diffusions and marginal persistences of culture; Bastian with "elementary ideas"—those manifestations, like the belief in sympathetic magic, or the femininity of the moon, that seem to recur in human history without reference to race or time or space. Essentially, anthropologists are still working along the same two lines: there is a sharper technique and much more specific information to operate with, but the fundamental logical approach is Ratzel's or Bastian's. Tylor, perhaps more than any one since him, was able to interpret both ways.

The French pioneers, in the same formative, determining years, threw their energy into two special subjects that called for precision and clean classification of concrete data: anatomical or racial anthropology and prehistoric archæology. In both fields they maintain, if not undisputed preëminence, then at least a lead of cumulative record to this day. The anatomical school centered about Broca; the prehistoric was launched by an enthusiast, Boucher de Perthes, and established into success by an organizer, de Mortillet. Culture phenomena as such did not interest the French. Tarde, a great man, did social psychology; Comte, another, founded sociology.

In this first generation also were promulgated the theories that still circulate among the laity: that savages are uncontrolled and promiscuous and were once normally incestuous; that descent from the mother preceded that from the father; that there is a seriation from savagery through barbarism to civilization. Marx glumly ground such of this grist as came to his mill; and Spencer built his imposing edifice of principles from the top down. America promptly caught the fever: Morgan's hard, simple, pertinacious system made him an international influence; Brinton, often dogmatic in detail, was perhaps the student of broadest range after Tylor.

In the forty or fifty years that followed the founding generation, knowledge has grown enormously and has been gathered systematically; a critical attitude has been refined, until now a fairly rigorous method of investigation is at least recognized as necessary, and sometimes actually used, in place of the often simple and trustful approach of the pioneers. But the basic problems seem to be much the same—and as far from solution. Perhaps this is doing injustice to the anthropologists of to-day. But I am trying to see the situation as an outsider might see it who knew the relevant facts; and the danger for those

within is always to overestimate the near-at-hand with which they are in contact.

Two things have, however, increasingly emerged as time has gone on: the attitude of men working in the kindred sciences, and the attitude toward the concept of culture.

The other social sciences have now recognized anthropology as of their brotherhood. Sociology sees most anthropological material as its own. The New History proclaims that it will never be properly remade until it absorbs the whole range of anthropological data, those from primitive as well as those from civilized peoples. To be sure, the historians seem a bit chary of taking on this large programme in practice, and to date they have shown a strong inclination to stick to their good old last. But their theoretical open-mindedness is clear, and that is a a great deal. Economics and politics have perhaps moved more conservatively, but they maintain at least a position of benevolent neutrality toward anthropology.

More important, because less chanelled technically, is a widespread and growing attitude of detachment from the culture we are in; and with this detachment, the ability to conceive of culture as such. It sounds easy to attain this attitude; as a matter of fact, it is an unspontaneous and therefore difficult achievement, requiring launching by special circumstances, and then long and consistent control. The special circumstances are a series of developments in the civilization of the last few centuries, unparalleled, so far as we know, in the history of the world. The systematic control is what has brought a certain number of individuals in this civilization of ours to think and act anthropologically.

The important thing is not that the science of anthropology is spreading a gospel. The reverse holds: it is because our culture happens to have finally reached the abnormal—and possibly pathological—point where it is beginning to be culturally introspective, and can lay itself on the dissecting table alongside a foreign or dead culture,—it is for this reason that anthropology exists. The science is the organized, codified symptom of a trend of the period. The trend, shared in by hundreds of thousands, is like a national sentiment; the few hundred anthropologists are the body of experts professionally engaged in applying the sentiment to new situations—with all the limitations of such a body.

II

The business of putting across what detachment from culture really implies is not an easy one. The individual who happens to be detached already needs no explanation. Those who are not do not feel this detachment, and words about it tend to glance off unperceived. In most deeper relations, we are all unconscious of the hold which our culture has on us. It is from our culture that we derive our standards; it is our culture that incessantly shapes our behavior, to the extent of determining the form of expression of all impulses—conditioning all responses, as we say nowadays.

A partial illustration may help. Illiterate people know nothing of grammar; but they invariably speak consistently to some grammatical scheme. Popular usage is misleading here. When we ordinarily refer to "ungrammatical speech," we mean speech which does not follow the code of rules standardized and accepted as correct. We do not mean that people who say "them guys" and "I ain't saw him" follow no rules at all. At least we have no reason to mean it: they plainly follow rules of their own. Just so, all known languages possess a grammar; those of tribes without writing are often exceedingly intricate in structure, though none of the speakers are any more aware of the fact than of their having a cortex with nine billion cells inside their heads. A good nervous system functions without knowing its existence, and a good language functions equally well whether its

rules—its structure and processes—have or have not been formulated.

In short, grammar—as a fact—is always there; grammarians may or may not come along to record it. Mostly, in the history of the world, they have not. When they have, they have always found something astonishingly determinative of how people will say what they have to say. The impulse to express this or that has nothing to do with linguistics. But how we say it, and therefore literally what we say—the actual objective phenomena of utterance—depend directly and immediately on linguistic factors—rules of grammar and the like.

Now, the same is true of culture to nearly the same degree. The naïve person in any culture accepts his culture without analysis. He feels it as part of himself, something that is in him. Those phases of a culture which concern him he appropriates for his functioning, makes his own; the others he ignores. Result: he scarcely knows that the culture exists except through his personal utilization of it. Whoever departs from the standards and norms which he has appropriated arouses disapproval of much the same kind as he who murders his mother tongue. The naïve person is interested, perhaps excited, about such deviations; but it is the deviations, not the standards, that arouse his attention. The standards are taken for granted; they are felt with immediacy.

So far we are still within the limits of one culture. When human beings of a different culture are encountered, they and their ways and the standards obviously inherent in their ways tend to be observed, first with wonder, then with amusement, in the end usually with irritation or contempt. But the naïve man, who is the "normal" man, is thereby no nearer an intellectual detachment from his own culture. He may be more tolerant for knowing strange customs and standards; he is not likely to be appreciably more introspective or analytical.

To revert to our parallel, grammar no doubt existed in human speech for several tens of thousands of years without being dreamed of; grammar as a conscious dissection of one's own speech—Greek or Sanskrit—is barely two thousand years old; comparative philology is but a hundred and fifty. And comparative philology is still mainly Indo-Germanic—the study of the sisters and cousins of our own idiom. True comparative linguistics,—depersonalized, denationalized, de-occidentalized,—the unpartisan examination of any and all languages with an interest in the total range and variability of their forms and processes, is yet in its infancy.

And so is depersonalized, denationalized, de-occidentalized culture investigation. History as *de facto* studied, written, and read is, Robinson's and Spengler's philippics notwithstanding, ninety-nine per cent the history of the culture movement of which our Western culture of the century is a mere variant. Economics virtually begins its operations with the French Revolution, mostly, in fact, not until about 1830. This is not a stricture. It is natural to be interested in oneself and one's own; possibly it is healthiest; certainly it is practical. Only it does not make for really understanding oneself.

III

Now, what is this culture about which it is so hard or unnatural to be self-conscious? It is the product of men as they live in groups or societies. It exists only by virtue of men existing; but it exists as something over and above them. Flaherty, Greenbaum, and Patucci are individuals and remain such; but Flaherty, Greenbaum and Patucci as directors of the Enterprise Development Company, Inc., have given rise to something super-individual, and their acts as the association have a cogency and produce results which are legally, economically, emotionally tangible. This is not a far-fetched parallel except at one point. The incorporators deliberately take a step, certain of the conditions of which

are precisely regulated; and they take it for specific purposes. Whereas you, reader, and I, writer, along with Flaherty, Greenbaum, Patucci, and all others, are constantly and involuntarily, with and without legal sanction, sometimes with but mostly without awareness, producing culture: fortifying, hardening, altering, innovating this or that "way" of our time and civilization.

Culture has been defined as a detritus of living: a precipitate to which all generations contribute. It is that and more. Each generation is reared and lives in the precipitate of its forerunners. Unknowingly and inevitably it adapts itself to the environment of this social precipitate as it adapts itself to the environment of its climate. And by adding its quota of further precipitate, it starts its successor off in a somewhat different cultural environment. Law, religion, manners, tastes are never quite the same. Even in an ultra-conservative period in which they did not change formally—to take an unattainable example—they would acquire added age and therewith weight to steady or oppress the next generation.

Culture then, while it exists only through men or in men, has an existence of its own. It has not got a sensory reality in the sense that blood in the veins or salt water in the ocean has; but it exists, just as truly as, say, tuberculosis, or credit, or momentum. What is more, culture produces, through the men whom it affects, more or new culture; and is therefore a cause as well as an effect, a stimulus as well as a residuum. It is for this reason that the words detritus and precipitate are not wholly satisfactory as descriptions of it. They convey too much the idea of a mere by-product, whereas culture is creative as well as created. Spencer coined a happy word for it in superorganic; only, having neatly illustrated what he meant thereby, he put the concept back on the shelf and proceeded to explain sociological phenomena mainly by organic or pseudo-organic mechanisms.

One more analogy. We can conceive culture as like a coral reef—dead matter, the mere secretions of past generations, but none the less actual. What is more, the reef determines the life of the polyps on it. They can survive only within a narrow fringe of its oceanward crest. As they live and grow, the reef alters and presents new living surfaces, new possibilities, to their descendants. The reef is wholly the product of polyps; but it also determines the conditions and manner of existence of all individual polyps. Culture is just as actual and just as determining as the reef. And it is just as distinct from human beings as the reef is distinct from the living polyps on its upper edge.

A polyp who conceived the idea that he was a free, self-determining being, able to do what he pleased and to contribute as he liked to the growth of his "civilization"—the reef—would impress us as a somewhat shortsighted and egocentric polyp. If he despised the reef as "dead," well, that would be his privilege while alive, but it would not argue for his perspective of vision nor indicate that he understood the relations of things in the world or his relation to them.

From the point of view of what is organic, there are only men and polyps; culture and the reef are mere environment. But from an angle other than the organic—call it superorganic or anything else—the precipitate is not only a far bigger thing than the aggregation of all the individuals of one time, but has a history of its own, an immensely long history; and it necessarily influences the basic fortunes, the actual life histories, of all the individuals of any generation.

Once such an idea of culture has been conceived, one becomes an humbler personality. Thinking oneself god, or even potential god, in relation to humanity, comes to seem an infantility. It is not that the results of biology and psychology are minimized by the concept of culture. They retain full significance, but an understanding is superadded which these approaches

alone cannot yield. The grandeur, the pervasive influence of this superorganic precipitate, the fact that it can be apperceived from one aspect as essentially self-sufficient, as almost self-determining, cannot but react on thought and ultimately on living. One begins to see what history is—the record of a set of processes or forces that shape humankind.

One realizes, too, how right those are who wish to reform history; how temperate in fact. The history that has come down to us and passes current is that of the western half of a continental annex plus little corners of two adjacent continents. It goes back barely twenty-five hundred years. Half of it is political—all the other aspects of culture crowded into the other and perhaps lesser half—because the approach is primarily through political documents. And what it contains of culture is almost inextricably mixed with biographies of personalities, sometimes with ethical or social or national propaganda.

IV

The problem follows how the inquiring attitude as to culture came about. This is a matter that is far from clear. The main point which emerges with sureness is that it is an unusual happening for a culture to be interested in culture as such. The ancients lacked the interest altogether. Herodotus can be called the first ethnologist as well as the father of history—but with the same half appropriateness only. He was interested in customs, the stranger the better. But it was the marveling of a child at an elephant, or at the story of a dragon; it was not an attempt to understand. Herodotus was fascinated by the endless panorama of ethnic custom and variety, as he was by the kaleidoscope of historic event; but he scarcely attempted to interpret. He liked, naïvely and with freshness, to deal with the raw materials of culture. He lived too early to found a science of culture. And the other ancients lacked even his spontaneous interest: Greek culture was a pretty well self-absorbed affair.

Lucretius, carrying on one of the traditions of Greek philosophy, speculated little as to the origins of fire, tools, worship, belief in gods, the state. He did not recognize culture as such. Arts and institutions were something that flowed of themselves, or by accident, from the original nature of man—from his fingers and claws, his naked skin, his greed and his fear, his dreams. The sense of problem rests lightly on Lucretius as on every good system builder.

The Middle Ages were too ignorant and provincial to be concerned; the Renaissance too creative and too taken up with its expansion of its cosmos. The Seventeenth Century became conscious of science; the Eighteenth began to see an opportunity in savage and strange nations. They were a tool with which to pry into our own culture, a club with which to beat it. There was a sudden interest in China for the comparisons it afforded. Voltaire brought Turks and Hurons on the scene as well as Sirians; and Rousseau his unspoiled savage. Then followed the romantic savage. But these ethnic aliens were dragged into view for reference back to our culture, not from an interest in problems concerned with their own. Voltaire fundamentally cared no more about Hurons than Tacitus about Germans. But Hurons and Germans were effective weapons with which to attack the society and manners of France and Rome.

The Nineteenth Century, accordingly, in which scientific interest in culture as such had its birth, found itself fairly well stocked with knowledge of all sorts of cultures, and much untutored, emotionally tinged interest in them lying about. It is not clear precisely what caused the century to try to deal scientifically with these cultures and thereupon with culture as such. In part it may have been an automatic extension of the procedure of science, then entering into its period of triumph. Another factor may have been a backwash

rom the rising tide of nationalism. The ading of religious values almost certainly ontributed, at least by removing obtacles; for religions that are believed or ven habitually professed necessarily set up alues of superiority which block imartial comparative inquiry. But as specific auses these explanations seem inadequate. he phenomenon is perhaps too near us, oo much still part of us, for satisfactory nalysis to be possible.

The anthropologists that have been the ost formally accredited representatives of he movement to inquire into culture have een a curious lot, with strangely heteroeneous motivations. There were essential ollectors, to whom the assemblage of aried data was fascinating. There were overs of the exotic; there were mystics. astian was something of each; it would ot be unfair to say that Sir James Frazer as inclinations in the same three dictions. Anthropologists are still broken p into schools that have little in common xcept subject matter. There are the funcionalists like Radcliffe Brown and Malinwski, essentially reverting to the old asis of reducing culture phenomena to he original nature of man. The historical econstructionists have broken with psyhology and trace the plan of what appened; some, like Nordenskiöld and Vissler, with cautious induction; others, uch as Elliot Smith and Father Schmidt, vith a running start of hypothesis. The istorical realists, such as Laufer, are qually broad in their interests, but carcely venture beyond the documentation hat is available. Still others, Boas for nstance, distrust both the psychological nd the reconstructing historical methods nd aim at isolating processes of cultural vents with little interest in the place f these events in actual time and space. his school stands nearest to the exact ciences.

However, only a fraction of the study iven to culture is in the hands of anthroologists. H. G. Wells and Oswald pengler, who know better than to claim the title, are fired by an intense interest to understand culture, and have contributed insight and perspective. Some of the most valuable work has come from special interests: Taylor on the alphabet, Fergusson on architecture, for example. And many an archæologist who has never formulated a general concept about what culture is or how it may behave has contributed valuably, and often more sanely than many an anthropologist. The avowed anthropologist, by and large, tends to be queer; as the psychologist inclines to be inhibited, the biologist fanatical, the physicist naïve.

One of the great nationalities of the West has stood nearly aloof from the current of interest in culture as such: France. In concrete archæology, as in history, which can be successfully pursued without many implications, the French easily hold their own; in ethnology, descriptive or interpretative, they hang back. Apparently they are too interested in their own culture to care much about understanding others.

V

Darwinism is often spoken of as allied to anthropological thought. There is no specific connection. The one deals with biological phenomena and processes; the other begins where these leave off. The common element is the wholly generic concept of evolution, equally applicable in astronomy and geology. Organic evolution is essentially modificatory, cultural evolution cumulative. The one is bound up with heredity, the other in principle is free from it. The similarity is merely a loose analogy, and the Darwinian point of view has retarded and confused the understanding of culture.

Sociology has followed neighboring paths; but they have been paths of its own, which are only beginning to connect. To begin with, sociology, as its name implies, has been concerned primarily with society, not with culture. Secondly, sociology be-

gan with the idea that there was a progress in values, and that itself stood as the pinnacle of the sciences. The tinging with values has persisted. Much of sociology is still concerned with reform and amelioration. Its aim is to serve. It remains an applied science without essential foundation in a specific pure science. These statements do not apply to all sociologists. There is a visible breaking away from the habits of applying value standards and bettering conditions. Given time, sociology even promises to outlive the effects of its siring by a propagandist philosopher. When it becomes a pure science it ought to be the cardinal one of all those concerned with culture.

I have spoken of the anthropologic attitude in default of a better term. In th development of this attitude, recognize anthropology plays a part. All in all it a small part; that of a vehicle in a proce sion, more or less. One cannot possess th feel of culture without realizing that an thing organized, professionalized, is onl an instrument or expression of the re currents that move underneath. What significant is an attitude of mind. Th attitude anthropologists perhaps do mos to sharpen.

But the energy and potentiality of th attitude are widespread—diffused throug and rooted in the whole culture of th present day.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

American Literature and the British Sniper.—As one who respects and admires the English and who hopes that the inevitable war between the two nations may be deferred as long as possible, I respectfully suggest to the gentlemen in Downing Street that they do their share toward averting the impending calamity by having a heart-to-heart talk as soon as possible with the English littérateurs and critics, both *in* and *ex urbe*. One of the best ways to provoke an unfriendly spirit between nations is, obviously, to provoke the writers of one of them, and England is presently irritating the American corps to an excessive degree. Gradually, out of this irritation, there is developing an anti-British feeling and, unless something is done about it quickly, it will not be long before nine-tenths of our pen-pushers will have combined themselves into a propaganda engine that will bode ill for international amity. When all things are said and done, it is the literary, critical and journalistic press of a country, even above the machinations of politicians—for the latter can do little without the assistance of type and ink—that colors its country's prejudices the one way or the other. And if a single "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could set a nation at war with itself, it is not hard to reason that a thousand books with a thousand convincing indignations toward some other nation might generate a war with the outsider.

What I write here will be taken by many laymen for exaggeration, but the fact remains, as they may determine for themselves by asking the first writer they meet, that the arbitrary snootiness, condescension and downright animosity of England and the English to almost all American literary endeavor, however worthy, have long since not only disgusted American writers but are gradually converting that disgust into a concrete chip on the shoulder. Hardly an American book, of whatever sort, can be published in England without calling forth in English newspapers and periodicals a violent nose-fingering and derision. Even the best American writers are waved aside as mere literary bounders or are denounced with a superior and offensive air as provincial amateurs. Nor is the animosity kept at home. English writers, coming over here to make a little money serving as so-called guest critics for the literary reviews and newspapers, bring with them the same inimical, sniffish attitude and spread themselves in ridicule of American effort. And the visiting English lecturers, with so few exceptions that they are barely noticeable, follow suit.

While I have no personal ax to grind, since my own books have generally received very fair treatment at the hands of the English and since I am, as a consequence, of a perfectly open mind in the matter, I can't help seeing clearly the way the wind is blowing. Nor am I alone, for there are English writers and critics, forthright and honest men, who see it just as clearly. Hugh Walpole, St. John Ervine and J. B. Priestley are among these and are doing what they can, against heavy odds, to give Americans a fair deal, pounding them on the head when they deserve it but surely not arbitrarily kicking them in the pantaloons when they do not. Yet such Englishmen are having a tough time of it, for on all sides of them are writers and critics like Arnold Bennett, Chesterton

and a hundred lesser men who lose no opportunity to deride and insult American writers, denying them fair criticism and giving them instead only the ready-made and rubber-stamp aspersions, disparagements, sneers and catcalls. The offensiveness of the English attitude becomes even more marked, as I have said, when it takes a ship and lands here. When a St. Loe Strachey, with the air of a butler opening a door on Tenth avenue, arrives in New York and with a patronizing smile seeks to put American literature in its place; when a Rebecca West, adding to her bank account with some *Herald-Tribune* money, airily dismisses Sinclair Lewis *in toto* as a cheap-jack simply because in one of his books he uses the word *amour* not exactly as she thinks it should be used; when the literary critics of the London weeklies laugh sarcastically and obstreperously when an American happens to mention the name of Cabell or Sherwood Anderson or Dreiser—when such things happen, as they are happening regularly, is it any wonder that the great majority of American writers and critics, along with their friends and customers, begin to think that they would look very well in khaki?

There is only one way to meet, at least temporarily, such writers and critics and that way is for American writers and critics to turn about and give the English a dose of their own medicine. That they can give them a bigger dose than the English can ladle out is apparent enough, for the English writers and lecturers must rely on the American market for a decent livelihood, where the English market, so far as American writers and lecturers are concerned, is a negligible one and not worth consideration. Once reprisals and sabotage get going and English writers are arbitrarily given the same snide and dirty deal that they are currently giving the Americans, there will be a lot of hitherto full but increasingly empty English literary bellies.

When the ball starts rolling, I should like to join in the grand game, yet one thing prevents me. I don't think I could ever persuade myself to stoop to the level of paltry trimming and critical crookedness that is so handsomely descended to by many of my British colleagues.

Plea for an Adherence to Christian Principle—Following my generous practice of from time to time giving the world the benefi of my wisdom, I pass out today a philosophical *hors d'œuvre*, with the recommendation that it be nibbled by the pupilage. The ceremonies presently attending birth and death strike me as being confused the one with the other and, being thus confused and hence illogical, at odds with sound Christian doctrine. The birth of a human being, under the current ethical dispensation, is accompanied by a species of behavioristic jazz and the death of a human being by a behavioristic dirge. When a child is born, the papa celebrates the event by turning on Ben Bernie on the phonograph, dancing the hornpipe and getting himself expansively cockeyed. When it dies, whether in infancy or in maturity, the papa puts on crêpe, throws the gin bottle into the ashcan and delivers himself of mournful knells and hymns. Among all Christian people, only the Irish, knowing the Scriptures better, exercise a true Christian discrimination in such junctures. When an Irish baby is born into this vale of tears, the ceremony is appropriate to the occasion. The father is sad; he drowns his unhappiness in drink; he fights with the neighbors. But when an Irishman dies and goes, as per Holy Writ, to bliss eternal, his relatives, mindful of Holy Writ, celebrate the enviable excursion of their loved one by holding a wake in which everyone for miles around has one hell of a good time.

This, I have the honor to argue, is as things should be. To be gay in the presence of birth and sad in the presence of death is to be an infidel, a denier of the Bible's threats and promises, an ignoble disbeliever. The true Christian, mindful that birth is but for the moment and of pain

and travail in its brief day on earth compact, should greet it befittingly with melancholy, and death, the beginning of close communion with God and everlasting peace, with appropriate high spirits. Let the band play the Funeral March when the doctor joyfully says, "It's a boy," and "The Varsity Drag" or "Shaking the Blues Away" when, some years later, he lugubriously says, "It was gallstones."

The He Complex.—I am told by visiting foreigners that the first thing they observe in America is the unnecessary trouble that the star-spangled male goes to to convince everyone in sight that he is excessively he, a fellow with hair on his chest and with the longest fibula in captivity, a psychical tobacco chewer and one capable of looking any man in the eye and telling him to go to Hell. It is seldom, they assure me, that the American permits his masculinity to be taken for granted; always he must emphasize it in one way or another lest the fact of it escape his audience. The American's suspicion of all artists, musicians and poets in particular, is simply an oblique proof of the foreigners' contention, and a more positive proof is to be had in the promiscuous embellishment of even his most casual conversation with cuss words, in his miscellaneous and often dismaying expectorations, in his derision of tea as a beverage, in his dictated love letters and in his fear of wearing a red tie.

The American, it would seem, however much of a truck-driver he may be, yet rests uneasy—for a reason that is unfathomable—over hypothetical doubts as to his manly virtue. Since such professions as those of, say, interior decorator, dressmaker, ballet master or hair-dresser—freely entered into by perfectly masculine foreigners—are associated in his mind with effeminacy, the average democrat would rather starve to death than be caught in any one of them. He shrinks, like a cotton undershirt, from even the faintest danger of being thought a lizzie. In order to stress before the world that he is a hard-boiled, red-blooded guy with no pink in him he engages in more unnecessary fights, wears more unpressed pants and says goddam oftener than any other male in Christendom.

A Suggestion to Mr. Darrow.—During the course of a recent *Schnapps* joust with the eminently meritorious Clarence Darrow, I made bold to suggest to him that he had successfully defended enough murderers in his life and that it was now up to him to round out a great career beautifully by committing a few murders himself. Graciously bequeathing an ear to my discharge of sapience, he observed that if I would prepare a list of those persons whose sudden demise would benefit the community, he would give the idea his studious consideration. Herewith, therefore, with an earnest prayer that he may not develop cold feet, is his list: (*a*) Any intelligent physician who allows the idiotic ethics of his profession to stand in the way of a true estimate and condemnation of an inferior fellow physician and who so endangers the health and life of one of the latter's patients; (*b*) Any juryman who acquits or convicts on the evidence alone, without taking into due and mature consideration the legal sleight-of-hand that contrives to put into the records testimony that should not validly be there or keep out of them testimony that should validly be in them; (*c*) Any white man who sentimentally lynches a colored man for attacking a white woman of recognized easy morals; (*d*) Any vice-crusader whose wife laughs at him behind his back; (*e*) Any clergyman who gets his name into the papers more than once a month; and (*f*) Any reformed sinner over forty who seeks to reform men under forty and thus deny to them the pleasure of the sinning enjoyed by himself preliminary to his conversion.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Case of O'Neill

It is a characteristic mark of the lesser level of American criticism to boost potential and still struggling talent with all the gusto at its command and then, once that talent has come into its own and is sitting pretty on top of the fence, to give it a series of kicks *à l'improviste* in the abstracted rear. Nor is the upper level of our criticism entirely free from the same antic. What is at the bottom of it is unquestionably the very human, if proportionately uncritical, impulse to help the weak and hoot the strong, to do all we can for those who need us and to dislike, out of the fonts of vanity, those who are perfectly able to take care of themselves and who no longer have any practical use for us. Since the average critic amongst us is hard put to it to submerge his *alter ego* in his judgments and appraisals, since he is unable to dissociate his mind and emotions, we are constantly entertained by the monkeyshine to which I have alluded. When a young man of promise appears on the American scene the critics invariably start out like von Suppe's "Light Cavalry." But no sooner is the young man's promise actually realized than they take on the tone of Bizet's "Ivan the Terrible."

Eugene O'Neill is surely not the only writer in our midst who has met with this species of criticism. In the beginning, his plays, full of promise but as yet immature, were greeted with a comprehensive and gala pounding upon drums, cymbals and neighborhood dishpans. The racket of endorsement was deafening, and out of all proportion to the subject of celebration. But when gradually his plays began to attain to genuine solidity, imagination and profundity, when gradually he began to settle himself squarely and securely at the very head of American dramatists, when finally he began to achieve the imprimatur of high critical praise from Europe—when this happened, the hitherto ecstatic local critical jazz and tzigane dancing stopped and in their stead the critical air became filled with Cherubini requiems, Liszt concertos pathétiques, Dvořák *opera* 89 and a whole chorus of Amnerises lifting up a despairful "Ohimè, morir mi sento." The same phenomenon has been observable in the cases of Sinclair Lewis and Cabell, as it was observable some years back in the cases of Dreiser and Victor Herbert. At the core of the nonsense, in addition to the point I have already mentioned, is doubtless the familiar critical passion to woo esteem for its independent and flexible judgment, which latter the school of criticism in question generally seeks to demonstrate by a sudden, surprising and intrinsically imbecile *volte face*, preceded by a certain amount of coquettish controversial detouring and by facetious animadversions on the gluey quality of such more sober critics as prefer to keep themselves in the background by repeating honest, if repetitious and hence dull, estimates of the artist under discussion instead of trying to clown themselves into notoriety and the limelight.

O'Neill, as I have said, is presently undergoing his dose of the become stereotyped rigmarole. It began to get under way when he wrote "The Great God Brown"; it got up more steam when he wrote "Marco Millions"; and it has now spread itself with a pervasive choo-choo tooting upon the appearance of his "Strange Interlude." It is not necessary to believe that these plays constitute the finest work that he has thus far done to appreciate the absurdity of his critical leg-pinchers. It is

only necessary to grant that, whatever one may happen to think of them, they are at least reputable efforts and surely, by any standard of criticism, superior to half the plays he produced in the days when all the boys and girls who are now disparaging him let themselves go full blast over his merits. One need not like "The Great God Brown," but no one in his right senses can fail to agree that, at its worst, it is yet a better piece of work than "The Straw." One need not think much of "Marco Millions" to allow that it is nevertheless a better job than "Welded" or "All God's Chillun." And one may actually be convinced that "Strange Interlude" is not all that some of us think it is without believing that "Gold" or "Diff'rent" or "The First Man" or "The Fountain" is infinitely better. Yet the goose-cries shake the welkin. Arbitrarily, evidently under the impression that they have been praising O'Neill long enough, the boys and girls forget the exact quality of his plays that they hymned in the past and proceed to a loud and hollow lambasting, seeking thus to achieve their silly little day in court and to show the world what great Bismarcks they are.

What they are, I allow myself to believe, are pathetic jackasses. O'Neill certainly is susceptible of sound critical attack on a number of sides—if such attack constitutes one a jackass, then I fear that I have on occasion been a lovely one myself—but he just as certainly is not the target for the kind of squashes that are currently being projected at him. Granting that I believe his most recent work is by long odds the soundest and best that he has so far done, and duly allowing that I may be quite wrong in my opinion, it still seems to me that any critic who, having accepted his "Ile," "In the Zone," "Before Breakfast," "The Dreamy Kid," "The Long Voyage Home," "Bound East for Cardiff," "Where the Cross Is Made," "The Rope" and even his "Anna Christie" as admirable, can yet not find his "The Great God Brown," "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude" at the very least equally meritorious—that such a critic is sadly in need of a balance wheel.

Of "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude" I have already expressed a personal opinion in these pages, and at a time in advance of their actual stage presentation. Of the former, there is little left for me to say. Of the latter, there may be a word or two. The chief objection of the criticasters to it appears to be the author's employment of soliloquies and asides to suggest his characters' unspoken thoughts. These are declared to be unnecessary, interruptive of the action, superfluous, repetitive and posturing. The play, already extremely long, would, it is asserted, be the more compact and better without them. Exactly the same criticism, obviously, might be made—indeed frequently has been made by the same stripe of dolts—of Schubert's C major symphony, a perfect thing, as every musician knows, despite its similar musical asides, repetitions, interruptions and alleged superfluities. As a piece of musical writing it is relatively as long as O'Neill's play and the same arguments may be used by fools against it, but it remains none the less—to pop a platitude—a consummately beautiful work. And if it is seldom, if ever, played in its entirety, let the critics who imagine that in that fact they have found a good argument be made aware of the equally pertinent fact that "Strange Interlude" as it is currently being played on the Theatre Guild's stage is also not being played in its entirety, but has been very liberally cut down.

To turn to drama, what is argued against O'Neill's asides and soliloquies may just as logically be argued against Shakespeare's. If O'Neill's might be cut out as largely superfluous and interruptive of his play's action, so might Shakespeare's. Most of the soliloquies written by the latter were simply put into his plays to please actors and the plays would move more dramatically without them. If you doubt it, read almost any one of them, even "Hamlet," with the soliloquies and asides deleted.

To contend that Shakespeare's soliloquies constitute great poetry and that O'Neill's do not is to sidestep the direct issue. That issue is simply whether O'Neill's soliloquies and asides are dramaturgically valid. Poetry or lack of poetry has nothing to do with the case. In any event, the argument is based by the critical Bottoms, as so often happens, merely upon labels. The truth about soliloquies and asides as O'Neill employs them is that, while they are cunningly announced by O'Neill to represent the characters' unspoken thoughts—he is a shrewd hand at concealing the obvious and artfully masking it in a way to make the impressionables gabble—they are actually nothing more than straight dramatic speeches, as anyone can readily determine by referring, for example, to the powerful dramatic scene, say, at the conclusion of his sixth act. O'Neill has simply written his characters' thoughts in terms of straight dramatic speeches and has passed the device off on the idiotic novelty lovers by craftily insisting that they are only mute meditations.

As to the yawps over the play's considerable length—it runs for something like five hours—we engage criticism based upon the sensitiveness of the yawpers' sterns rather than upon the work of art itself. A certain critic finds that his netherland becomes weary after sitting out the play and hence confounds his netherland with his cerebrum which, in his case, is largely indistinguishable from it. Art is thus estimated not in terms of mental pleasure but of physical discomfort: the old Babbitt plaint that the Louvre is altogether too large for enjoyment and that the bath-rooms at Bayreuth are awful. While it is not to be denied that a five-hour play imposes more of a strain upon one than a two and one-half hour play, the strain surely is no reflection upon the play's quality. A Chinese drama that runs for three nights is not *ipso facto* worse than a play by Mr. Harry Delf that runs for a couple of hours. The Oberammergau Passion Play, that run on and on, may still conceivably be bette than one of the Rev. Dr. Charles Ran Kennedy's shorter Biblical exhibits. Shaw' two-night "Back to Methuselah" doesn' impress me as being great shakes, but th fact remains that when it was cut down t one night's playing time it was mad twice as senseless and dull as it woul otherwise have been.

The kind of criticism that is ladled ou to our more mature artists must ofte reduce them to a disgusted laughter Lewis, when he writes an "Elmer Gantry," is met with the objection that—I quot literally from no less than thirty reviewer —"the book contains scarcely a decen character; almost all of them are hypo crites, scoundrels and vile." The same criticism may be made of Gorki's admitted masterpiece, "Nachtasyl." Dreiser, when he writes a novel twice as long as one of say, Christopher Morley's, is charged with the very *embonpoint* and dispansion for which Dostoievski is acclaimed. Cabell is disparaged for doing what the Restoration writers are commended for. Sherwood Anderson is criticized for faults that in Zola are held to be virtues. And O'Neill is made mock of, in his finest and greatest play, for daring a profound and beautiful thing, far removed from the routine swamps of Broadway, instead of safely hugging the critical coasts with more of his youthful confections wherein a supposed spy's secret documents turn out to be love letters, wherein a Swede is given knock-out drops in a gin-mill, and wherein everybody goes crazy in a green light looking for gold or ile.

II

A Failure

Let us devote this space to a play that ran for only a few days in the New York theatre, that played to empty houses during its brief engagement, that was generally dismissed as of little worth by the critical press, and that, unless I am getting

to be a very poor judge of such things, was for the greater part of its distance as brilliant an American comedy as we have had since another play by the same author, "Two Married Men," ran also for only a few days in the New York theatre, played also to empty houses during its brief engagement and was similarly dismissed as of small worth by the same critical press. I allude to "A Distant Drum," by Vincent Lawrence.

Customers of this department will not be surprised at my regard for Lawrence, since I have frequently in the past spread myself in celebration of his merits. A playwright of periodically faltering invention and one who almost invariably writes last acts that astringe the themes he selects, he is nevertheless in this opinion as original, as independent and as penetrating a writer of comedy as this country has produced. His plays in the main exhibit a sophistication (I use the word in its best sense), an observation of men and women and a plumbing of character seldom achieved by his native contemporaries, and in the matter of dramatic dialogue that mirrors actual human speech he is without a rival among American dramatists. There is something about his plays, even when they are not all that one might hope for them, that reveals a peculiarly interesting mind, a peculiarly interesting honesty and forthrightness in assaying their subject matter, and a knowledge of the emotional idiosyncrasies of earthlings that pokes around far beneath the psychological epidermis. This "A Distant Drum," despite a final act that goes to pieces after half its course is covered, is a laudable thing. No Frenchman, and certainly no Englishman or German, has in recent years dug down further into what sentimentalists call the female heart and fetched up more subtly brilliant manure. And none has contrived a more searching comedy. We have had more finished comedies dealing with the same sort of material and comedies that, unlike Lawrence's, have succeeded in keeping their tails up until the end, but I can think of none that has been more baldly true, more thoroughly alive and more sharply detailed. Without a single epigram, without an ounce of arbitrary theatricality (save in the stubbornly evasive last half of that third act), and without a trace of so-called polite comedy hocus-pocus, the author has put his story and its characters down-stage near the bright footlight trough, undressed them and let nature do its damnedest. And what we get is a play that has reached out and made actuality its own.

Lawrence's plays have enjoyed small success in the American theatre; most of them have been failures. The reason isn't hard to make out. It is the custom to say that their failure is due to his inability to carry through for the full three-act distance and to his consequent collapse when ten-thirty rolls around. I doubt it. Any number of plays with good first and second acts and with weak final acts have prospered. The reason is rather to be found, I daresay, in Lawrence's disinclination to trick his plays into safe theatrical and box-office channels, a disinclination not shared by many of his brother playwrights, whether good or bad. It is Lawrence's method to state his thesis and manœuvre its execution in the relatively mild terms of implication and suggestion rather than in the usual and theatrically more pragmatic terms of black and white. He prefers to let his audience's mind dramatize his themes and contents himself for the most part with throwing out winks and hints. His plays are best when he adheres to this technique and worst, as in his last acts, when he momentarily loses courage and falls back upon dramaturgic stencils. He also suffers in the way of popular appeal because he deals with emotional reactions that are just around the corner from the majority of persons in his audience. The rubber-stamp emotional equipment of rubber-stamp drama does not interest him in the least; it seems to be his purpose to dramatize those emotions

that his fellow playwrights, lacking his sleuthy insight into human psychology, invariably leave out of their plays. The emotional reactions that lie under the obvious emotional reactions of the characters in orthodox drama are his dish.

The comedies of Lawrence are charmingly devoid of all suspicion of strain, of all suspicion of *cliché* that lies in a sedulous avoidance of *cliché*. He never for a moment suggests that he is posturing a point of view; what he says has the convincing ring of being founded unostentatiously upon experience and its acquired wisdom. He never, except in those periods that corrupt his plays' last paces, is the smarty, the little boy hitching up metaphysical long pants, the concealer of sham knowledge in glow-worm wit, that so many of his contemporaries are. The latter, essaying to write the kind of plays that Lawrence writes, betray themselves in their oily recourse to transiently deceptive but hollow dramatic subterfuges, praying thus to get themselves accepted as worldlings and as true professors of esoterics, when all that they actually are, as the left eye has no difficulty in seeing, are joeys. Unable to smell out the paradoxes that lie hidden in human character and that send up disconcerting little trails of punk smoke, they take refuge in making the more obvious paradoxes superior to their characters rather than, as is the way of things actually, their characters superior to the paradoxes. In simpler words, they present a paradox as a character instead of, as Lawrence does, a character as a paradox. Thus we find them arbitrarily giving their villains better manners than their heroes and imagining that thereby they have achieved an equitable characterization of the former. Thus we find them placing the more unpopular opinions and philosophies in the mouths of their heroes and heroines and imagining that they have thereby achieved rational character delineation. Thus, also, we find them dressing up their Jack Trevors as Desperate Desmonds and their Desperate Desmonds as Jack Trevors and believing that both of them thereby achieve a greater approximation to real, living human beings. Such buncombe is not for Lawrence. He very simply and very quietly lays hold of ordinary, everyday persons and gradually unveils the paradoxical yet immediately recognizable impulses that motivate their thoughts and acts. In such of his plays as "The Ghost Between," "Two Married Men," "Sour Grapes," "In Love with Love" and "A Distant Drum"—I have tried to refresh my memory of others *via* "Who's Who," but Lawrence isn't there; all I can find are Samuel Shipman, Owen Davis, Hartley Manners, Edward Locke and Kate McLaurin—in such plays as these, he simply visits the neighbors and tells us not what they would tell us, but what they tell to themselves. He dramatizes not persons, but motives, and chiefly such motives as snooze beneath what appear on the surface to be the real motives. In a word, he dramatizes what is left of other dramatists' characters when they get through with them.

Still another reason that accounts for Lawrence's failure with American audiences is to be discovered in his perfect unconcern with morals, the one way or another. This unconcern is relatively evident even when he so far forgets his integrity as to shoot off a cheap and indignant melodramatic pistol, as in "A Distant Drum," or to warm his hero and heroine in a final arbitrary embrace, as in "Sour Grapes." He refuses to affix labels to his characters or to their acts, and this refusal—the refusal of a sincere and dignified artist—is mistaken by his frequently thin-skinned audiences for a partisanship toward what they are disposed to regard as not entirely *comme il faut*, *commune bonum*, or *Schicklichkeit*. These audiences, loving above everything else to pretend a momentary sophistication and emotional atheism that, when they get back home to baby, they are thoroughly ashamed of, have lately exhibited a theatrical willingness to swallow a bit of vicarious turpitude,

but Lawrence in a play like "A Distant Drum" pours out too big a dose for them. They will gulp down something like "Paris Bound" with its lady-fingering of adultery, or something like "The Command to Love," in which sin is shrewdly dressed by Jimmy Reynolds and morality by Saks, but they gag at the perhaps deplorable facts of life coldly presented, with no wisecracks to laugh them off, no incidental piano playing of Chopin to prove to everyone that the loose fish's heart is in the right place after all, no cute and generally admitted virgin cast to soften the strumpet's rôle, and no concession on the part of any character toward any other, save anatomical.

III

Red Light and Pink

The much discussed "Maya" of Simon Gantillon, in an excellent translation by Ernest Boyd, was introduced to American audiences by the Actor-Managers who, previous to their presentation of the play, showed that they hadn't the slightest idea of its intrinsic character by getting out a folder in which they made the following observation: "We have chosen to produce 'Maya' in America because we believe that it is the creation of an author who desires to reveal a new interpretation of certain phases of life. The ordinary writer too often shrinks from the irony and tragedy of life into a sentimental outlook which softens and blurs its outlines. Gantillon, on the contrary, has sufficient power and integrity as an artist to face existence without flinching."

Whatever "Maya" may or may not be, it is certainly not the play that the Actor-Managers conceived it to be. Far from revealing what they designated as a new interpretation of certain phases of life, it interprets these certain phases of life precisely as they were interpreted in the Hindu mythology and legend of the dark ages and as they have been interpreted by dozens of prose writers and thousands of poets since, to say nothing of an occasional playwright. Further, the treatment which Gantillon accords his theme, far from shrinking from a sentimental outlook, is as completely sentimental as it is possible to imagine. Of all the treatments that I have encountered, I know of none that is fundamentally pinker. While it may seem to be stretching a point, you will find even the sugary Barrie flirting a bit less sentimentally with the kernel of Gantillon's theme in the first act of "The Legend of Leonora." "Maya," despite all this, is, however, at times an interesting piece of work. These times are those when the author permits himself a furlough from symbolic curlicues and sentimentality and goes about the business of depicting more or less realistically the ins and outs of the profession of harlotry.

Gantillon's theme, as will already have been suspected, is—as Boyd puts it in his fore-note—"the prostitute, symbol of the eternal illusion which draws men to women, the changeless Eternal Feminine, always the same, yet different to every man who seeks in her the realization of his own dream." The scene throughout is the harlot's room in the street of harlots leading to the harbor of Marseilles. To this room come the harlot's customers from the seven seas, each bringing with him not only the flesh but the various things of the spirit—all to be reflected one way or another in the mirror of the woman's body. And to this room come also the red women of the quarter, each with her avarice and her generosity, her flintiness and her softness. In the illumination of the former of these attributes, Gantillon is relatively more successful than in his illumination of the latter. For, like most Frenchmen, he apparently cannot himself resist softness in the portrayal of softness, and as a result he becomes sticky when he would merely be tender. There attaches to his play, accordingly, something of the quality of the time-honored boozy recital of "the story of my life," familiar to all boulevardiers in the days of real beer.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Two Enterprising Ladies

MY LIFE, by Isadora Duncan. $5. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 359 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING: *The Story of My Life*, by Aimée Semple McPherson. $2. 7¼ x 5⅛; 316 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

These books prove anew what was long ago observed by sagacious men: that only a shadow separates angel from devil, devotée from damned. A trivial accident in youth might have turned La Duncan into a McPherson, and another might have saved La McPherson from the pulpit and set her loose upon the stage.

Superficially, to be sure, they differ enormously. La Duncan (posthumously, alas!) devotes a large part of her volume to shameless bragging about her drabbing; La McPherson (still alive, glory to God!) devotes at least a third of hers to proofs that she is chaste. But all that is only on the surface: deep down the two gals are tremendously alike. Both are mystics, and hear strange voices over the sky-rim. Both, disdaining money, come eventually to the lush, voluptuous material success of movie queens. And both have sad hearts, and reach out wistfully for something that never was on land or sea. Once, detained in Los Angeles by literary business, I permitted one of Aimée's fans, a man named Brother Quirk, to lure me to her basilica, the Angelus Temple. Her sacerdotal smile was as wide as a bath-towel, but it took no more than ten or fifteen minutes for me to note that it was really only a smirk. Underneath it I detected a great sadness. The lady, indeed, was so tragic that she made me uncomfortable, hardened though I was to the grinning masks of Hollywood. I hope no one will accuse me of impertinence when I venture the guess that there was nothing she longed for more earnestly, on that melancholy Sunday afternoon, than a pair of strong male arms around her neck and the pillow of a heaving, piliferous chest. Not even the sudden conversion and baptism of Quirk himself would have done her more good.

The Duncan book, I assume, was planned as the first of two volumes. It stops short with the fair (and, by that time, somewhat fat) author's invasion of Russia in 1921. That invasion turned out to be as ill-starred as Napoleon's, and she was presently back in France, where she was to die in 1927. What she has to say in her first volume about her curiously banal love affairs has made the book a roaring success, and it is now being read by all the flappers who devoured "The President's Daughter" six months ago. But what gives it solid interest is not this pathetic and almost mannish mulling over cold amours, but the author's laborious and vain effort to explain the principles of her so-called Art. This effort leaves it revealed as precisely what it was: a mass of puerilities, without any more rational basis than golf or spiritualism. Isadora simply loved to prance around in a shift; all the rest was afterthought. The daughter of a music-teacher, she began this prancing very early in life and to the tune of relatively respectable music: in the fact lay the seeds of her future success. It gave the world, and especially the world of artists, a pleasant shock to see the shift waving and billowing to the tunes of Chopin and Tschaikovsky; there was another shock later on when it began to flap to the tunes of Wagner and Brahms. It was an era of painfully correct ballet-dancing, and to worn-out, tin-pan music. Here, at least, was something new—and straightway it be-

came converted into something portentous. But its meaning, at bottom, was exactly that of any other dancing, which is to say it had scarcely any meaning at all.

Isadora lived and died without anything properly describable as an education, but she was quick, woman-like, to take color from her surroundings, and so she picked up a great deal of profound prattle, and some of it she unloaded into her book. On analysis, it turns out to be very hollow. With one breath she connects her dancing with the figures on Greek urns, and with the next she protests that it was completely American, and had Walt Whitman for its pa. At other times she talks darkly of Beethoven, Wagner and Nietzsche—"the first dancing philosopher." But what had Nietzsche to do with her melodramatic performance of "The Marseillaise," and what had Wagner to do with her writhing to "The Beautiful Blue Danube"—her two most solid successes?

The more she goes into this matter, in fact, the more absurd she becomes. Her tragedy was that she was not content to be a first-rate bare-legged dancer: she also yearned to be an intellectual. The same folly has engulfed many other ladies of the stage. It is responsible for the ghastly Ibsen revivals that drive dramatic critics to cocaine and heroin, and it is responsible too for the dreadful memoirs that their Heddas and Noras write. Let it be said for La Duncan that her own tome, though it is full of buncombe, is nevertheless very interesting. In it, for the first time, a lady of many loves discusses them realistically, if at the same time somewhat gurglingly. It presents one fact hitherto unnoticed by science: that even a professional charmer sometimes finds it immensely difficult to snare her man. Isadora conquered a great many, but her flops were almost as numerous as her conquests. It was her ambition to bear children to men of eminence, and to that end (according to her own account) she tackled such whales of science as Ernst Haeckel and such sound artists as George Grey Barnard. But they were beyond her seductions, and so, of her actual offspring, two out of three were fathered by dismal nonentities. A foolish woman, and a sad life.

La McPherson has been used almost as badly by the Omnipotence she venerates. Her first husband was a missionary to China, and died miserably out there, leaving her with a small baby and no funds. Her second seems to have left her nearly as quickly, though under his own steam: her souvenir was another infant. For years she toured the Bible Belt in a Ford, haranguing the morons nightly under canvas. It was a depressing life, and its usufructs were scarcely more than three meals a day. Often, indeed, there was too little money to buy them, and she had to depend upon the charity of the pious. She was attracted to Los Angeles, it appears, by the climate. The Bible Belt was sending a steady stream of its rheumatic mortgage-sharks in that direction, and she simply followed. The result, as everyone knows, was a swift and roaring success. The town has more morons in it than the whole State of Mississippi, and thousands of them have nothing to do save gape at the movie dignitaries and go to revivals. Aimée piped a tune that struck their fancy, and in a short while she was as massive a local figure as Sid Grauman or the Rev. Bob Shuler. In five years she had a plant almost as big as that of Henry Ford, with an auditorium seating 5300 customers, a huge Bible School, a radio broadcasting station, a flourishing publishing house, three brass bands, three choirs, two orchestras and six quartettes. She is today the most prosperous ecclesiastic in America, and her annual net takings exceed those of Bishop Manning.

But, as I have said, I doubt that she is happy in the homely secular sense, though the grace of God is undoubtedly in her. I detect a far-away look in her eye, and I detect a heavy heart in her book, for all its smooth, glad air of a Y. M. C. A. secretary. Certainly the attempt to jail her for perjury, a year ago, left some scars upon

her. Connoisseurs will recall the outlines of the case: she alleged that she had been kidnapped, and the Los Angeles police alleged that she had been on a protracted week-end party with one of her male employés. She won in the end, but only after a long and nerve-wracking trial, in the course of which she had plenty of chance to observe that Moronia could punish as well as applaud. The trial, indeed, was an orgy typical of the half-fabulous California courts. The very officers of justice denounced her riotously in the Hearst papers while it was in progress, and she says herself that she was almost asphyxiated by the smoke of photographers' flash-lights in the courtroom. She rehearses the evidence in her book, and makes out a good case for herself. But she must know very well that Los Angeles will remember the testimony against her long after it forgets the testimony that cleared her. The morons of the town are not all Bible students. There are also hundreds of thousands whose ideas of the true, the good and the beautiful are derived from the movies and from Hearst.

The theology of La McPherson, as she expounds it in her book, is a poor thing, and not her own. Wherever the hookworm bays to its mate and a horse-hair put into a bottle of water is known to turn into a snake, it is preached every night, and by thousands of sweating evangelists. Its four cornerstones are the Atonement, Baptism, Divine Healing, and the Second Coming. "Good works and good morals of themselves are not sufficient": the penitent must be "born again"—and not only born again, but formally ducked in the Angelus Temple pool. To doubt that prayer can induce God to cure a broken leg today is to doubt the miracles recorded in Holy Writ—obviously, a very serious matter. And "He who ascended into Heaven will some day come again in clouds of glory to catch away His own." There is comfort here for poor and wormy folk. They swarm in Los Angeles as they swarm nowhere else on earth. They come in from the farms and cow towns with their lumbago, their shortness of breath, their broken ribs, their ringing in the ears, their souvenirs of bad medicine, bad surgery, bad obstetrics, and Aimée cheers them up. In a little while they vanish into Heaven but more are always on the way. If all the forlorn pilgrims she baptizes every year remained on her rolls, her Angelus Temple would swell to the proportions of a county and shove Los Angeles into the Pacific. But they come and they go, each leaving a mite. The pastor no longer wonders where her next meal is coming from; it takes a great deal of exercise to keep her from growing matronly. But she is not only well-fed, she is also intelligent, and so I suspect that she is by no means as happy as she tries to look.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!

SUICIDE, by Ruth Shonle Cavan. $3. 7⅝ x 5⅜; 359 pp. Chicago: *The University of Chicago Press.*

THERE are very few serious studies of suicide in English, and not many in German and French; practically all of them deal with the phenomenon statistically, and get no further than the observation that more people kill themselves in December than in July, or that men do it oftener than women. Dr. Cavan makes a gallant attempt to go further. Her aim is to find out the fundamental and proximate causes of self-destruction, and to that end she begins with an interesting historical and ethnological survey, and then proceeds to a somewhat detailed examination of concrete cases. Her conclusion, put into plain words, takes on the appearance of a platitude: people destroy themselves because they find it impossible to go on living. But under that platitude there is a great mass of sound and valuable observation, and its obviousness does not take anything from its scientific truth. To all of us (barring, perhaps, archbishops and actors) the world is extremely harsh and unsatisfactory. We can all imagine having better times than we do have, and to most

of us a new day spells only a new misery. Nevertheless, we manage to keep going, and even to enjoy the farce more or less. What we haven't got we hope for; what we can't have we do without. It is this resilience in the average man that saves him. He is naturally a philosopher, as he is naturally a liar: no doubt the two things are really the same. But there is also a kind of man who lacks, congenitally, that saving bounce, or has had it shaken out of him by misfortunes passing the endurable. Confronted by intolerable horrors, he is completely stumped. Let a rope be handy, and he will hang himself.

Fortunately for the gods who enjoy human misery, there are not many men so constituted. The great majority of us stick it out, hoping against hope, and sustained when even hope fails by curiosity. We must die in the end, but not just yet! Anon, anon! The morn may bring a check in the mail, or a better girl, or even the Presidency. It has happened in the past, and it may happen again. The doctors have been wrong before. But there is a kind of mind that believes them infallible, and hence sees no light ahead. It is a special type of mind, and if it is not downright pathological, then it is at least somewhat abnormal. Dr. Cavan shows, indeed, that most of the people who commit suicide do it for reasons that, to most of us, would seem trivial. It is not the grand calamities of life that take them off, but relatively small calamities. One man contemplates the bare bodkin because he is torn between his duty to his mother and his desire for his sweetheart—a conflict that rages, at some time or other, in the breasts of four men out of five, and to no more damage than is inflicted by a severe *Katzenjammer*. Another kills himself because he yearns for the country, and is bound to the city by his wife and children. A woman slaughters her lover and herself because she fears that he is about to leave her, and that she'll never find another to match him. A young man leaps into the unknown at twenty-three because, having grown up under the impression that he is a genius, he has begun to have some doubt of it.

What dreadful silliness! What a stupendous lack of humor! I have known, in my time, and with intimacy, at least a dozen men who committed suicide, and I can't recall one who had a logically sound reason. They all threw up their hands in the face of difficulties that might have been cured by six quiet months in jail. I think of a friend of my youth who made away with himself because he had got drunk at an inconvenient time, and felt that he had disgraced himself. But what is there disgraceful about getting drunk, whether the time be convenient or not? Shakespeare used to do it, and so did Socrates. So, indeed, did the late Warren Gamaliel Harding. The public and private opinion that that friend knew and respected was almost unanimously in favor of it. The only dissentient near to him was a man who also believed that cancer could be cured by going on a diet. Yet that capital fellow, otherwise merry and full of life, took himself off. There must have been some anterior collapse of the faculties. The so-called soul, I daresay, can snap as the femur or tibia can snap. Suicide is a disease of persons who have somehow blown up.

I do not argue thereby, of course, that life is pleasant, or generally worth living. It seems to me that it is not. If there are any really happy people in this world (that is, aside from archbishops and actors) I have yet to meet them, or even to hear of them. The trouble with *Homo sapiens* is that his imagination will never let him alone. He is always imagining situations more agreeable than those in which he finds himself. The latter, when he is lucky, may be bearable, but they are surely never satisfying. Speaking for myself, I don't recall a single day in my life when I was contented with my lot, though, as human destiny runs, it has been a very fortunate one. Worse, I have got to such a point, in my old age, that I can't imagine

any concrete amelioration: experience has taught me that what I want today will only upset me if I get it tomorrow. But to give us hope is surely not the same as to embrace despair. The show remains engrossing, though it is no longer exhilarating. The horror of week after next will at least be a new one. It may be any one of ten dozen: I find myself vaguely eager to know which it is to be. Thus I advise against suicide. Life may not be exactly pleasant, but it is at least not dull. Heave yourself into Hell today, and you may miss, tomorrow or next day, another Scopes trial, or another War to End War, or perchance a rich and buxom widow with all her first husband's clothes. There are always more Hardings hatching. I advocate hanging on as long as possible.

The Nature of Man

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHARACTER, by A. A. Roback. $5.50. 8½ x 5¼; 595 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

In this huge and heavily documented treatise Dr. Roback makes a gallant effort to differentiate character as a psychological entity from character as an ethical quality. But does he succeed? I doubt it. Here is his final definition of character: "An enduring psychophysical disposition to inhibit instinctive impulses in accordance with a regulative principle." Well, if this regulative principle is not ethical, then what is it? And if inhibition is not, at bottom, an ethical act, then what kind of act are we to call it? The plain truth is that character, however it may be approached, always resolves itself on examination into a pattern of the subject's habitual reactions to moral situations. It is not a gauge of his character to determine how he reacts to situations of other sorts. He may show, for example, a talent for escaping from mazes worthy of a laboratory rat, or a capacity for playing with words worthy of an editorial writer on *Variety* or the New York *Herald Tribune*, an yet leave us completely ignorant of h character. But if it turns out that, havin necked his neighbor's wife, he tells, w know a great deal about his characte instantly, and if it develops that he tell without having necked we know eve more.

A man of solid character is not neces sarily one whose habitual reactions accor with the precepts of Holy Writ, nor eve with those of the Revised Statutes; he i simply one whose reactions are dependable His ethical scheme, whatever it is, mus be immovable, or nearly so. He must b the same today, tomorrow and next week whether the winds be fair or foul. It is indeed, this quality of dependability tha makes life in human society bearable: i we could not be reasonably sure of ou fellows' acts, life with them would becom impossible. A breach of trust is thus the most anti-social of all crimes—but fo some curious reason, to me unknown, the legal codes of the world, when they punish it at all, punish it only lightly. Ir most of its forms, *e.g.*, adultery, it is scarcely more than a laughing matter. To steal $2 is an act frowned upon by the law everywhere, but to betray a confidence and break a heart is no worse, legally, than to fail to brush one's teeth.

But let me not set up a row with Dr. Roback, for his book, despite a somewhat pedestrian style, is immensely interesting and valuable. He has raked the whole literature of the world for light upon his theme—not only the scientific literature, but also the swell letters—, and himself he has contributed a great deal of shrewd observation. It is the best work upon the subject that I have ever encountered, and I commend it unreservedly to all those who have any interest in the mysteries of the human mind. Why he omits his bibliography I don't know. Twice he speaks of it, but it is nowhere to be found.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

KARL ANDRIST *has been professor of music at colleges in Ohio, Kansas and Arizona. He is a violinist and a pupil of Ysaye and is soon to make his concert début in Paris.*

ERNEST BOOTH *is serving a life sentence for robbery in Folsom Prison, California.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES *is dramatic critic for* Arts and Decoration. *He is the author of several books, among them "Forty Immortals" and "Litanies of Negation."*

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE *was born in San Francisco and still lives there. He was in the insurance business until 1916, and then took to writing. Since then he has published half a dozen novels and many short stories.*

WALTER PRICHARD EATON *is a frequent contributor to the reviews. He is also the author of several books.*

C. G. JOHN, *for obvious reasons, is a* nom de plume. *But the author's statements may be accepted as fact.*

IDWAL JONES *is dramatic critic for the San Francisco* Examiner, *and is now on leave of absence in Europe.*

A. L. KROEBER, PH.D. (Columbia), *is professor of anthropology at the University of California, and director of its Anthropological Museum. He is the author of a standard work on anthropology and of many monographs. He was a founder of the American Anthropological Association, and its president in 1917. He was born at Hoboken, N. J.*

PAUL EDGAR MURPHY *is a Los Angeles architect. He was born in Colorado and educated at the University of Illinois and at the School of Architecture of the University of Southern California. He later went to Italy, France and Spain to study Mediterranean domestic architecture.*

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS *is an old newspaper man. He is now assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore.*

JIM TULLY'S *latest book is "Circus Parade." He is also the author of "Beggars of Life," "Jarnegan" and "Emmett Lawler."*

HOMER TURNER *is a Prohibition agent. A more extended account of him appears in Editorial Notes.*

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Editorial NOTES

Homer Turner, whose article, "Notes a Prohibition Agent," appears in th issue, was a Prohibition agent from 19 to 1926, and in the early part of this year joined the service again. He is the son of a Methodist minister, and was born in the town of Columbia, La., on March 17, 1898. Until 1913 he roved over the State, but then he settled down and five years later was graduated from Centenary College. Less than month out of school, he joined the M rines, and arrived in Brest in time to lab in the rest camp until two days after th Armistice. Then, as he says,

Homer Turner

> I had the pleasure of walking from Dun sur Meuse to Brohl am Rhein, strolling through Luxembourg and Belgium. I served in the Army of Occupation with the Sixth Regiment, Second Division, in the pleasant capacity of messman until I got a piece of steel in my eye at target practice. The doctor was kind enough to send me home as a casual, and at Quantico the whole staff of Army physicians couldn't tell which eye had been hurt. So I was honorably discharged, having been presented with two medals (by a clerk): the medals are known as the Victory and the Good Conduct! From October, 1919, to March, 1920, I was assistant principal in the Coushatta, La., High-School.
>
> Then I was appointed local Prohibition inspector, at a salary of $2400 plus the bonus of $240, and worked my way up through all the grades to that of head of the field force in

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In the Day's Work

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Mississippi was rising sullenly—ripping jagged crevasses in even the most stoutly built levees, inundating wide areas of farm lands, making thousands homeless.

At one of the many towns facing the crisis, a break came spreading ruin through the streets. A government steamer rescued 900 refugees, but the four telephone operators refused to forsake their posts. The telephone company notified the operators that they were not expected to stay. Friends warned them to leave at once. They decided to remain on duty, and the exchange was the only thing in town that continued to carry on.

The world hears little of "the spirit of service" until times of emergency and disaster . . . when a flood on the Mississippi or in New England, a storm in Florida or St. Louis commands the attention of the whole nation. But behind the scenes this spirit is always present. Each hour of every day, telephone calls of life or death importance speed over the wires of the nation-wide system, and telephone users confidently rely upon the loyalty and devotion to duty of the men and women who make this service possible.

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Imported from London

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page l

Louisiana. In that capacity I was stationed i New Orleans, and had eighteen agents unde me. Then I resigned in February, 1926, to tr my hand at the gentle art of selling real estat in Shreveport. I got by fairly well until th deluge, when, having no professional training I went back to the Prohibition Department obtaining sixty days' leave without pay earl this year, to try the real estate game again.

I am not a member of any order except th American Legion. There are two posts i Shreveport, but I do not know to which one belong. I am a full-fledged short-story writer having been graduated, with high honors, fron a well-known correspondence school. That I have sold no stories merely serves to prove the taste of editors in general.

In philosophy, I am a follower of Count Hermann Keyserling. I wish some good brother would translate more of his stuff.

The following remonstance against c tain statements in W. M. Walker's artic "Pittsburgh Plus," in a recent nu ber comes in from Messrs. J. W. Broo J. N. Carmichael and C. N. Gilley, of t Exchange Club at Fairfield, Ala.:

Fairfield, a separate municipality from Birmingham, and having a population of approximately 11,500, has quite a bit of civic pride, and while we enjoy and appreciate some of the nice things said about our city by Mr. Walker, on the other hand there are a number of inaccuracies which we feel should be called to your attention.

The general impression left upon one reading his article would be that Fairfield was built and is controlled by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company. The facts are that Fairfield was built by local capital composed of men in the Birmingham district who are and were in no way connected with the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company. The city is governed by a mayor and board of aldermen elected by the people, and is run the same as any other fast-growing American city.

The statement that the Negro laborers in Westfield have homes similar in most details to those of their white co-workers in Fairfield is not borne out by the facts. Only a small portion of the employés of the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company live in Fairfield, although the majority of the people living in

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Editorial NOTES

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Fairfield are employés of the company. Ensley, which adjoins Fairfield and is much larger in population, is also the home of thousands of Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company's employés. The idea conveyed in the article that Fairfield is a community governed and entertained by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, wherein free movies, etc. are given under the supervision of the company's agents, is entirely wrong.

Fairfield was laid out by Mr. Manning, the distinguished landscape architect of Boston, and from our observation, after travelling over a large portion of the United States, we have failed to find any community that is better laid out and arranged. Mr. Walker's article cast certain reflections on the types of houses built in Fairfield, but we contend that a careful survey will show that Fairfield has a very well distributed type of architecture. While it is true that the first houses built were small and possibly did not include over six or eight different types, they were so distributed as to keep the fact from being noticeable. The houses in Fairfield are largely owned by employés who live in them; possibly seventy-five per cent are homeowners. We are entirely in accord with the work being done by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company among its employés, and from our observation we find that they are better satisfied and make better workmen than the majority of mill workers of whom we have heard.

From Mr. James M. Cain comes the following commentary on Mr. Wallace Rice's article, "The Vulgate in American Fiction," in the December number:

Mr. Rice takes exception to a practice which he thinks our fiction writers indulge in, which is to use garbled spellings to indicate pronunciations which are themselves correct. As instances of this he cites the following:

1. The use of *of* to indicate the auxiliary *have* when it occurs unstressed.
2. The use of *et* to indicate the past tense and past participle of the verb *eat*.
3. The use of *het* to indicate the past tense and past participle of the verb *heat*.
4. The use of *use t'*, and presumably of *useter* and *useta* also, to indicate *used to*.
5. The use of *a-tall* to indicate *at all*.

The general proposition that garbled spellings

Continued on page lvi

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Editorial NOTES

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to indicate the proper pronunciations should not be used may be conceded at once. To write *sez* for *says* is silly. But that the instances given by the writer really violate this principle is not true. Certainly the cultured American, when he says "I wouldn't have done it," pronounces it "I wouldn't *uv* done it." But the words he has in mind are "I wouldn't have done it. " The uncultured American, on the other hand, when he says the same words with approximately the same pronunciation, has in mind "I wouldn't *of* done it." To verify this, it is only necessary to make him repeat himself occasionally, so that his words are thrown out of their accustomed accents. This can be done by pretending to misunderstand him, thus:

"Well, if it was me I would *of* done it."

"You wouldn't?"

"I would."

"That's funny. I thought you said you wouldn't have."

"No. I didn't say I wouldn't *of*. I said I woulda."

It is absurd to argue that so important a characteristic of low speech should be disregarded simply because occasionally it is the same phonetically as cultured speech. If I am not mistaken, Ring Lardner was the first to notice it, in the first series of Busher letters. As the Busher wrote his own letters, Lardner had to report not only what his speech sounded like, but how it appeared to his mind's eye. And as soon as the Busher began to write *of* instead of *have*, every fiction writer in the country knew that this was correct, and since then most of them have so given it. That Lardner was right was later proven in rather pathetic fashion during a recent celebrated suit for annulment of marriage. The colored defendant in that suit, in her letters to her wealthy young white husband, always wrote *of* instead of *have*.

The expressions *et* and *useter*, I fear, were thrown in to stuff out a somewhat slim article. It is hardly necessary to point out that while these are correct in England, they are not correct in America. Here they belong to low speech, and must be given if certain types of low speech are to be correctly reported. What Mr. Rice wanted to say about *het*, I am sorry to say, is not clear to me, so on that I shall have to withhold comment.

But what he says about *a-tall* is perfectly clear to me, and I find it hard to believe that he could have written it, and that a magazine

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HALITOSIS AMONG THE POETS

By GORDON KAY

MY LOT having been cast, whether by good or evil fortune, among the minnesingers of today, both major l minor, I have observed their faults and :ues closely and I am forced to this con- sion; that 70% of them are victims of itosis (unpleasant breath).

l though my findings are not based on rnational observation, I believe that the ter their poetry, the worse their halitosis.

olding some glowing lovely line in a rent publication, I find myself automati- y hoping that I may never meet the hor face to face. If the above theory be e, we have every reason to believe that lley, Keats, and Byron and the rest of immortals roamed pestilentially through world of letters and that of society, ing souls on fire with their iambs while king their dinner partners miserable.

ere was some excuse for these ancient ters; they were true poets, concerned inly with their own spiritual flights and h litttle or no interest in their physical ractiveness. Moreover, there was noth- to bring the evils of halitosis to their ention; so, in ignorance of their offense, y strummed their lyres and became great spite of it.

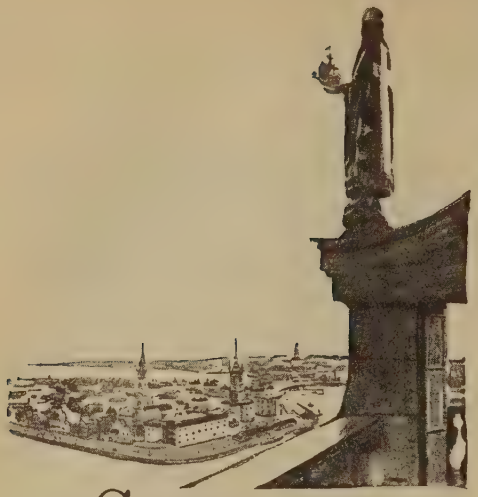
r the moderns, however, there are no tigating circumstances. They are with- excuse. Living in an age when all strive to be at their best, and confronted at every turn with pointed advertisements, suggesting Listerine as a remedy for halitosis, these fellows are apparently indifferent to the former influence, and ignore the latter. The result is a crew of pestilentious poetasters bordering on a public nuisance.

The situation has become so acute that various societies of poetry lovers, I am informed, aim to begin a movement to make poets safe for the poetry lovers. Little girls, dressed as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, I am further informed, will call on the better known poets on the first and third day of each month, and present them with a bottle of Listerine and its accompanying pamphlet of directions. Let us hope they read it.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.



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SWEDEN

Editorial NOTES

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that professes to be informed on such matter should have printed it. To begin with, th words *at all*, when they are spoken by a culture person, differ sharply from what they soun like when they are spoken by an unculture person. When they are spoken by a culture person, the *t* is given very lightly, almost a though it were a *d*, and the expression becomes phonetically speaking, *addall*. Yet this manage to keep the two words intact. When they ar spoken by an uncultured person, the *t* is dis proportionately stressed, and the expression be comes, phonetically speaking, *attall*. This ha the effect of placing the *a* by itself and associ ating the *t* with the second word. And that thi is how the uncultured person visualizes the ex pression is proven by the fact that when he i lazy and tends to drop unessential words out o his speech, the expression becomes 'tall. Thus "I ain't going to give you nothin' 'tall."

But even this does not indicate the ignorance of your contributor in regard to this expression For if I read them aright, the writers who use *a-tall* do not have reference to the *attall* sounc of this expression. They have reference to still another sound of it, one to be found in many parts of the country, wherein the *a* is given long, completely severed from what follows, and the rest is given as *tall*, as though the two component words were *ate* and *all*. This is usually used humorously. Thus if a farmer from Wicomico county, Maryland, were telling the story of the two boys and the apple, he would probably wind up by saying: "There ain't going to be no core *a-tall*." But of this form of the expression, your contributor has apparently never heard!

The main point in reporting low speech, is to suggest what goes through the character's head rather than report what goes through his mouth. At that delicate art, I find the Messrs. Lewis, Lardner, Wiley, Stallings, Tully, Anderson, Gleason, Abbott, O'Neill, and your recent discovery, Booth the literary felon, more skillful than all the phoneticians I ever heard of.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May will be the following:

"Latin America Falls in Line," by Genaro Arbaiza.

"A New York Childhood," by Catharine Brody.

"A Negro Look at Race Prejudice," by James Weldon Johnson.

"Jim Tully," by Sara Haardt.

"The Rehabilitation of Whiskey," by R. H. Towner.

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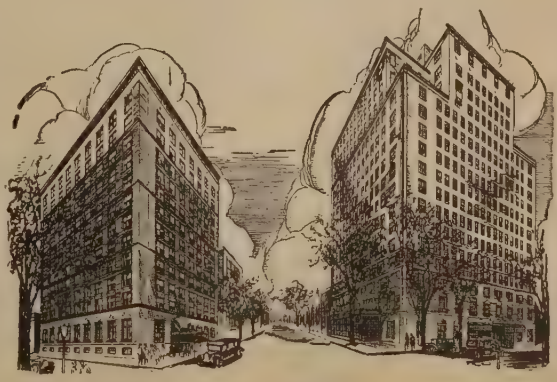

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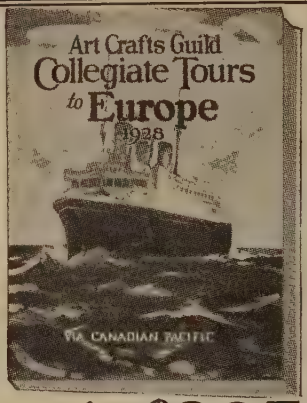

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Continued from front advertising section, p xxxviii

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THE RENAISSANCE.
By Arthur de Gobineau. *G. P. Putnam's S*
$2.50 6¾ x 4⅜; 349 pp. *New Y*

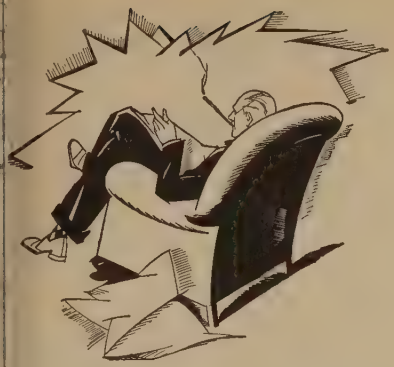
This is the second edition of a work first presen to the English-speaking public in 1913. No chan of any kind have been made. The long introducto biographical and critical sketch by Dr. Oscar Le one of Gobineau's most faithful missionaries, wh appeared with the first edition, is also reproduce The translation is by Paul V. Cohn.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE
Edited by Bliss Carman. *The Oxford University Pr*
$3.75 7⅜ x 4¾; 680 pp. *New Y*

This anthology contains the usual selections fr the works of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitti Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Emily Dickinson and Whitma

Continued on page lxii



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lx

and for the earlier periods in American literatu fairly adequate. But the remainder of the volur filled with a great deal of erratic and injudic material. It includes, for instance, only one poet Ezra Pound, one by Edgar Lee Masters and on Carl Sandburg, and yet five by Dana Burnet, fou Don Marquis and one by Charles Hanson Towne!

A SEA CHEST.
Compiled by C. Fox Smith.
The Houghton Mifflin Com
$2 6¾ x 4⅜; 216 pp. *Bi*

A collection of stray bits of verse and prose f folk-lore, from the Bible and from leading Amer and English authors, dealing with the glamour hazards of the life of the sea. An excellent book all those miserable souls who feel a pang as they v along the ocean-front at midnight, but know they must spend their earthly days chained to a d

CRITICISM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
By G. K. Chesterton. *Dodd, Mead & Comp*
$2 7⅜ x 5⅛; 211 pp. *New*

Mr. Chesterton sees Stevenson as a rebel aga a world grown over-sophisticated and despair His work, he says, "was a defense of the possibi of happiness. . . . It was the escape of a prisoner a was led in chains from the prison of Puritanism to prison of Pessimism." Born in the shadow of Cal he found himself come to manhood in the shadov Schopenhauer. His life itself was an endless flight, that flight gives character to his books.

LA PHILOSOPHIE MORALE DE JOSIAH ROYC
By Moses Judah Aronson. *Libraire Félix A.*
9 x 5⅝; 185 pp. *P*

The subtitle of this book describes its conte much more accurately than the title: "Essai L'Idéalisme Social aux États-Unis D'Amérique." Aronson's central thesis is that the real significa of Royce's philosophy lies in the fact that it fo the metaphysical substructure for the American's titude toward the individual-society relationship. devotes the second part of his book to an exposit of Royce's system of thought, and summarizes it th "L'individu n'est libre et n'est une personne huma que dans le sein de la communauté; celle-ci n'est li et n'est une personne sociale que dans le sein d' plus vaste communauté, celle de l'univers entier." the first part he traces the social thinking of t country throughout its entire history, especially

Continued on page lxiv

Above—On our own course
Right—The Main Entrance

QUAINT and charming as it was years ago is the lovely old Spanish town of Punta Gorda.

In this respect it has changed. A beautiful and modern hotel has fallen heir to and now carries on the name and traditions of an illustrious predecessor—The Hotel Charlotte Harbor.

Set in a tropical park on the shores of Charlotte Harbor, the Hotel Charlotte Harbor has 200 large and well-appointed rooms, each with steam heat and bath. The white service and the table, which is supplied with produce from the hotel's own gardens, are the pride of the management.

The golfer will find the sporty 18-hole course an interesting test. Marksmen gather at the traps and hunters roam the woods. Charlotte Harbor holds a very special attraction . . . tarpon! Bathing —tennis—dancing and rates that invite extended stays. Write to Mr. Peter Schutt, Manager, for reservations and further details.

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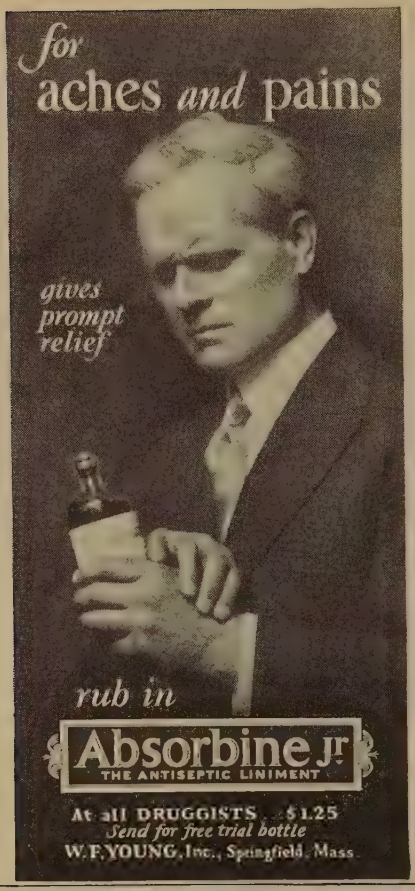

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page lxii

the works of William Ellery Channing, Abraham
coln, Emerson and Whitman, and argues that
characterized by the three following traits, a
which are implicit in Royce's doctrine: (*a*) "
vidual socialism," that is, the harmonization of
interests of the individual with those of his
group; (*b*) federalism, that is, the harmonizatio
the interests of the individual with those of the l
group; and (*c*) the tendency to think about s
problems in terms of religious ideas. There is ar
tensive bibliography.

FICTION

ARROGANT BEGGAR.
By Anzia Yezierska. *Doubleday, Doran & Com*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 279 pp. *Garden City,*

Adele Lindner leaves Mrs. Greenberg and her
pressing boarding-house on the East Side for the
man Home for Working Girls, but here she bec
aware of the hypocrisy of her benefactors and
bitter bread of charity she is forced to accept, an
a flaming speech before a directors' meeting denou
them roundly. Arthur Hellman, son of the expa
Mrs. Hellman, pursues her and declares his
Proudly she refuses him and accepts a job as wai
in a cheap restaurant instead. After a time she
ill and is nursed by Muhmenkeh, a kindly old c
of the East Side. Arthur appears again and prop
marriage, but again she refuses him. Muhmenkeh
suddenly, and Adele starts a small coffee-shop. F
the streets one night wanders Jean Rachmansk
pianist she has met at the Hellmans, and they fa
love and are married. Once established in their
flat over the coffee-shop, they send for Shenah Gi
Muhmenkeh's young granddaughter, and it is
ferred that the three of them live happily ever a
An obvious, theatrical story. The part descriptiv
the Hellman Home for Working Girls is well d
but Mrs. Yezierska employs throughout an unhap
moralistic tone.

EDEN.
By Murray Sheehan. *E. P. Dutton & Com*
$2 7½ x 5; 304 pp. *New*

Mr. Sheehan has handled the Garden of E
legend with simplicity, humor and dignity.
version differs from the Biblical allegory mainl
its new conception of Lilith and in its keeping P
dise for Cain—variations that add greatly to
dramatic effect. The book is admirably written.
Sheehan's characterizations are well done and
prose style is full of richness.

Continued on page lxvi

A fairway on Useppa's own course

NG before the golf course was traced through Useppa's tropical beauty—before the stately white walls of the Inn were reared, years before the possibilities of the beautiful ıded island and its heavenly climate were realized—Useppa Island and its waters were ıdezvous for dyed-in-the-wool fishermen. Giant fighting tarpon was the lure that lurked ıe peaceful blue Gulf for these big game fishers, and when the time came they were sure e there.

years rolled by and Useppa has become the most unique sportsman's resort in America. il is here and they are gathering again from the North, South, East and West. A round olf, perhaps—then off in a guide boat to the Passes and the sport they know so well. big fellows are running and any minute may bring a strike . . . King Tarpon!

sporty golf course, the beach and the tennis courts have their devotees. Useppa Inn remind you of a well-appointed and well-managed club. The service and the table are excellence. The season at Useppa is much longer than at most Southern resorts. A lim- number of reservations may still be made. Address the manager, Mr. J. F. Vallely, PPA INN, USEPPA ISLAND, LEE COUNTY, FLA.

Back from the Passes!—tennis courts to the right

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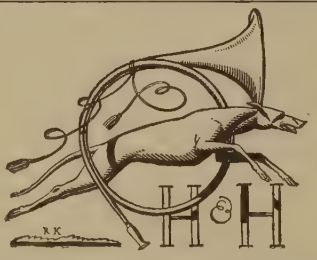

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Cambridge, Mass.

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page lxiv

VENTURE.
By Max Eastman. *Albert & Charles*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 398 pp. *New*
This novel has to do with the adventures o Hancock, a smart young intellectual, in New and Greenwich Village, and is crowded with atrical, garrulous characters and their vain atti nizings.

RED HORSES.
By Felix Riesenberg. *Robert M. McBride & Com.*
$2 7½ x 5; 336 pp. *New*
This is a new version of an earlier novel publi by Mr. Riesenberg under the title of "P. A. L." exposé of the frauds of modern business. P. A Tangerman, the central figure, inventor of cure- is an amusing character, but the work scarcely rants a new edition, even in revision.

WINTERSMOON.
By Hugh Walpole. *Doubleday, Doran & Com*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 446 pp. *Garden City,*
The setting is present-day London, with wh left of the old aristocracy: the Darrants, the Mad the Chichesters, the Weddons, the Medleys, those quiet, decorous people, poor as mice mar them, standing aside altogether from any moven or war-cries of the day." It is a rich, ironic extremely interesting story, and one of the satisfying Mr. Walpole has done.

WOMAN POWER.
By Gustaf Af Geijerstam.
The American-Scandinavian Found
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 193 pp. *New*
Three women greatly influenced the life of H Brenner: Elise, his first love, whose affection he al retained; Signe, his wife, who failed him; and G his fragile and lovely daughter, who died just a was coming to womanhood. In the quiet of library, in after years, Brenner recalls them and power of their love. It is a moving story, even in indifferent translation.

RED RUST.
By Cornelia James Cannon. *Little, Brown & Com*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 320 pp.
In Matts Swenson, the son of a Swedish immi farmer in Minnesota, and in his struggles wit soil in an effort to produce a perfect wheat, Cannon has the makings of an epic character. Bu exposition of him is at all times academic and Even in his human entanglements he remains blu The trouble, apparently, is with Mrs. Can style: she writes in an extremely heavy and spired manner.

Continued on page lxviii

YOU HAVE MADE A FOOL OF YOURSELF!"

PEDDLER, with a large wagon full of common green
glass bottles of various sizes, called at a country store.
e owner of the store was out, business was slow, and the
ng clerk present, eager for any sort of action, waxed
uent and induced the peddler to trade his whole load of
les in exchange for goods. When the owner returned,
found his store half filled with bottles!

What under heavens have
been doing?" he demanded
is clerk.

have been trading goods
bottles," the clerk enthusi-
ally replied.

You have made a fool of
self!" the owner exclaimed.
nd the clerk's subsequent
uct proved that that was
y the half of it." Although
anaged to get rid of those
es, he went on making a
of himself all his life. He
me the greatest fool, the
test clown, the greatest
rman of all time. He even
ted about it!

e wrote the story of all his
shness in 1855. In 1869
expanded, revised and re-
ed it. From then until
, he brought it up to date
st every year. Now, it has
edited and supplemented
is widow's story of his last
ths and death, a record of
ticket sales, his ideas on
ing, his rules for success,
ideas about money getting
a lot of very funny anec-
s about him. To read it is to laugh with him at how people came and paid to see the works of the greatest humbug there was. His story is an expression of the man himself as truly as his show. It is the source of all the yarns and books ever written about him. It is called STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS. It is the final complete, definitive edition of the life and works of

P. T. BARNUM

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Continued from page lxvi

THE LEGEND CALLED MERYOM.
By Joseph Gaer. *William Morrow & Co.*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 289 pp. *New*

There are many skillfully drawn portraits in tale of a Russian Jewish village: Dovid-Leib, father of Meryom, the proprietor of a small clo store, gentle and put-upon by the shrewish Azriel, the hunchbacked shoemaker, who Meryom marvelous stories; Liba, his carping Moltke, the silent, who shunned the synagogue his people; and Meryom, the inquisitive, the orthodox, who dreamed and struggled and was fi drawn into the folds of Jewish tradition. Mr. has a clear insight into his characters and writ them sympathetically and humorously.

WHATEVER WE DO.
By Allan Updegraff. *The John Day Co*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 431 pp. *New*

This is the story of a group of Americans wh to the French Riviera—some in search of he others for excitement. The outstanding chara are Peleus Chalfont, a former newspaper man suff from shell-shock and gassed lungs; the lovely Bc threatened with cancer, who is on her honeyı with the elderly doting George Parson, and tippling, Falstaffian Henry-oh. There is much fa in and out of love.

THE PAUL STREET BOYS.
By Ferenc Molnar. *Macy-M*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 292 pp. *New*

A vacant lot used as a ballfield becomes a b ground for rival groups of these boys of Buda The little hero, Nemecsek, dies in defense of the field only to have his comrades lose it later wh building is constructed on it. The boys resemble p much the boys of other lands.

THE VANGUARD.
By Arnold Bennett. *The George H. Doran Co*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 347 pp. *New*

In order to procure some long-coveted stock, B Furber kidnaps Septimius Sutherland, the own the stock, and Harriet Perkins, who by acci happens to be in the engine-room with Suther when his yacht, the *Vanguard*, puts to sea. F keeps them prisoners less than a week, but d that time the whimsical Harriet has the staid mil aires and the members of the crew at her mercy puts them through emotional calesthenics w they all seem thoroughly to enjoy. An inc quential story.

Continued on page lxx

UNKNOWN AUTHORS

IN days gone by some of the world's best literature lingered unacclaimed after its first publication. Sometimes it was many years before the praise of competent critics reached the public ear, and the unknown author started into fame.

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Continued from page lxviii

RED SKY AT MORNING.
By Margaret Kennedy. *Doubleday, Doran & Co*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 331 pp. *Garden City,*

Emily and William Crowne, the children of No Crowne, a brilliant poet of the nineties who was tried for murder, grow up in the orthodox hor Catharine Frobisher, their aunt, as the playmat Trevor and Charlotte Frobisher, their less attra cousins. Grown-up, they remove to London, w William Crowne writes an unsuccessful play and E is acclaimed the beauty of her generation. The wealthy, dazzling and talented; one might e great, at least interesting, things of them. But father's tragedy still overshadows them, and in of depression Emily marries an old parson over t her age, while William elopes with Tilli Van T a dubious actress. William and Tilli go to liv Monk's Hall, the ancestral home of the Tre which he has bought and turned into a home needy artists, and here one night he kills Tr Frobisher after he discovers that he and Tilli lovers. The story ends in mid-air, with William appearing into the night and Emily happy in thought that she is soon to have a child. A disappo ing performance. The book at no time approaches excellence of "The Constant Nymph."

THE GREAT BEAR.
By Lester Cohen. *Boni & Liver*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 357 pp. *New*

"It was he himself, Pride o' the Pit, Corner-Bus the Great Bear, tribal and baronial boss, who r by might and main—he alone was privileged throw a spread!" Thane Pardway, the Great Bear inconceivable bully, egotist and sharper, becomes guardian of Aggie, an orphan. He desires her and her, and then marries her off to Glen Swazie younger man, after she has pleaded with him for d to marry her himself. At the end, however, Aggie a sudden change of heart and tells him she no lo cares. "It seems," she sobs, "I had never though Glen . . . till now. . . ." Pardway, on the oc hand, realizing at last that he loves her himself, sta on the curb sadly watching them go off on t honeymoon. A feeble piece of work.

CHILDREN OF THE RITZ.
By Cornell Woolrich. *Boni & Liver*
$2 7½ x 5; 271 pp. *New*

This work, the winner of *College Humor's* $10, prize for the "best American novel," is the story beautiful flapper who, "from three-tenths ennui, fo

Continued on page lxxii

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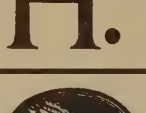
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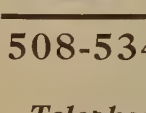
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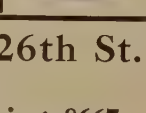

Check List of NEW BOOK

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tenths sex-appeal and three-tenths love," elopes a handsome chauffeur and so perpetrates what Woolrich dramatizes as a tragic marriage. A h lessly banal and tawdry performance.

MISCELLANEOUS

MORE WORDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.
By Ernest Weekley. *John M*
5s. 7¾ x 4¾; 192 pp. *L*

Mr. Weekley's "Words, Ancient and Modern," lished in 1926, is already well known. He is on the most learned and amusing of etymologists, his interest extends to many very homely locuti In the present volume he discusses, among o words, *beanfeast*, *beetle-browed*, *bootlegger*, *bucket-s grass-widow*, *hoity-toity*, *kidnap*, *red-handed*, *spick-span*, *stepmother*, *undertaker*, *upside-down* and *wild-g chase*.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF THEODORE DREISER.
By Edward D. McDonald. *The Centaur Book*
$3.50 7½ x 4⅝; 130 pp. *Philadel*

Of all the excellent Centaur Bibliographies, wl now run to eight volumes, this is the most amus and by far. Mr. McDonald is not content to pre the bald facts about Dreiser's books and other w ings; he is also full of shrewd observations upon th and upon the foibles of their author. He challe the common belief that the first edition of "Si Carrie" is a rare book, and hints that "Studie Contemporary Celebrities," which Dreiser li among his works in several successive volume "Who's Who in America," never had any existe He also doubts the reality of "Poems," listed by author in one such volume. There is an extrao narily copious list of Dreiser's contributions to m zines, and in many other ways the book opens t ground, and will be of value to collectors. A forew by Dreiser gives a grudging and graceless imprima to Mr. McDonald's very laborious work.

THE ONE-ACT PLAYS OF LUIGI PIRANDEL
E. P. Dutton & Comp
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 230 pp. *New Y*

The eleven one-act plays here reproduced are "I Imbecile," "By Judgment of Court," "Our Lord the Ship," "The Doctor's Duty," "Chee-Chee," "T Man with the Flower in his Mouth," "At the Gat "The Vise," "The House with the Column," "Si ian Limes," and "The Jar." The translations are Blanche Valentine Mitchell, Elizabeth Abbott a Arthur Livingston.

VOL. XI, No. 4 APRIL, 1928

The Borzoi Broadside

Published every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

Elinor Wylie

Vignette

...or Wylie's new novel opens, in the ...d decade of the nineteenth cen..., with the arrival in England, ...n the Near East, of a "mysterious ...nger," the prey to singular mis...unes. Well-meaning friends and literary London of the period seek ...entrap him, but from these he ..., fortuitously succeeding to an ...lic existence deep in the country-..., where he encounters three ...es—two being quite young ladies ... rare and delicate charm. Mr. ...ard's life is a psychological ...tery, but he is a type of the intel...ual of the time. That time, and manners of that time, *Elinor Wylie* ...n adept at reproducing, both in ...d and lively episode and in de...otions of trancelike poetic love...ss. Nor may we forget her own ...icular infusion of light irony. ...his is a deft and brightly-coloured ...el, briefer than THE ORPHAN ...GEL. More concretely, it is the ...y of a gifted gentleman of the era, ...se turn of mind is romantic, and ...fire in whose breast is that same ...uine love of liberty characteristic ...ertain of his great contemporaries. ...meet him when, exhausted by his ...ts and his wounds, he returns to ...land and to that society which ... already found him more liberal ...n it can stomach.

...killfully the author suggests the ...er prosperous England against ...se Philistinism Mr. Hazard is so ...ly battering himself, an England ...ch is shortly to be more completely symbolized in the person of Mr. Hodge. Skillfully she depicts a Mr. Hazard longing to rest his wounds, if need be, in a land of faerie. And so, partly at any rate, it needs must be. For though he finds his solace in the company of Lady Clara Hunting, he must invest her form with that glamour which only the imagination can supply.

These two, with Lady Clara's daughters, Allegra and Penserosa, form a romantic group beneath summer skies. But such a group, be it ne'er so romantically posed and ne'er so emotionally satisfying, will yield of itself no story. And so there enters another figure to dissolve the harmony. Mr. Hodge, once the humble servant of Lady Clara's father, now the servant, less humble, of her ladyship, has hopes that closer relations may exist between them. He sees in Mr. Hazard a menace to his plans and so determines to dispose of him. This is even more ridiculously easy than it might seem. For to Mr. Hazard, with his proud and sensitive nature, a hint that he is not wanted is tantamount to a dismissal. And when Mr. Hodge is so heavy-handed as to suggest that his regard for Allegra might be misinterpreted, there is nothing for him to do but to depart and nurse his memories.

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FATHER AND DAUGHTER
PASSAGE TO SPAIN
THOMAS HARDY

Herbert Asbury

A Tough City

SOME like to take their crimes one way, some another. And for those who like crime as history THE GANGS OF NEW YORK is heartily to be recommended, for *Mr. Asbury* has written an important chapter in the history of the city; one which throws not a little incidental light on its politics. We ourselves prefer the sociological approach, perhaps somewhat in the spirit of the sporting member of the British House of Commons who moved the adjournment on Derby Day in order that he might add to his knowledge of the psychology of crowds by direct observation at Epsom. For us, therefore, the interesting feature of a crime is not that it was committed in New York, Chicago, Missouri, or America, but that it was committed by a member of the species *homo sapiens*. And the main interest of *Mr. Asbury's* book is that it does, indeed, enshrine a number of exceedingly grotesque specimens of this species.

There is, for instance, Gyp the Blood: "He possessed extraordinary strength, and frequently boasted that he could break a man's back by bending him over his knee. Moreover, he performed the feat several times before witnesses; once, to win a bet of $2, he seized an inoffensive stranger and cracked his spine in three places. He also became an expert revolver shot, and was extremely accurate at throwing a bomb, a task in which he

(*Continued on page* lxxvi)

More on Advertising. A Shop-talk

Last month's Shop-talk tried to define some considerations which govern the ethical side of a publisher's advertising. We left the discussion in such shape that our critics, if satirically minded, might charge us with being self-satisfied to a degree. Indeed, it was not the intention to claim a superior virtue. Virtue in the ultimate ethical sense exists, we take it, only when it is expected to be its own reward. How much of that austere self-sacrificial quality we are capable of in connection with advertising, we frankly don't know. It *would* go against the grain, as a matter of mere taste, to say what we don't mean, to represent a guess as a certainty, to claim as an accomplished fact a sale that hasn't occurred yet, or to misrepresent a disinterested outside opinion by quoting it with a too shrewdly exclusive attention to its more flattering passages. If the assertion of this distaste strike any of our readers as smug or superior, he will just have to make the best of it, or the worst of us; we are, shamelessly, that way. But what we meant was nothing about the canons of absolute ethics. In actual practice, it is a set of very mundane considerations that comes uppermost. It happens that, in the advertising of books, honesty really is the best policy—in the long run. We meant, then, to begin and end the discussion at no higher altitude than that of common sense, or long-range expediency.

To think from this point of view is to see that a consistent addiction to the truth (with frequent error on the side of understatement rather than overstatement) is ultimately the condition necessary to being believed. And over a five-year period we have most to gain by being believed—by getting ourselves a reputation for deciding precisely what we mean and then trying to say precisely that. The point is that a name for truth-telling is commercially valuable. It translates into profits. To get it is easily worth the sacrifice of a quick and easy gain here and there, and to keep it is worth whatever has to be paid. It is just as easily lost by shouting "Golconda!" when no precious metal has been unearthed as by shouting "Wolf!" when no calamity threatens.

And—to finish even more unsentimentally—habitual truth-telling is not only the condition of getting oneself believed when one speaks with all sobriety: it is also the strategy of getting one's utterances taken at something like their face value on the occasions when they are genuinely cited utterances. In another pa this Broadside, for example, we a virtue of necessity by applying stark word "genius" to the wri of *Thomas Mann*. Frankly, we we gain some leverage through a ord of abstemiousness in the us that particular word. A census o statements over a five-year pe would show at least a dozen assert of "genius" quoted from ou sources to every one launched on own responsibility. If *Thomas M* really is what the combined int gence of this house believes—tha a world figure, the most colos important of the twentieth-cen imaginative writers of Europe, in all likelihood an immortal—t our assertion of the belief, comb with our obstinate refusal to asse like belief about lesser men, sh actually profit this beautiful book of his, Children and Foo containing the nine stories so fi translated by the late *Herman G Scheffauer*.

Is this fantastically naïve? If there are enough knowing ones o where to bring up the average.

A Novel of Negro Life

Nella Larsen

Quicksand is a first novel, and has the freshness of viewpoint and manner that we have the right to expect from a new author. What is equally important is that it exhibits surprisingly few of the faults usually ascribed to first novels. It suffers from neither prolixity nor indirectness. It is sure, concise, and always equal to its own demands.

Helga Crane is a beautiful young girl, teaching, when the story opens, in the colored college of Naxos. To her the general atmosphere of Naxos —its air of self-righteousness and intolerant dislike of difference—is unbearable. She decides to leave, and does so, bearing with her no pleasant memory except that of Dr. Anderson, the new principal, whom she sees for the first time on the morning of her departure. Next we find Helga in Copenhagen, where, free from the prejudices which hound colored people in America, she receives the admiration which her youth and beauty demand. She is proposed to by a notable painter, but, refusing him, flees back to New York. All this time, however much Helga denies it to herself, there is at the back of her mind the memory of Dr. Anderson. The latter marries, and when at last Helga realizes her love she proceeds to shipwreck her life in a dramatic and emotional manner.

Driven by her despair, she marries a clergyman for whom she has neither respect nor love, and, although she despises all the things for which he stands, she returns with him to his church. When it is too late she recovers from the blow which has been dealt her, and determines to free herself. She finds, however, that her p erty and her love for her children h her in a trap from which it is imp sible to break free. And there we le her, struggling vainly to escape fr the quicksand into which she floundered, and into which she si ever more deeply.

Quicksand is almost the o Negro novel of recent years whic wholly free from the curse of pro ganda. *Miss Larsen* has an interest story to tell, and she tells it in a th oughly charming and civilized fa ion. Her heroine is beset by proble but they are the problems of the individual and not of a class or o race. She meets them in the South, Chicago, New York, Copenhag New York again, and finally o more in the South; and she confro them like a human being—that is say, with a certain gallantry and pitiful inadequacy. It is a human, r a sociological, tragedy. *Miss Lars* first book is distinguished for quality of its writing, for its wisdo and for its unfailing interest.

QUICKSAND. *By* Nella La sen. $2.50 *net*.

The Borzoi Broadside for April 1928

A Musical Innovator

IERE arrives sooner or later in ry field of art or science a worker ose efforts add such impetus to its gress that there results a tremen- is leap forward. It would appear t in the person of *Mr. Redfield* such gure has now appeared in the do- in of music. For the author of JSIC: A SCIENCE AND AN ART ne of those innovators who, not

John Redfield

tent with the body of doctrine ided down to them by tradition practice, must themselves delve the root of the matter and after siderable excavation erect a new ndation whereon to build. The mu- l foundation upon which *Mr. Red- l* builds is that of science. For he lares that music rests as much on nce as on art. And it would seem t the result justifies the means. e, for instance, are a few of his omplishments:

le proves that of all pieces of mod- machinery the musical instrument onstructed with the least skill and erity, and is the least efficient in ng the work for which it is in- ded.

le shows that the Lydian, not the ian, is the basic mode of the dia- ic scale, historically and scientifi- y; that F, not C, is the fundamental he scale in C.

le gives the first accurate and pre- definition, with proof, of the ex- derivation of the tempered scale of its difference from the natural e.

le shows that practically no piano ver properly tuned, even to the tastic tempered scale of theory; he kes and proves this remarkable ement: "The sense of harmony is extinct as the dodo; it has been k without a trace." And he goes to show how the sense of harmony be restored by accustoming the nan ear to the natural scale, which is the inevitable source of true as against artificial harmony.

He shows that the laboratory work of Helmholtz and other renowned investigators of sound accomplished nothing except to translate the problems necessary to be solved into unfamiliar language, without solving them.

He shows that every musical instrument without exception is in grave need of structural improvements which are perfectly feasible once the problem is gone at scientifically; and that hardly anyone in the world is going at these problems scientifically.

He presents a scale devised by himself which is equal harmonically, by every possible species of test, with the "just" scale of Ptolemy, and which is the *only* scale of seven intervals possible to devise which *is* equal harmonically.

He gives the first transcription ever made into actual musical notation of the "resultant" tones that sound because of the incidence of partials or overtones from the notes actually struck.

Part of his book *Mr. Redfield* devotes to the future. He makes a plea for the provision of laboratories so that music may be properly studied under scientific conditions. He sees no reason why, if this is done, musical instruments should not be improved out of all measure. He declares that "there is today not a single musical instrument of which it can be said that we know fully why it behaves the way it does; and, except for the flute and the pipe organ, there is no instrument that has been made the subject of an exhaustive scientific study."

Mr. Redfield's book goes so thoroughly to the root of its subject that almost every page contains some contribution to the knowledge of music startling in its originality. In its fundamentals it is a treatise in the science of sound; yet so skilfully does the author present his thesis that no one interested in the subject matter will find the slightest difficulty in understanding it. And it is a book which no one interested in music either commercially or artistically should miss. For in its pages any instrument-maker or musician might find both a reputation and a fortune. But apart from either reputation or fortune the originality of its ideas will excite everyone with the slightest musical knowledge.

MUSIC: A SCIENCE AND AN ART. *By* JOHN REDFIELD. *Illustrated.* $5.00 *net.*

Thirty Years of Genius

WITH BUDDENBROOKS in 1901, it was perceived by criticism that there had come above the horizon a new sun, warmth-giving beyond any that had risen for a generation. Balzac was the word to which comparison then instinctively resorted. Twenty years later it was to resort no less instinctively to Dante, to Shakespeare, to Goethe, as it does today.

To affirm, then, that *Thomas Mann's* volumes are the work of overpowering genius is hardly to rush in where the discreet angels will not venture. It is rather the least that can be said. It merely admits what exacting Continental judges have not hesitated to say for years past.

Not that, for *Mann's* American publishers, the European consensus is a

Thomas Mann "mit Elisabeth'

deciding factor. The excitement produced here by the works intrinsically, the feeling of participation in something tidally vast and momentous, the quickening of tempo and of interest in the daily work because of the mere presence of such a manuscript as THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN—these would have been enough to give a publisher of the slightest imagination a knowledge that he was dealing in material charged with potentialities of major interest to the whole world. An American publishing establishment felt this thrill quite as if no one in the world had felt it before. We are proud to remember that we knew what we were publishing—and not because of the number of authoritative voices which had already spoken. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch remarks that the best is the best, though a hundred judges have declared it so. But the fact remains that we enjoy the support of the hundred judges. We did not *have* to know anything for ourselves.

The work of making a world figure available to readers of English, though not yet completed—and happily not

(*Continued on page* lxxviii)

The Borzoi Broadside for April 1928

Father and Daughter

THIS very remarkable novel introduces to the public an author who is likely to attract a great deal of attention, not only because he insists on reflecting life exactly as he sees it, but because he has found a distinctive, individual way of seeing it. It is the story of two lives, one of which may be said to be a reversal of the other, as though, in the effort of all things to find a common level, the puritanism of the father had to be neutralized by the worldliness of the daughter.

Hugh MacGreggor is a fighting clergyman who does not hesitate to invoke hell-fire to aid in cowing his congregation. After making a name for himself by cleaning up an Ohio town, he receives a call to the fashionable pastorate of Glendale. There at last he gets a salary, and enters a society, which enables his daughter to express her own individuality. This she does by first persuading a youth of the neighborhood to seduce her, getting herself sent to a college which she does her best (and apparently it is a good best) to corrupt, and presently invading New York. Here is a diagnosis of Ann made at the moment of her abrupt departure from college:

"Ann looked at Miss Warden, wondering if she was glad or sorry for the intrusion.

" 'Yes, I'm leaving Cloister.'

"The young teacher lost her bustling manner in an instant sympathy.

Underwood & Underwood
Philip Wylie

She glanced at the bags to make sure that Ann's was no week-end gesture. Then she looked at Ann's face. It was haggard under the rusty station-lights. There was something cold and valiant in it, something that she understood and admired and that made her shudder. It was an expression she could interpret out of her own experience. She let Ann suffer, watched the pained eyes as they fastened unseeing on the gaudy railroad posters, and fin said quietly: 'So it was Charles, a all, Ann, and not religion.'

"Ann lifted her face. 'I alw knew you were—well—'

" 'One of you?'

" '—one of us. But I didn't th you knew about Charles—or religi for that matter.'

"Miss Warden smiled and half s her eyes. 'A minister's daughter. girl who is as beautiful as midnigh Ann trembled. 'A young man w Kansas stamina and Princeton mor Havelock Ellis on your bookshel at eighteen. A brilliant mind. Pro bition. Ann, dear, did you ever alize that you were a symptom?'

" 'Then symptoms suffer.'

" 'That's what symptoms usua are—suffering.' "

And in addition to its story HEA LADEN is of immense interest for technique which the author brought to its construction. Its pa are full of devastating comment at expense of both its characters and readers. Some may be annoyed by th but the majority of readers, we agine, will be both amused and trigued.

HEAVY LADEN. *By* PHI WYLIE. $2.50 *net.*

A Tough City

(*Continued from page* lxxiii)

delighted. 'I likes to hear de noise,' he explained."

Of a different type is Jack Dempsey, an ancient panhandler who earned his lodging by washing glasses in a Bowery dive. "Dempsey was probably the lowest of all the Bowery Bums. He was a camphor fiend and a cocaine addict, and when he obtained a drink of whiskey always added to it some eight to fifteen drops of liquid camphor; and while his body was still racked by the crash of the beverage he plunged a hypodermic needle laden with cocaine into his arm."

Then there are the Seven Sisters, who are endowed with a pleasing touch of sentiment, and whom *Mr. Asbury* introduces as belonging to the days When New York Was Really Wicked. "Seven adjoining houses were opened in the sixties by seven sisters who had come to New York from a small New England village to seek their fortunes, and had fallen into ways of sin. These were the most expensive bordellos in the city, and were conducted with great style and ceremony. On certain days of the month no gentleman was admitted unless he wore evening dress and carried a bouquet of flowers, and the inmates were advertised as cultured and pleasing companions, accomplished on the piano and guitar and

On the Bowery

familiar with the charms and gra of correct social intercourse. The p ceeds of Christmas Eve were alwa given to charity."

In contrast, here is the descripti of a Bowery dive:

"Drinks were three cents each a no glasses or mugs were used. Barr of fiery spirit stood on shelves behi the bar, and poured out their c tents through lines of slender rubb hose. The customer, having deposit his money on the bar, took an e of the hose in his mouth, and w entitled to all he could drink witho breathing."

Through this underworld *Mr. bury* conducts us, narrating on t way the gang battles, the tong wa the crimes that for eighty years ma New York one of the toughest cit in the world.

THE GANGS OF NEW YOR AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF T UNDERWORLD. *By* HERBERT A BURY, *author of "Up From Meth ism" and "A Methodist Saint: T Life of Bishop Asbury." Illustrat* $4.00 *net.*

Vignette

(*Continued from page* lxxiii)

Elinor Wylie has in the past written ne memorable novels. THE OR-AN ANGEL, with its strange de- e of resurrecting its hero from a tery grave that the story might be d at all, may be regarded as un- al. But it is doubtful whether she written a novel which in its es- ce is as original as MR. HODGE D MR. HAZARD. The originality in its very quietness, its lack of phasis. By a series of deft touches re is conjured up the whole scene, h a completeness, a unity, rarely ained. There is in the story little ion, and no drama except of a psy- logical kind. The assault and bat- committed by Mr. Hodge is com- ted in a manner which would not out of place in the most stringent wing room. But the malice of his tinctly pointed words deals a most vous blow to the quickly in- ive Mr. Hazard.

One of the author's deftest strokes in the denial of anything to Lady ra Hunting and her daughters ex- t conventional sweetness, ordinary dness. Their angelic quality is to found only in the mind of Mr. zard; and—deftest stroke of all— . Hazard knows it.

But the property which most dis- guishes this delightful story is the icately ironical manner in which author tells it. Her irony is never sh or obtrusive; it appears now l then, scarcely emphasized, when scene approaches too near the bor- of a set romance.

Throughout the book, in the refer- es to everyday events and the al- ions to contemporary characters, re is evident the author's deep owledge of the atmosphere and out- k of the period which she has sen for her setting. In Mr. Hazard has created a noble character of se times. To-day romantic sacrifice he cause of liberty, or in any other se, is looked at askance, and the ud sensitiveness of a Mr. Hazard scarcely to be found among the ding spirits of the age. It is partly s romantic quixotism which gives story its peculiar tang. But our rts remain unwrung, touched ever gently by Mr. Hazard's plight; for dénouement is high comedy of the st delicate, and the whole ex- isite piece exists in the domain of idyll.

R. HODGE AND MR. HAZ- ARD. *By* ELINOR WYLIE, *author f "The Orphan Angel."* $2.50 *net.*

The Town of Santander

Passage to Spain

THE province of Santander is neglected by the visitor to Spain, but it is well known to the inhabitants as one of the most beautiful spots in which to spend a holiday. And the town of Santander enjoys a season of its own when the notables of Madrid flock to its beaches. Here is a picturesque passage in which *Mr. Peers* describes the fish market in the old town:

"From the Cathedral the fitly named Calle del Infierno (Street of Hell) leads down to the Fish Market. A visit to these infernal regions before or after High Mass on a Sunday morning can be strongly recommended to those who appreciate extremes and variety in colour, sound, and perfume. Within the Market Hall things are comparatively dignified, for women of commanding aspect, standing behind their stalls upon raised platforms, may be said to dominate the purchasers. Slates hung behind the stalls announce current prices, and the efforts of the fishwives are confined to demonstrations of the quality of their wares by the chopping off of slices of *bonito* or *merluza*, holding them up to view, and describing their excellences in Stentor's own tones. But to win one's way into this haven (except from the main street below) one has to pass through the veriest inferno outside. Nominally this is a fish-market also, but in reality the odours of fish and fruit mingle as amicably as the goods themselves. Here is a dish of lobsters *in extremis*, with a greengage or two, which have fallen from some basket, among them. Here is a pile of living crabs, of whom a number have broken bounds and are enjoying a walking-race among the peaches. Red *salmonetes* and red tomatoes make a delightful combination of colour, but when an inexpressibly stout lady in neckerchief and veil chooses some of each and empties them into a basket half full of squirming, silvery sardines, we begin to speculate if the next combination will be half a pound of plums. The air is rent with the screams of buyers and sellers, each class apparently trying to outscream the other. Transit is not made easier by an urchin who has picked up three green crabs from the pavement and is hurling them at his playmates. The smells are overpowering. The heat is intense.

"Outside, though, near the newly erected post office and the shady spot where tickets for the bull-fight are sold, a prudent girl has made a corner in melons, and, with the green and yellow monsters piled all around her, is selling them singly or by the slice, to any who will buy. Under the shade of the plane-trees are groups of boys who have bought their tickets for the afternoon's *corrida*, and are discussing the possible sport, their teeth deep buried in the luscious red pulp of the cool, juicy fruit.

"By this time we are almost on the quay, and for half a mile or so can walk either along the bay or through the Pereda Gardens, with their stone benches and wealth of palms and shrubs, to the delightfully named 'Baby Harbour' or Puerto Chico. We shall pass children playing around the statue erected to Pereda, which is more interesting than such things generally are, for round the base of the block of stone on which the novelist's figure rests are represented scenes from the best known of his works."

SANTANDER. *By* E. ALLISON PEERS. *Illustrated.* $2.50 *net.*

Thirty Years of Genius

(*Continued from page* lxxv)

subject to completion, *Thomas Mann* being at the height of his powers—has proceeded far enough to enable those who possess no German to take for themselves the measure of the greatest imaginative writer of our time. BUDDENBROOKS is the masterpiece of *Mann's* early writing life; THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, of twenty-five years later, is the masterpiece of his maturity. ROYAL HIGHNESS, his ironic and pathetic analysis of the hereditary prince, is a long work of the intervening years; and the three tales in DEATH IN VENICE represent his equal mastery of a shorter form during the decade 1903–13.

What remained as the logical next step was to present a collection of pieces illustrating as richly as possible the extraordinary felicity of *Thomas Mann* in the form at the farthest possible remove from such protean works as BUDDENBROOKS and THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN. This is what is done in the new collection, CHILDREN AND FOOLS, corresponding to no volume in the original German, but including nine of the stories which the author himself is most anxious to see presented to his foreign readers. In dates of publication they cover the range from "Little Herr Friedemann," the title story of *Mann's* 1898 volume, to "Disorder and Early Sorrow," separately published in 1926. The dates of the remaining stories are scattered from 1897 to 1911. The volume outlines, then, almost precisely thirty years of *Thomas Mann's* genius for compressing the most of significance into the least of material. The translation—probably the last work executed by the late *Herman George Scheffauer* before his tragic death—will in no way disappoint those exacting readers who conceive *Thomas Mann* in English in terms of *H. T. Lowe-Porter's* rendering of THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN.

Of the nine pieces, "Disorder and Early Sorrow" is the most astounding in contrast between momentousness of effect and frailty of means. The action covers a few hours of life in a placid middle-class household; its crucial and most violent occurrence is the sobbing of a five-year-old girl child torn by one of those precocious emotional stresses which reflect through the individual the inherited life of the race and at the same time foreshadow the adult experience of the individual. An idyll purely, it is told with words of a quietude so exquisite that it seems to transcend the utmost possibility of words. Yet all the meaning of paternity is in it, all the direction of a life, and all the collective life of a group. It is the beauty of evanescence reduced to the stability, caught in the lens, of a flawless art, as the flight of impalpable high clouds might be mirrored at sunset in a still pool.

CHILDREN AND FOOLS. *By* THOMAS MANN, *author of "Buddenbrooks," "Royal Highness," "Death in Venice," and "The Magic Mountain." Translated from the German by* HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER. $2.50 *net.*

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